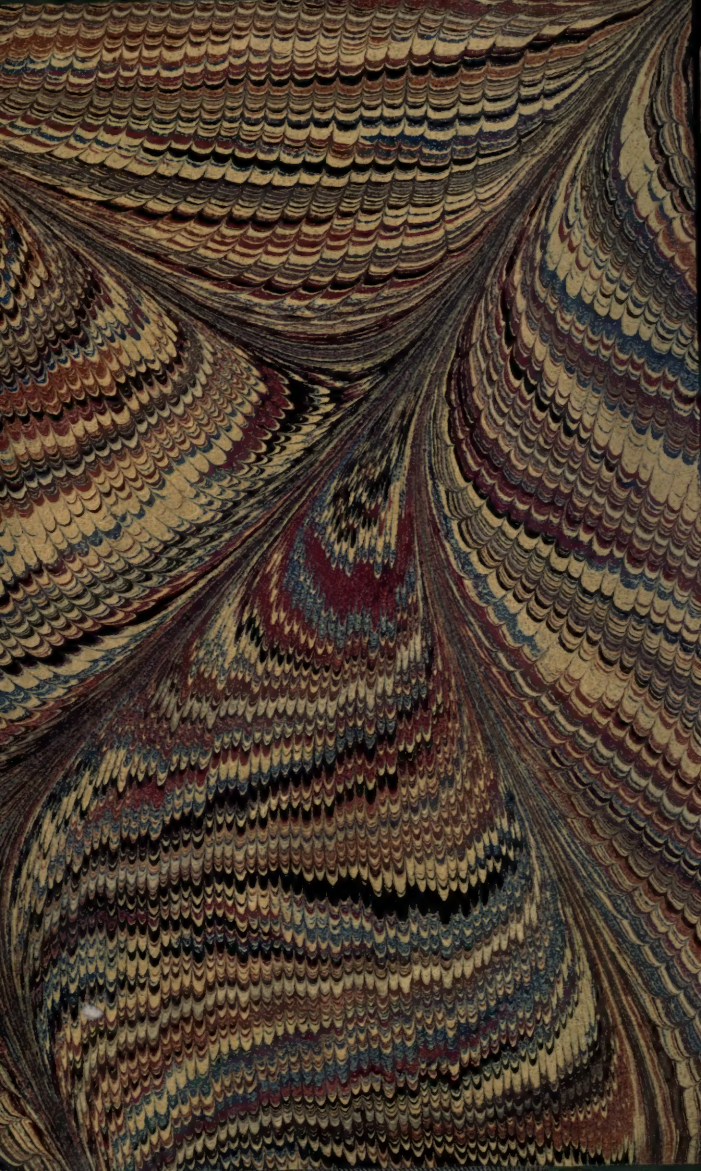


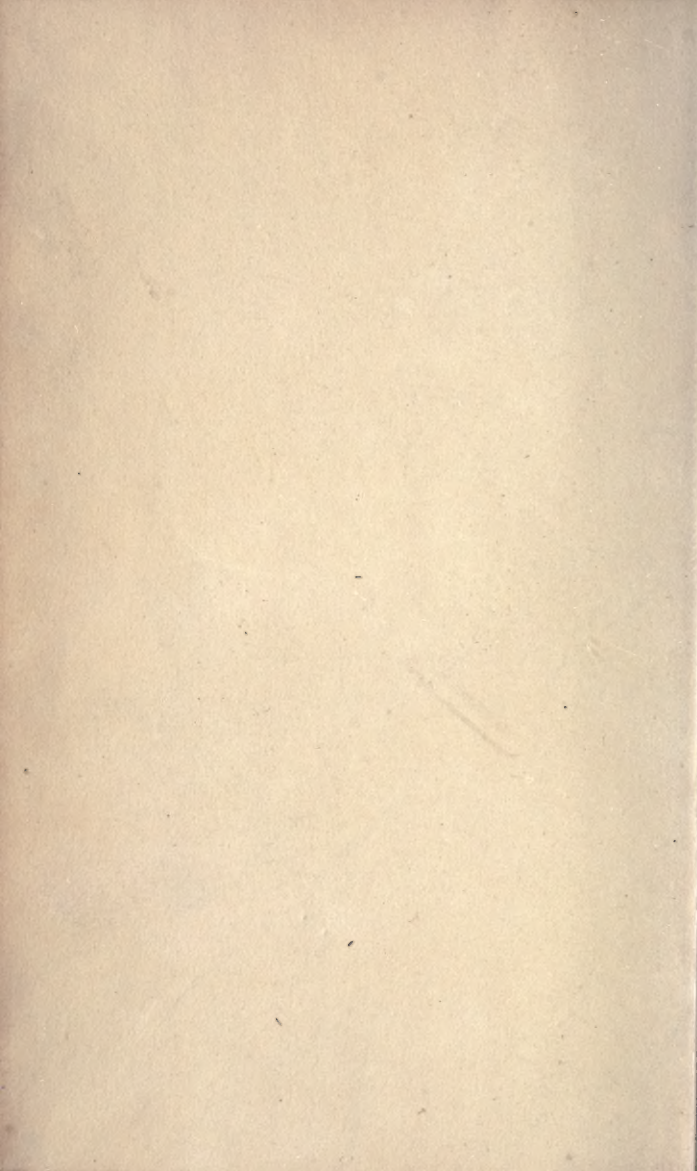
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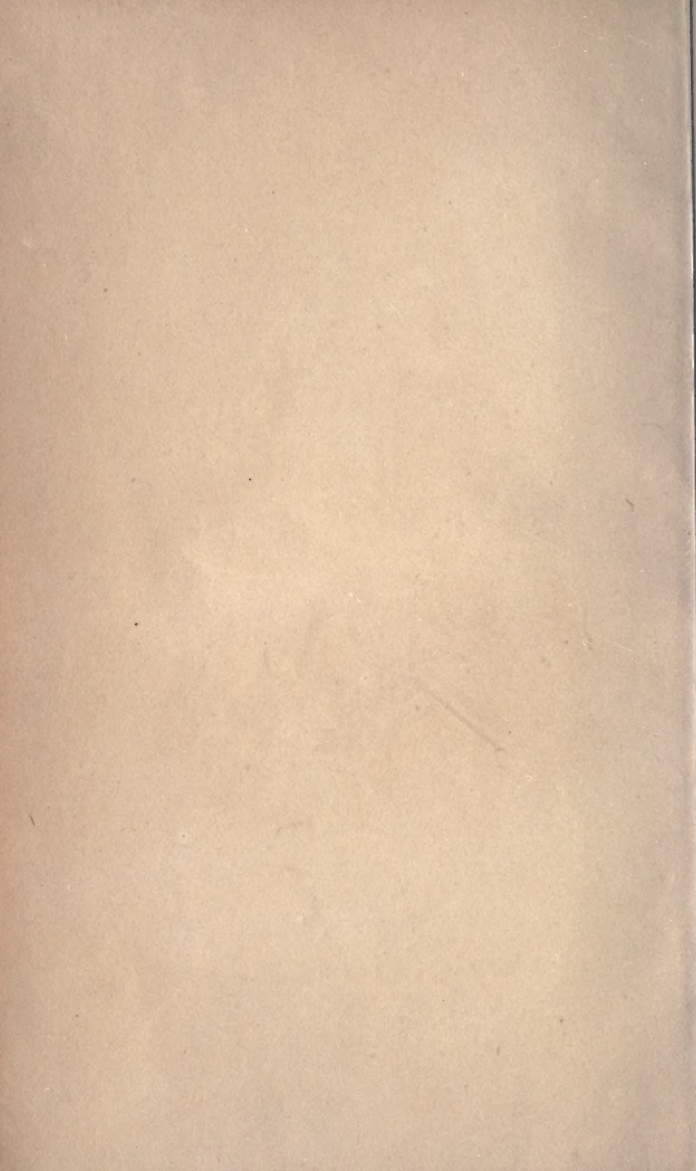


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John Erskine, Earl of Mar

*Engraved by S. Freeman
from a painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller.*

Lawson, John Parker

HISTORICAL TALES

OF THE

WARS OF SCOTLAND,

AND OF THE

BORDER RAIDS, FORAYS, AND
CONFLICTS.

VOL. II.



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TALES OF THE SCOTISH WARS.

INVASION OF THE DANES.*

IN the eighth century, during what is termed the Pictish period of Scottish history, the then singularly constituted governments of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, produced the celebrated Pirate Kings of the Northern Seas, called the *Vikingr*, perhaps unexampled in the annals of Europe. As the Goths, the Huns, and the Vandals, were the scourges of the human race by land, the Pirate Kings were long the scourges of the ocean, infesting almost every country, and plundering every vessel which fell into their hands. "Till the eighth century, however," observes a learned historian, "the *Vikingr* confined their odious piracies to the Baltic. They now pursued their destructive courses on every sea and on every shore in Europe. They first appeared distinctly on the east coast of England during A.D. 787.

* Gordon's *Itinerarium Septentrionale*; Statistical Account of Scotland; Annals of Ulster; Chalmers' *Caledonia*; Buchanan's History of Scotland; Cordiner's *Antiquities*; Pennant's *Tour in the Highlands*; Shaw's *History of the Province of Moray*; Ware's *Antiq. Hibern.* • Abercrombie's *Martial Achievements of the Scottish Nation*.

They were felt on the Caledonian shores some years afterwards. They made the Hebrides deplore their barbarities throughout the ninth century, while they burned the religious houses which the pious hands of the Columbans [the disciples of St Columba] had built. In A.D. 839, the Vikingr landed among the Picts. Uen their King hastened to defend his people. A bloody conflict ensued, and the gallant Uen fell in defending his country against those ferocious invaders; with him also fell his only brother Bran, and many of the Pictish chiefs."

A Danish leader named Halfdene is mentioned by the old chroniclers as ravaging the country lying between the Picts and the Strathclyde Britons in A.D. 875. The Vikingr had previously settled on the Irish shores, and thence found an easy passage into the Frith of Clyde. In A.D. 870, the Vikingr had besieged Aldcluyd, which they took and plundered after a blockade of four months. Aldcluyd signifies in the ancient British language *the rocky height on the Clyde*, and was applied to the celebrated conical rock on which the castle of Dumbarton is built. During the year in which the vale of the Clyde was ravaged by Halfdene, the Vikingr sailed from Northumberland and wasted Galloway. So severe were their inroads felt by the inhabitants, that they resolved to emigrate to Wales, and in A.D. 870, a large body of them departed, under a chief called Constantine, who was encountered and slain at Lochmaben. But his followers succeeded in repulsing the assailants, and forced their way into Wales. There they were assigned a district, which they defended with valour, when they assisted the Welsh to defeat the Saxons in the battle of Cymrid. The descendants of those Strathclyde Britons are a distinct people in North Wales at the present time. They inhabit Flintshire and the vale of Cluyd. According to the author of CALEDONIA, they are "distinguished from their neighbours by a remarkable

difference of person and speech. They are a people taller, more slender, with longer visages; their voices are smaller, and more shrill; they have many varieties of dialect, and generally their pronunciation is less open and broad than what is heard among the Welsh, who live to the westward of them."

Kenneth, the son of Alpin, achieved the union and amalgamation of the Scots and Picts, and established both people and their territories under one government. This enabled the Scots to offer a powerful resistance to the Pirate chiefs of the Northern Seas. During Kenneth's reign those Pirate chiefs landed in Scotland; and advanced into the country as far as Clunie, in the division of Perthshire called Stormont, and the ancient episcopal city of Dunkeld. Ragnar Lodbrog was the name of the Danish leader, and the sole purpose of this invasion was as usual plunder and blood. Of his ravages on this occasion little is known, but he was soon afterwards killed in Northumberland.

The Danish rovers were now yearly increasing in power, and their settlements in Ireland were important and prosperous. They had considerable establishments at Waterford, and they possessed commodious harbours on the east and north coast of the island, at Wexford, Strangford, in Belfast Loch, and in Loch Foyle; but Dublin, before they were driven from that city by the Irish, was the usual seat of their power and their plunder, as it also was of their dissensions. From these commodious stations on the north of Ireland the Danish pirates were enabled to attack the western coasts of Scotland. They found the river Clyde a commodious inlet into the country, and the Moray Frith, the river Tay, and the Frith of Forth, offered their attractive harbours on the east. The towns, such as they were in the tenth and eleventh centuries, the residences of the King and the chiefs, and the religious houses, were generally the objects of their attack and plunder. In the reign of

Constantine II., the son of Kenneth, in A.D. 866, the Danes from Ireland, under a ferocious chief named Aulaf, who had arrived in that country with a numerous fleet and many adventurers in A.D. 753, ravaged the Scottish coasts, and returned to their Irish retreats loaded with plunder. The success of this expedition induced them to prepare for a second voyage, and in A.D. 870, the Pirates sailed from Dublin for the Clyde with augmented numbers. Their leaders, Andd, Aulaf, and Ivar, besieged Dumbarton, which they took at the end of four months by blockade rather than by assault. After plundering the country they returned to Dublin in 871, with great booty and many captives. In A.D. 872, Aulaf led another expedition into Scotland, where he met his fate from the hand of Constantine. Such was now the frequency of the Danish invasions that the country was never at rest. In A.D. 875, Ostin, the son of Aulaf, defeated the Scots; but he did not long enjoy his victory, for he was soon afterwards treacherously slain by his own countrymen. The Danish Pirates again invaded Scotland in A.D. 876, and remained in the country amid bloody conflicts several months. In A.D. 881, there was another invasion of the odious foe, and Constantine advanced against the pirates in person. He encountered them on the shores of the Frith of Forth, and this ancient Scottish King fell gallantly fighting for his people. During this disastrous inroad of the Pirates upon the coast of Fife, several of the Scottish ecclesiastics, who had taken refuge on the Island of May, were slain by the Pagan adventurers, for the Danish rovers were not then converted to Christianity. The several conflicts which the inhabitants of the south-east of Fife had to maintain is still remembered by tradition. Near the mansion of Lundin, in the parish of Largo, are three remarkable stones in the middle of a plain standing upright in the ground, each measuring eighteen feet in height, and supposed to be as much below the surface. There are

also fragments of a fourth, which seems to have been of equal magnitude with the other three. These are the well known *Standing Stones of Lundin*. There is no inscription, and no vestige of any ciphering is to be found upon them. Though they may have been erected for different purposes, and in more ancient times, the general tradition is that they mark the graves of some Danish chiefs who fell in battle during this invasion in the reign of Constantine II. Skeletons in stone coffins have been found upon the shore, from the entry of the river Leven into the Frith of Forth to the eastern extremity of Largo Bay at Kincaig Point, and these are also supposed to be the remains of the slain. The scene of the death of Constantine is still pointed out near Crail, at the very south-eastern extremity of the county, from which it would appear that a kind of running fight had commenced in the parish of Largo, and that the Danish rovers had been driven back to their galleys near Fifeness. In a cave near the site of the old mansion of Balcomie, the King, who was taken prisoner in a skirmish, as the rovers retreated, is said to have been sacrificed to the manes of the Danish leaders. Nor must the *Danes' Dyke*, as it is still called, near the cave, be forgotten. It is the remains of a bulwark of dry stones raised in one night by the Danes after their defeat at the mouth of the Leven, when they retired to the extreme point of Fife, which they fortified in this manner to defend themselves against the Scots, until they could safely embark in their galleys, which were hovering in the Frith of Forth. This mound is quite overgrown with grass, but it can be distinctly traced a considerable distance. Such is the testimony of tradition, though the large space which it encloses, and some other circumstances, might justify some degree of scepticism on the subject.

In the reign of Donald IV., the son of Constantine, the Northmen again invaded Scotland, and, landing in the Tay, they advanced up the river with the intention of invading

either Forteviot or Dunkeld. The King met the Pirates in the neighbourhood of Scone, and a bloody battle ensued, in which the Scots were victorious. But this defeat nothing disheartened the Danish rovers. In A.D. 904, they again appeared in Scotland on the western coast under Ivar O'Ivar, and penetrated into the country eastward, with a view of plundering Dunkeld, then a royal residence of the Scottish, as it had formerly been of the Pictish kings. They were encountered in their progress by Donald, and were defeated with the loss of their leader, but the King himself was slain while gallantly defending his harassed people.

The reign of Donald's successor, Constantine III., is noted for a fierce invasion of the Danish pirates from Ireland. In A.D. 907, they made a general ravage, and advanced as far as Dunkeld, which they plundered before they could be opposed by Constantine. But the King, the chiefs, and a gallant people, attacked them in an attempt against Forteviot, and drove them from the country. This defeat secured peace several years, but in A.D. 918, according to the Annals of Ulster, another and most formidable invasion was made from Ireland by the Danes under Reginald their king, who steered his fleet into the Clyde. Constantine summoned his forces to repel the Pirates, and assisted, it is said, by some of the Northern Saxons, or inhabitants of Northumberland, he gave battle to the Danes at a place called Tinmore, the precise locality of which is uncertain. The rovers arrayed themselves in four divisions—the first conducted by Godfrey O'Ivar, the second and third by sundry earls and chiefs, the fourth by Reginald in person; and as this division was the reserve, he appears to have placed it in ambush. The divisions were unable to withstand the assault of the Scots, which was well directed by Constantine, and the ambuscade was unsuccessful. The Pirates retreated during the night, and left the field in pos-

session of the Scots, whose victory was the more important, as no leader or person of distinction on their side was slain, while two Danish chiefs, Otter and Gragava, are mentioned as having fallen in this battle. They commanded a party of whom the Scots made great havoc.

Reginald, the king or ruler of the Irish Danes, was induced to conduct the Vikingr, Sitric and Godfrey to the shores of Cowal, a peninsula or point of land stretching between the Frith of Clyde and Lochfine. In A.D. 921 he was slain, and was succeeded by his brother Godfrey, who is traditionally said to have been infamous for his cruelty even among the ferocious Vikingr.

In the reign of Kenneth III. was fought the battle of Luncarty, as related in a previous narrative. Various other invasions were made on the east and west coast of Scotland, and the country was kept in a state of distraction by these Pirates. Malcolm II. the son of Kenneth III., and the third king in succession after him, contrived to turn into distant channels the devastations of the Danes, who had now deluged England with blood; yet parties of them still continued to roam through the Northern Seas, and plunder every shore. They seized in the reign of Malcolm the burgh head of Moray, where they found a commodious harbour and a secure retreat. The Orkneys, Shetland, and the Hebrides, were ravaged by the ferocious Vikingr, but it was near the coasts of the Moray Frith that the Danes and Norwegians collected plunder from a wide extent of country. Sigurd, Earl of Orkney, one of the Vikingr, carried on his depredations along the shores of this Frith in the end of the tenth and beginning of the eleventh century. He married the daughter of Malcolm, but this was no restraint upon his piracies, and in the eyes of a Vikingr friends and foes were equally the objects of his plunder.

In A.D. 1009, the Danes made a fierce descent upon the

province of Moray, and in 1010 they were met in the midst of their destructive ravages by Malcolm at Forres. According to tradition, Sueno, son of Harold, king of Denmark, having defeated the English, and driven Ethelred their king out of the kingdom, resolved to revenge themselves on the Scots, who had aided their Southern neighbours. Sueno sent a considerable force into Scotland under Olaus and Enecus, who landed in Moray, and committed great ravages. Malcolm marched against them, and a battle ensued near the royal burgh of Forres, but the inexperienced Scots, rushing on with more courage than prudence, rendered the victory easy to the Danes, who followed it up by cruelty and bloodshed. The castles of Forres, Elgin, and Nairn, were soon reduced, and they resolved to colonize and possess the province they had conquered.

When their families arrived they fortified the promontory already mentioned, under the name of the *burgh head* of Moray. This promontory, designated by our old historians *Burgus*, is in the parish of Duffus, and juts out into the Moray Frith, rising about sixteen yards above low water. It is a perpendicular rock on the west and north; on the east the ascent is steep, and covered with grass; on the south the ascent is easy. The surface is upwards of one hundred yards in length, and in breadth about thirty. This area they surrounded with a strong rampart of oak laid deep in the ground, of which pieces have often been dug up, and some remains are still visible. By cutting a trench they brought the sea round the promontory, and rendered the whole secure by ramparts and other fortifications. This fort was intended as a place of arms, for a safe retreat if defeated, and for an asylum to their wives and children; and it guarded the harbour at the base of the rocks where their galleys were moored. The Danes gave it the name of *Burgh*, which it still retains, and is called the *Burgh Sea*, or surrounded by the sea, but it is no longer an artificial island.

Though defeated at Forres, the Scots were resolved never to allow the Danes a permanent footing in the country. Malcolm raised a powerful army in the southern counties, and in A.D. 1010, he marched to expel the invaders. The Danes, who had certain intelligence of the King's motions, moved to meet him, wisely choosing to fight him at some distance from their projected settlement. In the neighbourhood of a house called Carron there are vestiges of a camp, which, it is thought, was occupied by the Pirates till their scouts informed them of the King's approach. They then marched to Mortlach in Banffshire, while the Scots approached Achindun, little more than two miles from the enemy. The King is alleged to have used a stratagem by damming up the rivulet of Dullan, on both sides of which the Danes lay. About a mile above the church of Mortlach the rivulet runs in a narrow channel between high rocks. Here its course was stopped and made to flow back into a plain, the Scots having attacked the enemy about daybreak, the dam was ordered to be broken up, and the torrent separated the two parts of the Danish army, so that the one could not assist the other, and those on the south, who were the smaller number, were all cut off.

But whatever credit may be assigned to this stratagem, the armies first saw each other near the parish church of Mortlach, and a little to the north of it they engaged. The numbers of the contending parties are not stated, but a fierce and bloody conflict ensued. At the commencement of the attack, while pushing forward with too ardent impetuosity, Kenneth, Thane of the Isles, Dunbar, Thane of Lothian, and Græme, Thane of Stratherne, were slain, and the loss of those leaders struck the Scots with consternation. The contest was now less than doubtful, for the Scots were thrown into confusion, and the issue was too likely to be decisive on the part of the Danes. Malcolm was carried reluctantly along with the retreating crowd, till

he was opposite the church, then a chapel dedicated to a holy saint who was distinguished by the name of Molocus. The passage being here narrow, the retreating Scots had leisure to recover, and were all collected together. At this crisis Malcolm was seized with a devotional impulse, when his eye rested on the walls of the chapel dedicated to the holy saint. Fervently praying, and, as was the custom of those times, rendering homage to the Virgin Mary and the saint, he made a particular vow that if successful he would erect a religious edifice, to evince his gratitude to Heaven. Inspired with confidence he addressed his soldiers in an animated speech, and leading them to the attack, he struck down the Danish leader Enecus with his own hand, and killed him. The Scots renewed the charge with vigour, and the Northmen, after defending themselves with their usual obstinacy of valour, were obliged to yield the bloody contest to the bravery of their assailants. This second and decisive conflict after rallying happened a few hundred yards to the south-west of the Castle of Balveny, and it is conjectured that the ancient part of that building was then in existence, as a fort is mentioned near the field of battle. Malcolm, in gratitude for his victory, founded the bishopric of Mortlach, which was confirmed by Pope Benedict, who filled the Pontifical Chair from A.D. 1012 to A.D. 1024. An ecclesiastic named Bein was consecrated the first bishop, who died about thirty years afterwards, and his effigy, cut in stone, was placed on the walls of the church of Mortlach. This episcopal seat, it is well known, was subsequently removed to Aberdeen in A.D. 1139.

Various traditional and other memorials are preserved and pointed out. There still remain the vestiges of an encampment, very distinct, on the summit of the little Conval hill, and known in the neighbourhood as the *Danish Camp*. Numbers of tumuli or cairns exist, supposed to have cover-

ed the bodies of the slain. The grave of Enecus was formerly, it is said, distinguished by a huge round stone now rolled a little distance from its position over the sepulchre. It has received the eccentric soubriquet of the *Aquavitæ Stone*. "To account for this," quaintly observes the author of the Statistical Account of Mortlach, "and to prevent antiquarians from puzzling their brains with dark and learned hypothesis in time to come, it may not be improper to tell, that the men whose brawny strength removed this venerable tenant, finding it rather a hard piece of work, got as a solace for their toil a pint of whisky, out of which immediately around the stone they took a hearty dram."

A square piece of ground is pointed out where a large pit was dug, and multitudes of the dead were thrown into it. This is near the north-west corner of the fir park of Tomnamuid, and about one hundred and twenty yards from the stone now mentioned. There is a standing stone on the parish minister's glebe, containing some unintelligible sculpture. Human bones, broken sabres, and pieces of military armour, have been at different times discovered; and in ploughing the glebe about the middle of the eighteenth century a chain of gold was discovered, which from its antique formation is supposed to have been worn by one of the chiefs.

The celebrated monument called *Forres Pillar* is supposed to commemorate this battle. It is adorned with rude sculptures, now unintelligible, representing warlike trophies and marches. A writer indeed asks—"Why should there be erected at Forres a monument of a battle fought more than twelve miles distant from it?" But the answer is obvious. The place might have been selected as the most central and convenient site to commemorate the final dislodgment of the Danes from a district in ancient times remarkable, as it still is, for its fertility, and of which they contrived to maintain possession or render tributary. Yet the

traditional language of the district connects this ~~one obelisk~~ with a Danish leader called Sueno, and it is consequently designated *King Sueno's Stone*.

The hostile invasions of the Danes were not confined to the shores of the Moray Frith. The coasts of Forfarshire and the district of Buchan experienced their ravages. They were encountered and repulsed at Aberlemno in Forfarshire, and two sculptured obelisks or pillars, one in the churchyard, and the other on the road from Brechin to Forfar, are memorials of the conflict. These pillars are about nine feet in height, and proportionably sunk in the ground. One writer mentions that in his time there were five obelisks, which were popularly known as the *Danish Stones of Aberlemmy*. Near the two existing pillars a few tumuli have been opened, wherein were found rudely formed stone coffins, containing black earth and mouldering bones.

The repeated and disastrous defeats of the Northmen at length induced Sueno to send a fresh body of warriors into Scotland under the command of Camus. Landing on the coast of Forfarshire near the village of Panbride, the Danes marched into the interior, but before they had advanced many miles they were attacked and entirely defeated by the Scots. Camus, in attempting to retreat northward, was pursued and slain on the spot where a monumental stone, called *Camus' Stone*, indicates the scene of his overthrow. The conflict in which he fell was maintained hand to hand, and the skull of Camus was cleft by the deadly blow of a battle-axe. Near *Camus' Cross* a sepulchre was laid open, inclosed with four stones, and a gigantic skeleton was dug up about A.D. 1610, supposed to have been that of Camus, and part of the skull was cut away. About two miles from Panbride, in the parish of Monikie, there is a farm-steading called *Camuston*, another near it is known as *Camuston Cross*, and a third place is designated *Camuston Den*. All these localities are connected by tradition with the Danish

rovers. In this quarter, near the eighth milestone from Dundee, there is a ridge of small eminences called the Cur-hills, where several stone coffins have been found. In the vicinity have been discovered urns inclosed with broad flag stones, below which were ashes, supposed to have been human bodies reduced to that state by fire.

But the persevering Pirates were not yet discouraged by their losses and defeats. They again landed on the Buchan coast of Aberdeenshire, in the parish of Cruden, about a mile west from Slaines Castle, the family seat of the Earl of Errol. The Danes were commanded by Canute, son of Sueno, afterwards the celebrated King of England, Denmark, Norway, and part of Sweden. The contending armies met upon a plain in the bottom of the Bay of Arden-draught, near which the Danes had then a castle, some remains of which are still visible. A considerable portion of the Earl of Errol's estate is called the Barony of Arden-draught, a name said to signify the *Old Danish Camp*. Even the name of the parish, *Cruden* or *Crudane*, originated from this battle. The Pirates were overthrown, and on the morning after the battle, while both parties lay at a small distance from each other, the appearance of the field turned their thoughts from war to peace. Conditions were proposed and accepted, which were—that the Danes and Norwegians should withdraw themselves from Scotland—that during the lives of the kings, Malcolm and Sueno, all hostilities were to cease—that the field of battle should be consecrated, and made a burying-place for the dead—and that the Danes, as well as the Scots, who had fallen in the conflict, should be honourably interred in it. Malcolm and Canute swore to the observance of the articles, and faithfully performed their respective obligations. Canute and his followers left Scotland, and Malcolm not only caused the dead bodies of the Danes to be interred with decency, but built a chapel on the spot, which he dedicated to

Olaus, the tutelar saint of Denmark and Norway. The village near which this chapel was erected was called *Croju-Dane*, or *Cruden*, which signifies *Kill the Dane*, and there is a tradition that during the confusion of the battle the Danish military chest was concealed near the place, but it has never yet been found. No vestige of the chapel of St Olaus or of the village now remains, but the locality is well known, and bones have been repeatedly dug up in several places. In the churchyard of Cruden, which is about a mile westward from the scene of battle, there is a black marble gravestone, said to have been sent over by the Danish king to mark the sepulchre of some of his officers slain in the battle.

Scotland was now freed from the invasions of the Northern Pirates, who do not appear to have ravaged the coasts until the time of their expedition under Haco, when they were finally defeated at the battle of Largs. Their proceedings in the Orkney and Shetland Islands, the Hebrides, and other islands "far amid the melancholy main," are elsewhere narrated.

Many memorials of those celebrated Northern Pirates, and their hostile invasions, still remain throughout Scotland. Some of these are already noticed. In the parish of Innerwick, in the county of Haddington, there is a small Danish encampment on Blackcastle Hill, and near it are several cairns or burial places. The churchyard of Ruthwell in Dumfries-shire contains a true Danish monument, which seems to be the only Runic remains in North Britain. It was when entire in the form of an obelisk, and about eighteen feet in length, the side of each square being ornamented with figures taken from sacred history. This curious pillar, which may have been erected by some of the followers of Halfdene the Dane, was ordered to be calipidated as a *monument of idolatry* by the General Assembly! A more degrading fate attended a curiously carved Danish

stone in the parish of Neilston in Renfrewshire. It once stood on the lands of Hawkhead, but it was made a humble bridge over a small rivulet between that property and Arthurlie. There is also an obelisk in the parish of Kirkden in Forfarshire, on which are represented some imperfect figures of horses, supposed to have been erected upon the defeat of the Danes by Malcolm II. about the same time with the Cross at Camuston.

In the Island of Lismore there is an old castle, with a fusee and drawbridge, said to have been built by the Northern Pirates. There are six Danish signal places in the parish of Kilmuir in the Island of Skye, and though the Gaelic language is principally spoken by the inhabitants, most of the names of places in that Island are derived from the Danish or Norwegian. There are two ruins, called castles, of Danish forts in the parish of Loudon in Ayrshire, one of which is surrounded by a deep ditch, which was crossed by a drawbridge. Bracadale, in Inverness-shire, contains several Danish forts, the outer wall of one of which is still entire, constructed of large dry stones without mortar or any kind of cement, but very regularly and artificially laid together. About a mile from Forgan in Perthshire, there is a place called *Castlelaw*, on the summit of a conical hill, which was defended on all sides by a stone wall, the vestiges of which still remain. The general opinion is that this was a Danish fortification. This place commands a most extensive prospect to the mouth of the Tay on the east, all Strathearn to the Grampians on the west, a great part of the counties of Perth and Forfar on the north and north-east, and the top of the Lomond Hills on the south.

There are several Danish forts, or places of observation, in the united parishes of Larbert and Dunipace in Stirlingshire—particularly one at Larbert, a second at Braes, and a third at Upper Torwood. On the western shores of Argyle, and in the north-eastern counties of Scotland, these

memorials are numerous. The Danes furnish the only memorials of antiquity in the parish of Barrie in Forfarshire, and these are connected with their misfortunes. There are numerous tumuli, the traces of a camp in the neighbourhood, and Carnoustie, or the *Cairn of Heroes*, is the name of a village and estate, in the vicinity of which is a rivulet which was coloured with blood for three days. These tumuli are the graves of the marauders who fell in the desperate engagement near Panbride.

In the parish of Falkland in Fife, between the towns of Falkland and Auchtermuchty, on the south side of the Eden, there are the remains of a Danish camp. A neighbouring village is still called *Dunshelt*, supposed to be a corruption of *Danes Halt*. This camp is of a circular form.—On Kaimes Hill and South Platt Hill, in the parish of Ratho, were two Danish encampments, and the latter position was probably selected from the extensive prospect it commands, as there is a full view of the Forth from Stirling to the Island of May, the coasts of Fife, Mid-Lothian, and Haddington, and the hills in the counties of Perth, Stirling, and Dumbarton, as far as the “lofty Ben-Lomond.”—An hieroglyphical column, which stands conspicuous on the moor of Rhynie in Aberdeenshire, is another memorial of a conflict with the odious Danes.—At Sandwick, in the parish of Nigg, on the east shore of Ross, there is an obelisk with sculptures of beasts and a cross, and here, according to tradition, three sons of a Danish king were interred. A similar stone in the churchyard is ascribed to the Danes.—An obelisk about ten feet high, with carved figures, in the parish of Eddeston in Ross-shire, is said to mark the place of the interment of a Danish prince.—One of a similar description is near the parish church of Criech in the county of Sutherland, and at the parish church of Farr, in the same county, is a large sculptured stone which intimates the grave of a Danish chief

who rested quietly here after all his savage deeds. At Wick, in Caithness, there is a large stone with hieroglyphic characters, which is said to mark the grave of a Danish princess, the wife of one of the piratical Vikings.

In the parish of Craignish, in the county of Argyle, there are the remains of many Danish fortified eminences. These must have been reared without lime or mortar of any kind, and from their construction striking proofs are given of the strength and perseverance, though none of the taste and genius, of the Pirate invaders. Many grey stones also rear their heads in the heath, and mark the graves of the warriors of ancient times. A cluster of these rude obelisks is to be seen near the mansion of Craignish, which the proprietor has allowed to stand unmolested. Farther up the valley, towards the mountains, there was erected one of a more than ordinary size, to distinguish the grave of a warrior who fell in the pursuit, and remains of cairns, which covered the graves where the ashes of the dead were deposited, are to be seen. Tradition represents this as the locality of a bloody engagement between the Danes and the natives, in which Olaus, a son of the King of Denmark, was slain. Near the field of battle there is a little mount, which is called *Dunan Aula*, or the *Little Hill of Olaus*. During the eighteenth century, while some workmen were employed in inclosing this spot, after removing some loose stones they discovered a grave composed of four flags. A minute inspection disclosed to them an ancient urn. Expecting to find a treasure they broke the urn, and found nothing but the ashes of Olaus !

In the parish of Culross there are still the remains of two Danish camps of the usual oval form, one near a place called Burrowan, which is said to be the retreat of the Danes after their defeat near Inverkeithing; the other is in Culross muir, and was occupied by the rovers before the battle near that little royal burgh. The vicinity of the

town of Cromarty contains many memorials of the invaders, who are reputed to have sustained a severe defeat in a large muir called Mullbuy. In various parishes throughout the Western Highlands and the Hebrides, Danish forts and cairns constantly occur, the purposes of which, from their peculiar situations, are obvious. It would be tedious to enumerate all these monuments of antiquity, which show the enterprising spirit of the piratical Northmen, and the determined courage of the ancient Scottish inhabitants, who constantly and successfully repelled the invaders from their shores. While England was compelled to submit for a time to the government of a Danish prince, Scotland preserved its independence, and the "stormy north" was the scene of many a sanguinary conflict. These battles are inseparably connected with the traditions of the country, and the localities are still pointed out with the utmost accuracy. It may easily be inferred that the terror which the invasions of the roving Vikings excited throughout the country was intense, and that it required the most desperate exertions of the ancient Scots to repel an enemy whose career was marked by desolation and blood

CAPTURE OF INCHKEITH

A.D. 1549.

MONSIEUR D'ESSE, an experienced French commander, arrived at Leith in 1549 with an army of six thousand men,

* History of the Campaigns of 1548 and 1549, being an Exact Account of the Martial Expeditions performed in those times by the Scots and French on the one side, and the English and their Foreign Auxiliaries on the other, by Monsieur Beague, printed at Paris in 1556, and translated by Dr Patrick Abercrombie, author of the Martial Achievements of the Scottish Nation, in 1707; Campbell's History of Leith; Lindsay's (of Pitscottie) History.

all veteran soldiers, to assist the Scots in their contest with England during the regency of Mary of Lorraine, the mother of Queen Mary. The arrival of this force is thus noticed by a poet of those times :

At Leith they landit harmless in the haven,
With powder, bullet, guns, and other geir,
Drest all their platforms in to days seven,
Nor lacking naething that belanged to weir.

Perceiving the importance of securing a place possessed of many advantages, the French commander began to fortify the town by throwing round it strong and regular works. These consisted chiefly of a rampart of earth, and it appears to have been a most formidable defence, constructed after the best principles of fortification as adapted to the warfare of the times. It is proper, however, to state that this is not the opinion of the valiant Captain Colepepper in the *FORTUNES OF NIGEL*. “ You speak of the siege of Leith,” says the redoubtable Captain, “ and I have seen the place ; a pretty kind of a hamlet it is, with a plain wall, or rampart, and a pigeon house or two of a tower at every angle. Uds, daggers, and scabberds ! if a leaguer of our days had been twenty-four hours, not to say so many months, before it, without carrying the place, and all its cocklofts, one after another, by pure storm, they would have deserved no better grace than the Provost-Marshal gives when his noose is reeved.”

But whatever may have been the state and appearance of the fortifications at Leith, we shall delay noticing these matters for the present, and direct our attention to Inchkeith. This little island, which is most conspicuous in the Frith of Forth, half way between Leith and Kinghorn, was taken possession of by the English at this period, and fortified. The garrison were in a situation which afforded them many advantages, and they committed considerable depredations on the shores of Mid-Lothian and Fife, secur-

ing themselves from pursuit by returning to the island upon any alarm, where they were out of all danger from sudden reprisals. D'Essé resolved to dislodge the enemy from this stronghold, and ordered Monsieur de Biron, one of his officers, to sail out and reconnoitre the island. There is only one easy landing place, the island being very steep on almost all sides, and a handful of men could easily hold out against a superior force brought against it in those times.

Monsieur de Biron embarked in a galley belonging to a French captain named Villegaignon—the same galley, it is said, which carried the infant Queen Mary to France from Dumbarton Castle, and sailing round the island he carefully noted every point favourable for an attack. The English garrison were either ignorant of his intentions, or set him at defiance, for although he was nearly the whole time within reach of their guns he was not only unmolested, but was able to give a tolerably correct account of their numbers and condition, and of the state of the works upon the island.

Mary of Lorraine had resorted often to Leith since the arrival of her countrymen, and she took such an interest in the projected expedition against Inchkeith, that she personally superintended the embarkation of the soldiers selected for the attack. The French, accompanied by some Scottish troops, sailed from Leith Harbour in small boats, and at first endeavoured to conceal their intentions from those on the island. They accordingly pretended to be merely sailing up and down the Frith, but their frequent approach to the island, where they were evidently selecting a place to land, excited the suspicions of the garrison. Finding themselves discovered, the assailants made directly for the rock, and found the English prepared to dispute their attempt to land. The assaults nevertheless sprung out of their boats, and after a severe contest they not only maintained their ground, but forced the English to the

higher parts of the island, where their commander, named Cotton, and George Appleby, one of his officers, were killed. Besides those gentlemen, several persons of some note fell on the side of the English.

The fortalice or castle, which has long disappeared, was secured by the assailants, who pushed the English to an extremity of the island, where they surrendered without farther resistance. The gallantry of the little band who attempted its defence was most conspicuous. They disputed every yard of the rock with their antagonists, and only yielded when there was no longer any chance of success. In this assault Monsieur de Biron was wounded in the head by a harquebus, and his helmet was so beaten about his ears that it was necessary to carry him into a boat to dress his wounds. One Desbois, his standard-bearer, was killed by the pike of the English commander, and Gasper Strozzi, the commander of a party of Italians, was also slain. The fortalice of Inchkeith was kept in repair for some time, but it was finally ordered to be dismantled by the Scotch Parliament, to prevent it being of any farther use to the English.

There is a French account of this enterprise written in 1556, which is not a little amusing, as it is expressed in the bombastic language peculiar to that extraordinary nation, and is at the same time extremely scarce. The following is their narrative of the capture of Inchkeith abridged and condensed. To those familiar with the present state of the island, an account of it by an eye-witness, as it appeared in the reign of Queen Mary, during the Regency of her mother, must be entertaining and curious.

“ The Island of Inchkeith, upon its being recovered from the English, was named by the Queen Dowager the *Island of God*, but formerly the French called it the *Island for Horses*, and the reason was because hitherto it had been thought useless to men, and remained uninhabited. Yet Inchkeith is not destitute of the *blessings of nature*; it is

pretty large, possesses excellent water, has spots of ground fit to be converted into pasturage or gardens, and places proper for salt-pans and harbours. Its inhabitants at a small charge might make lime, build houses, and fortifications of all sorts. The island is so advantageously situated in the midst of the Frith of Forth, that it commands the ships that sail to or from the better part of the kingdom. Nature itself has fortified it, for the access is so difficult, that it cannot be come at except by three fit places, and in these the sea, which is intermixed with the river, is about a foot and a half in depth.* Hence, on account of the rocks, obvious at all times to the eye, no sort of shipping can come near the island, and one must set foot upon these huge stones, jump from one to another, and so gain the island, unless he chose to wade, in which case he would be in danger of falling unawares into one of those deep and narrow pools which are within a short distance of the island between the rocks. On all sides nothing is seen but a continued precipice, only towards the west nature has carved out steps which ascend to the height of about twenty French fathoms, but there is little possibility of getting up by these means. Thus the island is very strong and advantageously situated, and besides the above impediments, the paths leading to the banks are so very narrow, winding, and steep, that scarcely three men can walk abreast, while the whole is commanded by the summit, on which the English had built a square fort, and had made it tenable within less than fifteen days.

“ Not long before the English fleet came up the Frith, the Queen was informed that Monsieur de Termes had arrived at Dumbarton with two hundred horse, one hundred men-at-arms, and one thousand foot, and that he was appointed to the command of his Majesty's (the King of France) army in Scotland in the room of Monsieur D'Essé.

* This must refer to low water.

These accounts added to the desire the latter felt to obtain possession of the island. The Queen Dowager, on her part, sensible how prejudicial the presence of the English was to the kingdom, used every exertion to keep the French officers close to their resolution to attempt the recovery of the island. But this was, as the proverb expresses it, *to set the spurs to a courser*, for the whole of them were bent upon the thing, and in compliance with her Majesty's suggestion, it was resolved to send a man of prudence to view the fortifications commenced by the enemy. Monsieur Chappelle de Biron was singled out on account of his great experience for the purpose, who, together with Messieurs De Dussac, De Ferrieres, De Gourdes, and Nicolas, went on board a small frigate commanded by M De Villegaignon, sailed round the island, and returned with an exact account of the outward appearance of the works, the numbers, and the state of the garrison.

“ The reports made by these gentlemen to her Majesty considerably affected her, for she saw that a post of such importance could not be easily recovered, but she had the prudence to conceal her sentiments, and gravely and civilly intimated to us her anxiety on the subject, and the value she would hold our services in the enterprise. All those who had served under Monsieur D'Essé, solicitous that the attempt should be made by them exclusively, were informed of the design, but not of the day fixed for putting it into execution. This was politic, for if the English had by any means got information, they would have summoned to their assistance twenty ships of war, waiting at Eyemouth for a fair wind to carry them to Calais.

“ Messieurs D'Essé, De Termes, Biron, and Villegaignon, had taken the measures connected with their respective duties, and other officers had been active in prevailing upon the Scots to bring into the harbour of Leith

all boats found lying in the neighbouring creeks and havens. The Queen pressed the immediate execution of the project, and came to Leith on Corpus Christi Day (the 2d of June), that her presence might prevent any quarrellings about the choice of the boats, and encourage the soldiers to their duty. As they saluted her before they entered the boats, she addressed them as follows—‘ You are obliged, my good friends, to the favour of Heaven, who has endowed you with courage, and afforded you so many honourable occasions to evince it. If I doubted the ascendant you will gain over the enemy, I would forget that you are Frenchmen. As such, you have a natural right to vanquish the English, and have kept yourselves in possession of that glorious privilege since you came hither. Continue, then, brave soldiers and my very good friends, to overcome. Remember that God is propitious to this kingdom, and that He has sent you from France to preserve Scotland.’

“ The soldiers, animated by these expressions, and fond of serving her Majesty in any circumstances, unanimously took Heaven to witness that they went off with a determined resolution to conquer or perish. It is no new thing to see a few soldiers so nobly disposed, but it is not a little remarkable to see some hundreds thus influenced. The Queen, overjoyed at their enthusiasm, asked Monsieur D’Essé, when stepping on board his ship, how many soldiers he had with him in this expedition?—‘ Madam,’ he replied, ‘ I do not precisely know their numbers, but this I certainly know, that your Majesty may depend upon their courage.’ ‘ The wise,’ replied the Queen, ‘ are seldom disappointed in their expectations, and since you, as well as those under your command, promise so fair, I cannot doubt that you will come off with victory.’ The event of all things, Madam,’ he rejoined, ‘ is in the hand of God, yet thus much I declare, that if yon island is not

regained this day, D'Essé shall never again unsheathe a sword.' These words I overheard, and some more, but not so distinct as to enable me to set them down.

"The ships or galleys, commanded by Villegaignon and De Seur, had in the meantime sailed to prevent the English from coming out of the fortress to dispute the landing, and now all the boats made to the island. We had to contend with a violent gale on the way, and during this the enemy having observed us, stationed their Italian harquebusiers and some English bowmen to deter us from landing. The rest of their forces they divided into two bodies, placing the one within the fort they had begun to build, and the other without, at the distance of forty paces, so far as we could judge from our boats. The Italians were drawn up towards the east of the island, where a part of the land descends towards the sea, which they considered to be almost inaccessible, and for that reason they had not fortified it. When they were approaching the island Monsieur D'Essé sailed from boat to boat, exhorting his men to courage and resolution. 'Comrades,' he exclaimed, 'only follow me, and you will know ere long that it is not the place on which men fight, but the resolution with which they handle their arms, that wins the day.'

"While Monsieur D'Essé was speaking, and about a dozen of boats were sailing by his side, he approached within reach of the stones and arrows of the enemy, who did him all the mischief in their power. He ran his vessel against one of the rocks which are discoverable only at low water, and thus his progress was for a time interrupted; but Monsieur Biron gained the eastern point of the island, near which the Italians were stationed. He secured the advantage of a rock which the ebbing tide had abandoned, and there with some gentlemen kept his position, until three or four boats which followed him landed their soldiers,

who beat off the Italians to the summit of the island. Monsieur D'Essé and several officers also effected a landing, but they had to contend with the steep declivities of the rock before they could reach a convenient place to attempt the summit, where the English and their Italian auxiliaries were now joined. While Monsieur Biron was advancing and gaining ground upon the enemy, he was wounded by the shot of an harquebuss, and a part of his helmet was driven into his head. When his followers saw the blood copiously flowing, they urged him to leave the contest, but he exclaimed, 'Since it is impossible that I can be preserved to die on a more honourable occasion, I entreat you, gentlemen, not to deprive me of the pleasure of either falling on the spot, or of sharing with you the glory of the day.' He became, however, so weak with the loss of blood, that it was necessary to convey him on board one of the galleys, and commit him to the care of his followers.

"The English had many advantages over us. They occupied a position thought inaccessible; they had supplied by art what was wanting by nature towards their defence: and they were more numerous within the island than we who attacked them, tired as we were by both the *fatigue at sea*,* and the difficulties which we encountered at landing. To do the enemy justice, they made excellent use for a long time of their advantages, fought most obstinately against both Germans and French, and exposed themselves to infinite danger first when we attempted to land, and afterwards when we made the ascent. They had the boldness to wait, and they wanted courage to sustain the charge. Yet an Italian officer, among others, who for his skill in military affairs was very much esteemed by the King of

* This alleged *fatigue at sea* is really absurd. The distance from Leith Harbour to Iachkeith is not *four miles*. One would suppose the French must have been *sea-sick*.

England, found out a thousand means to plague us from a favourable position he contrived to occupy. This man was going from rank to rank, ordering some to fire, and others to advance, sometimes planting his guns and discharging them himself, when his head was carried off by a cannon ball from one of our galleys. The English did wonders as long as they had advantage of ground, but when they perceived that we gave up attempting the narrow paths and defiles, to come to a part of the island which contracts into a plain, they stood close together in a disorderly manner. One of them wishing to stimulate his countrymen, advanced against us waving a pair of colours, but he was killed by a shot, and the colours were taken amid the loud cheers of our men.

“ We were about two hundred altogether in this place, and though we attacked the enemy with all the valour imaginable, yet we could not injure them except with our shot. The English commander, active as he was—for the truth is, he advanced at the head of his small battalion with great resolution—soon found himself surrounded with heaps of slain, but this did not restrain his ardour. On the contrary, he continued to advance and lay about him most desperately. A gentleman named Desboryes, an ensign in Monsieur Biron’s company, made up to him sword in hand, but the English commander, having the advantage of a long pike, thrust it into his neck, and made way for his soul to get out of his frail body.

“ By this time all our men were landed, and Monsieur D’Essé with his soldiers had come to close quarters with the enemy. The English commander fell covered with wounds, and his men made a disorderly retreat to the part of the island where they surrendered. Our numbers amounted to seven hundred, and with the loss of three we made ourselves master of the island, defended by eight hundred English trained to war, and accustomed to slaughter. We

found on it a number of large and small guns, ammunition of all sorts, a quantity of warlike implements, and tools for carrying on the fortifications, besides Spanish wine, bedding, silk stuffs, woollen cloths, and other necessities. Monsieur D'Essé absolutely refused to share in the booty, declaring that he would never appropriate to himself the property of soldiers, and that he intended to return to France enriched only with honour."

When the day dawned, two English ships and a boat were descried approaching the island to supply the garrison with provisions. One of the vessels was just nearing the island, and a French officer named St André, who had been left in command, exerted himself to decoy the crew, when by some means they discovered that their countrymen had been defeated, and they stood out to sea. St André discharged some guns at the vessels, but no injury was done. On the same day the Queen Dowager sailed to Inchkeith, and landed, with the greatest satisfaction at the result of the enterprise. According to the French account, she beheld between three hundred and four hundred of the slain lying uninterred. In an interview with St André, she said—"Well, Captain, is it in the power of the enemy to retake this island with as much dexterity as we have forced it from them?" "No, by Heaven, Madam!" replied the enthusiastic Frenchman, "the island of Inchkeith has much better ramparts to-day than it had yesterday." When Moncluc, Bishop of Valence, who accompanied the Queen Dowager to Inchkeith, advised the completion of the fortifications commenced by the English, St André replied—"My Lord, the better we are fortified we shall certainly be so much the more invincible, and if the enemy offer any interruption these brave men"—pointing to the soldiers—"will not fail to make ramparts of their arms and hearts."

SIEGE OF BROUGHTY CASTLE. •

A.D. 1550.

THREE miles east from Dundee, on the banks of the Frith of Tay, is the agreeable and pleasant village of Broughty Ferry—a modern sea-bathing retreat of the lieges of the county of Forfar, and similar to those *watering-places* patronized by the citizens of Edinburgh and Glasgow during the summer months. Although Broughty Ferry is *minus* trees, and has no pretensions to romantic environs, being situated, like the Portobello of the Modern Athenians, on level ground, it is nevertheless a comfortable, pleasant, and sunny village, with a delightful beach, and separate from the opposite shore of Fife little more than a mile. The only object of historical interest in this village is the old ruined Castle of Broughty, prominently situated on elevated rocks, and rearing its venerable battlements as if in proud disdain of the surrounding series of villas and houses. When it was built, or by whom, is not ascertained, and the earliest notice of it is in 1492, when Boece mentions it as witnessing a foolish prodigy. From 1547 to 1550, Broughty Castle was the scene of exploits worthy of notice, and which are intimately connected with important events in Scottish history.

The Duke of Somerset invaded Scotland in 1547, and after gaining the important battle of Pinkie, although compelled to return to England on account of designs formed against him, his fleet continued to scour the Scottish coasts, and, with the fortresses on the islands of the Frith of Forth,

• M. Beaugué's History of the Campaigns of 1548 and 1549, Paris, 1556; Statistical Account of Scotland; Lindsay's (of Pittscottie) History; Birrel's Diary.

the English seized the Castle of Broughty, and filled it with a sufficient garrison. While the Duke of Somerset departed with his army by the south-east of Scotland, the Earl of Lennox, who had been received with distinction by Henry VIII. and honoured with his alliance, entered the kingdom by the west, and his presence everywhere spread terror. The Regent Arran, at all times timid, beheld this new rival with dismay, but to conceal his fear he collected the scattered remains of the Scottish army discomfited at Pinkie, and marched to blockade the Castle of Broughty. He lay before the fortalice from the 1st of October 1547 to the 1st of January, when he was obliged to raise the siege, with the loss of all his ordnance. The English, emboldened by their success, pillaged Dundee and other places, and fortified the hill of Balgillo, nearly a mile northward of Broughty, where some vestiges of their fortifications are still to be seen. When the Earl of Argyle was informed that the English were ravaging the county of Forfar, and defeating every attempt at opposing them on the part of Maule of Panmure, and Halyburton, Provost of Dundee, he collected his vassals, and marched to Broughty, but he was no more fortunate than the Regent, and was compelled to relinquish the siege. A similar fate attended three regiments of French commanded by Monsieur D'Essé, but at length the fortress was yielded in 1550 to the allied army of Scots, French, and Germans, commanded by Des Thermes, the successor of D'Essé. A narrative of this siege, written by M. Beaugué, was published at Paris in 1556. It contains some curious particulars not generally known.

After some severe reflections on Lord Gray, a Scottish nobleman who was most conspicuous in those times for his venality, and to whom it is stated Broughty Castle then belonged, Monsieur Beaugué says—"Broughty is a castle so conveniently situated that at full tide ships of 150 tons may ride at anchor within a hundred or eighty paces of it.

The Earl of Arran had already made two attempts to recover this place, and both times he employed at least eight thousand men and eight pieces of cannon, but he failed in the first, because his presence was most urgently required elsewhere; and as for the second, the Earl of Argyle, who commanded the siege, made a truce with the garrison for a set time, and before its expiry the English had sent such succours as compelled him to retire, after his Highlanders had lain before it as long as they were obliged to serve.

“Monsieur D'Essé, being informed of the state of affairs at Broughty, sent Count Rimgrave with his companies of Germans, and Monsieur D'Etauges with one of French, following with the remainder of his forces in person with the greatest expedition. The enterprise was projected and conducted with all imaginable secrecy and prudence, but it was not possible to conceal those movements from the English, who, when informed that we intended to visit them, demolished the fortifications they had commenced and diligently carried on during the space of eight days at Dundee, rifled the houses, and set fire to the town, returning to their forts at Broughty and Balgillo Hill. They were fortunate to have faithful spies in their interest on this occasion, for Count Rimgrave and Monsieur D'Etauges had gone before with a design of giving employment to the enemy; but when they entered Dundee they had the mortification to find in the town only a few men and some poor women, who were exerting themselves to extinguish the flames kindled by the English.

“Two days after this disappointment, the officers now mentioned went at the head of their companies to view the new fortress built by the English at Broughty. They advanced so very near it, that those within must either have drawn out, or allowed themselves to be braved at the foot of their walls. They chose to sally out, and we had a very warm rencounter. Our Germans drove back the fore-

most to their fort, and there met with the strength of their forces, who received our men within reach of the ordnance of the place ; yet our captains and soldiers repulsed them again and again, till seeing a proper time they retired towards Dundee, facing about when necessary, and observing to a nicety all the punctilios of honour required on such occasions.

“ After the various undertakings and successes of the campaign, Monsieur D’Essé ordered Dundee to be fortified, to prevent the English getting any more footing in those parts of the kingdom. For which purpose he left seven companies of French and two of Scots in the place, with pioneers, cannon, and other necessary ammunition. He then returned to Edinburgh, and it being necessary to give some ease to his fatigued soldiers, he sent the residue of the army to quarter in the towns of St Andrews, Perth, Aberdeen, Montrose, and in some villages of the county of Fife.

“ Monsieur D’Etauges was commander of the garrison of Dundee, which consisted of his own company of horse all very well mounted and armed, seven companies of French infantry and two of Scots, the one of foot and the other of horse. All these had made frequent attempts upon the English at Broughty, and knowing how to improve an advantage, and to *nick* an opportunity, they always had the advantage of them. By this means the enemy were brought to that pass that they durst not stir abroad, or if they did, they were sure to keep always within the reach of an harquebuss of their own walls. On this account Monsieur D’Etauges so much undervalued them, that one day he resolved to go with a very few attendants to see a small vessel which was cast away at Broughty. He put on a coat of Spanish leather, and, armed only with his sword and dagger, he mounted a very fine Turkish horse, desiring seven or eight gentlemen of his own retinue

to follow him, and take the air and pleasure of the fields for a few hours. But Beauchatel, who was near him at the time, thought fit to play a sure game. He caused about twenty-five of our men to arm, and rode after his commander at full speed. Monsieur D'Etauges had been already discovered by the English. All that tract which lies between Dundee and Broughty is a large plain, the way is marshy, and deep and uneasy during the winter. The garrison had no sooner descried Monsieur D'Etauges proceeding along the road from Dundee than they began to discharge their cannon. This did not prevent Monsieur D'Etauges from going round the fort, and viewing it on all sides, as he had often done before. This induced the English to sally out upon him. He was joined by Beauchatel and his twenty-five horsemen, all brave lusty fellows. As he was himself about to charge the enemy a second time, his horse, wheeling about in a marshy place, fell on his right side. Being surrounded by the English he was made prisoner, who carried him off immediately to their fort."

The English retained possession of Broughty Castle till expelled, as already stated, by a united force of the Scots, French, and Germans, under Monsieur Des Thermes, the successor of D'Essé. The castle was afterwards dismantled, and though occasionally repaired it was eventually permitted to become a ruin, in which condition it now exists, and is a prominent object when entering the Tay, as if surveying with indifference the mighty changes which have completely altered the appearance of the surrounding country. Dundee is now a large and populous sea-port, the land between it and Broughty is finely cultivated, instead of being a marsh as it was in Queen Mary's time, and Broughty is a pleasant village, the inhabitants of which live in peaceful seclusion, enlivened, and of course enriched,

by the presence of those summer visitors who resort to it for health and retirement.

BATTLE OF THE GRAMPIANS.*

A.D. 84, or A.D. 85.

THE proceedings of the Romans in Britain, and particularly in Scotland, the battles they fought, and the many interesting memorials still to be seen, in various parts of the country, of those ancient masters of the world, require a connected and distinct narrative; but the celebrated battle of the Grampians, which was the last of those series of successes, may with propriety be given separate, as the final triumph of Roman discipline over savage clans of roving barbarians, whose dispositions were as untameable as their lives were wild and ferocious.

Cnæus Julius Agricola spent about seven or eight years in Britain, from A.D. 76, to A.D. 84 or 85, but the precise year of his arrival is not ascertained. The campaigns of every year added to the Roman arms, and at the end of the fourth campaign the whole island south of the Forth and Clyde was secured by the well known wall, parts of which still remain, and by a chain of forts. It was in the last year of his government that Agricola defeated Galgacus on the Grampian mountains, and after this victorious conclusion of the campaign, a Roman fleet sailed round the entire island, and marked the boundary of the Empire in the re-

* Murphy's Tacitus, in Vita Agricolæ; Buchanan's History, Gordon's Itinerarium Septentrionale; Statistical Account of Scotland; Transactions of the Antiquarian Society of Scotland; Pennant's Tour in Scotland.

gion of the Ultima Thule, and the Hebridean islands, lying "far amid the melancholy main."

It appears from Tacitus that in the course of the third campaign, in A.D. 80, the Romans extended their conquests north of the Frith of Tay, and subdued the counties of Fife and Perth. The principal fort built by Agricola was at Ardoch in the latter county, situated so as to command the entrance into the extensive valleys of Strathallan and Strathearn, and the choice of it proves what Tacitus says, that no general showed greater skill in the choice of advantageous situations. The Caledonians, as the Scots are called, retreated before the veteran Romans, and never dared to hazard a battle, although the legions struggled with all the difficulties of a tempestuous season. At every Roman post provisions for twelve months were supplied, to enable the garrison to stand a siege. They were repeatedly assailed during the winter, but they beat the besiegers in repeated sallies, and passed that winter secure from danger. "The consequence," says Tacitus, "of these precautions was, that the enemy, who had been accustomed to retrieve in the winter what they had lost in the preceding summer, saw no difference of seasons, and as they were defeated everywhere, they were reduced to despair."

Yet the country had been overrun, not conquered, and the business of the fourth campaign was to secure it from native aggression. It was then that Agricola constructed his line of forts between the Friths of Forth and of Clyde, the same isthmus or neck of land on which Lollius Urbicus, governor of Britain, in the reign of Antoninus Pius, erected the Roman wall usually called *Graham's Dyke*. By means of these well situated and guarded stations, the Caledonians were confined to the northern part of Scotland, as it were in a peninsula. Agricola's fifth campaign was in A.D. 82, and he penetrated farther into Scotland, but from the obscure style of Tacitus in this part of his Life of

Agricola, it is difficult to ascertain on which side the attempt was made. It appears, however, from the sequel, that the Roman general, having driven the Caledonians beyond the isthmus between the Clyde and the Forth, resolved to march against the tribes and septs north of the Clyde, to spread a general alarm, and make an impression on the western side of the country. He accordingly crossed the river Clyde in the first Roman vessel ever seen in that river, and landed near Dumbarton, while his army advanced by land, and, making a rapid progress through the county of Argyle, marched to the sea coast opposite to Ireland. Tacitus says that Agricola defeated the Caledonians in several engagements before he came to the sea-coast, which he was induced to do not so much from an apprehension of danger, as with a view to future prospects. He saw that Ireland, lying between Britain and *Spain*, and at the same time convenient to the ports of Gaul and France, might prove a valuable acquisition, capable of giving an easy communication, and of course strength and union, to provinces disjoined by nature. An Irish petty king, who had been forced to fly from the fury of a domestic faction, was kindly received by the Roman general, and detained under a show of friendship, to be of use on some future occasion.

In the campaign of the sixth summer, dreading a confederacy of the tribes beyond the Frith of Forth, and also afraid of the danger of being surprised in a country not yet explored, Agricola ordered his ships to cross to Fife, and obtain some knowledge of the districts. He had already in the third year of his expeditions penetrated north of the Forth as far as the Frith of Tay, but that district was merely overrun, and now, suspecting an insurrection beyond the Forth, he manned a fleet to search the coasts on the north-east of Scotland. An antiquarian writer is of opinion, since no notice is taken by Tacitus of the return of

those ships, that after their survey of the coast they remained in some road or harbour on the coast of Fife, or within the Frith of Tay, where there was commodious shelter from tempestuous weather. The war was now carried on in the counties of Fife, Perth, Forfar, and the Mearns. The Roman fleet, we are told by Tacitus, now acting for the first time in concert with the land forces, proceeded in sight of the army, forming a magnificent spectacle, and adding terror to the war. At the sight of the Roman fleet, the natives, according to the statements of the prisoners, were struck with consternation, convinced that every resource was now cut off, since the sea, which had always afforded them shelter, was now laid open to the invaders.

The Caledonians in their distress resolved to try the issue of a battle. Without waiting for the commencement of hostilities they stormed the Roman forts and castles, traces of which still exist in the counties of Fife and Perth, and made such an impression that several of Agricola's officers, under the specious appearance of prudent counsels, advised a retreat, to avoid the disgrace of being driven back to the other side of the Frith of Forth. This recommendation was disregarded by Agricola, who, having received intelligence that the enemy meditated an attack in various quarters at once, and lest superior numbers, in a country where he was a stranger to the defiles and passes, should be able to surround him, he divided his army, and marched forward in three columns.

The Caledonians, when informed of this arrangement, changed their plans, and in the middle of the night fell with their united force upon the ninth legion, which was considered the weakest in the Roman army. They surprised the advanced guard, put the sentinels to the sword, and forced their way through the intrenchments amid the terror and consternation which prevailed. The battle

raged in the very camp, when Agricola, who had been informed that the Caledonians were on the march, instantly pursued, and came opportunely up to the relief of the legion. Ordering the swiftest of the horse and light infantry to advance and charge the assailants in the rear, his whole army raised a loud shout. At break of day the Caledonians beheld the Roman eagles and banners glittering before them, and found themselves hemmed in by two armies. Their vigour relaxed at this unexpected misfortune, while the courage of the ninth legion revived. Acting no longer on the defensive, they rushed on to the attack. In the gates of the camp, of which in every Roman one there were four, having distinct names one on each side of the circumference, a fierce and obstinate engagement followed. The recently besieged legion and the forces which came to their relief fought with a spirit of emulation, the former, observes the historian, to prove that they stood in no need of assistance, the latter contending for the honour of succouring the distressed. The Caledonians were completely routed, and if the woods and marshes had not favoured their escape this action might have finished the war, and completely established the Roman power.

It is contended that this battle was fought at Lochore in Fife, in the neighbourhood of Lochleven, where the appearance of a Roman camp is still to be seen. The form of this camp is described as resembling a square, but it is in many parts levelled and defaced. South of this camp there is a large morass, in which have been often dug up the roots of different trees in such abundance as to indicate that it was in ancient times covered with wood. This, therefore, is supposed to be the camp in which the ninth legion was attacked. There is near this locality the village of *Blair*, a word which signifies, according to some interpreters of the ancient language, the spot where a battle was fought, but this idea is refuted by General Roy.

The Caledonians, notwithstanding their defeat, were not discouraged, and resolved to keep the field. They enlisted their young men, sent their wives and children to places of safety, and with solemn rites and sacrifices in their groves they formed a league in the cause of liberty. The campaign thus ended, and the contending armies retired into winter quarters.

In the opening of the following campaign Agricola dispatched his fleet, with orders to annoy the coast by frequent descents in several places, and to spread a general terror. He placed himself at the head of his army, and taking with him a band of Britons, on whose approved fidelity he could fully rely, he advanced as far as the Grampian mountains, where the Caledonians were posted under their renowned chief Galgach, or Galgacus. This stupendous range, the *Mons Grampius* of Tacitus, extends across the island from the district of Cowal in Argyleshire, on the Atlantic, to Aberdeen on the German Ocean, whence they form another ridge in a north-west direction, extending through Aberdeenshire to Moray and the borders of Inverness-shire. The scene of the battle between the Romans and the Caledonians is noticed in the sequel, but it is still a subject of dispute among antiquarians, few of whom can agree on the precise locality, although the district can be securely ascertained from the route of Agricola's march.

Little is known of Galgacus the Caledonian chief. He is called Galdus in the Chronicle of the Kings of Scotland, and a learned writer gives us an account of the etymology of the name. He maintains that *Galgacus* was Latinized by the Romans from two Gaelic appellations—*Gald* and *Cachach*; the first, *Gald*, being the proper name, and the second a soubriquet, on account of the number of battles he fought—a custom common among the Celtic septs. Thus, Graham of Claverhouse, the well known Viscount

ot Dundee, was called *Evan Du-nan-cach*, or *Black-haired John who fights the battles*, and in like manner the celebrated John Duke of Argyle was known among the Highlanders by the title of *Evan Roy-nan-cach*, or *Red-haired John who fights battles*. Tacitus says that upwards of thirty thousand men appeared under the Caledonian chief, and their numbers were continually increasing. The youth of the country, and even the men in years whose vigour was still unbroken, poured in from all quarters on this occasion, proud of their past exploits, and the memorials of bravery which they had earned by their martial spirit.

Before the battle commenced Galgacus convened his soldiers around him, eager for action, and excited by ardour. The speech which Tacitus ascribes to him is a splendid piece of eloquence, and is valuable as exhibiting a striking picture of Roman oppression. It may be doubted whether Galgacus spoke what the historian has put into his mouth, but it is more than probable that he harangued his men, for in those times no battle was fought without a speech from the general to rouse and animate the valour of his army. "We see the same custom," says a translator of Tacitus, "among the savages of America. In our times few or no speeches are made at the head of the line. The modern general has no occasion to be an orator; his artillery speaks for him. But since it is likely that Galgacus addressed his men, that probability is ground sufficient for the historian; and Galgacus, then upon the point of a decisive action, when all that was dear to him depended on the event, may be fairly allowed to have addressed his men in substance at least, if not in the manner represented. The ferocity of a savage, whose bosom glowed with the love of liberty, gives warmth and spirit to the whole speech. Neither the Greek nor Roman page has any thing to compare with it. The critics have admired the speech of Porus to Alexander the Great, but excellent as it is, it

shrinks and fades away before the Caledonian orator. Even the speech of Agricola, which follows immediately after it, is tame and feeble, when opposed to the ardour, the impetuosity, and the vehemence, of the British chief. We see Tacitus exerting all his art to decorate the character of his father-in-law, but he had neither the same vein of sentiment, nor the same generous love of liberty, to support the cause of an ambitious conqueror. In the harangue of Galgacus, the pleasure of the reader springs from two principles. He admires the enthusiasm of the brave Caledonian, and at the same time applauds the noble historian, who draws up a charge against the tyranny of his own countrymen, and generously enlists on the side of liberty."

Although the speech of Galgacus is well known, the present narrative would be incomplete without this splendid burst of alleged Caledonian eloquence, which many a school-boy has been made to recite as an elementary exercise. "When I consider," says Galgacus, "the motives which have roused us to this war, when I reflect on the necessity which now demands our firmest vigour, I expect every thing great and noble from that union of sentiment pervading us all. From this day I date the freedom of Britain. We are the men who never crouched in bondage. Beyond this spot there is no land where liberty can find a refuge. Even the sea is shut against us, while the Roman fleet is hovering on the coast. To draw the sword in the cause of freedom is the true glory of the brave, and in our condition cowardice itself would throw away the scabbard. In the battles, which have been hitherto fought with alternate vicissitudes of fortune, our countrymen might well repose some hopes in us; they might consider us as their last resource; they knew us to be the noblest sons of Britain, placed in the last recesses of the land, in the very sanctuary of liberty. We have not so much as seen the melancholy regions where slavery has debased mankind. We

have lived in freedom, and our eyes have been unpolluted by the sight of ignoble bondage.

“ The extremity of the earth is ours. Defended by our situation, we have to this day preserved our honour and the rights of men. But we are no longer safe in our obscurity ; our retreat is laid open ; the enemy rushes on ; and, as things unknown are ever magnified, he thinks a mighty conquest lies before him. But this is the end of the habitable world, and rocks and boisterous waves fill all the space behind. The Romans are in the heart of our country ; no submission can satisfy their pride ; no concessions can appease their fury. While the land has any thing left, it is the theatre of war : when it can yield no more, they explore the seas for hidden treasure. Are the nations rich ? Roman avarice is their enemy. Are they poor ? Roman ambition lords it over them. The East and the West have been rifled, and the spoiler is still insatiate. The Romans, by a strange singularity of nature, are the only people who invade with equal ardour the wealth and the poverty of nations. To rob, to ravage, and to murder, in their imposing language are the arts of civil society. When they have made the world a solitude they call it peace.”

After various allusions to the conduct of the Romans, and the peculiar circumstances in which the Caledonians were placed, Galgacus continues—“ We know the manners of the Romans, and are we to imagine that their valour in the field is equal to their arrogance in time of peace ? By our dissensions their glory rises ; the vices of their enemies are the negative virtues of the Roman army, if that may be called an army which is no better than a motley crew of various nations, held together by success, and ready to crumble away in the first reverse of fortune. That this will be their fate no one can doubt, unless we suppose that the Gauls, the Germans, and, with shame I add, the Britons, a mer-

cenary band, who hire their blood in a foreign service, will adhere from principle to a new master whom they have lately served and long detested. They are now enlisted by awe and terror; break their fetters, and the man who forgets to fear will seek revenge.

“ All that can inspire the human heart, every motive that can excite us to deeds of valour, is on our side. The Romans have no wives in the field to animate their drooping spirit; no parents to reproach the want of courage. They are not enlisted in the cause of their country; their country, if they have any, lies at a distance. They are a band of mercenaries, a wretched handful of devoted men, who tremble and look aghast as they roll their eyes around, and see on every side unknown objects. The sky over their heads, the sea, the woods, all things conspire to fill them with doubt and terror. They come like victims, delivered into our hands by the gods, to fall this day a sacrifice to freedom.

“ In the ensuing battle be not deceived by false appearances. The glitter of gold and silver may dazzle the eye, but to us it is harmless, to the Romans no protection. In their own ranks we shall find a number of generous warriors ready to assist our cause. The Britons know that for our common liberties we draw the avenging sword. The Gauls will remember that they once were a free people, and the Germans, as the Usipians lately did, will desert their colours. The Romans have left nothing in their rear to oppose us in the pursuit; their forts are ungarrisoned; the veterans in their colonies droop with age; in their municipal towns nothing but anarchy, despotic government, and disaffected subjects. In me behold your general; behold an army of freeborn men. Your enemy is before you, and in his train heavy tributes, drudgery in the mines, and all the horrors of slavery. Are those calamities to be entailed upon us? Or shall this day relieve us by a brave

revenge? Before you is the field of battle, and let that determine. Let us seek the enemy, and as we rush upon him, remember the glory delivered down to us by our ancestors; and let each man think that upon his sword depends the fate of posterity."

There are various allusions in this speech ascribed to the Caledonian chief which require explanation. When he says that the Romans have "no wives in the field to animate their drooping spirits," he refers to the state of celibacy to which the military system of the Romans condemned the soldiers, for before the reign of Severus, who owed his advancement to the imperial purple to the legions, a Roman camp had no accommodation for women. To mark his gratitude, Severus permitted the soldiers to marry, and by that and other indulgences he relaxed and almost ruined the discipline of the army. The state of celibacy which the Roman soldiers were compelled to observe would doubtless often tempt them to commit licentious violence in the countries they conquered; and Tacitus makes Galgacus accuse them of these excesses. "Are our wives, our sisters, and our daughters, safe from brutal lust and open violation? The insidious conqueror, under the mask of hospitality and friendship, brands them with dishonour." When Galgacus declares that "their country, if they have any, lies at a distance," and designates them a "band of mercenaries," he intimates that the conquered provinces furnished auxiliaries, and the legions were often recruited by levies raised in different parts of the empire. Those soldiers were not interested in the cause or welfare of Rome, because they were born in different and remote places. An example of this is given by the allusions of Galgacus to the Usipians. They were auxiliaries from Germany, but feeling no interest in the cause, they resolved to return to their own country, and with that design committed themselves to the mercy of the winds and waves. It can scarcely be supposed, how-

ever, that the Caledonian chief could be familiar with these and other facts which he is made to utter.

The Latin historian informs us that the speech of Galgacus was received, according to the custom of barbarians, with war-songs, savage howlings, and a wild uproar of military applause. They began to form their line of battle, the brave and warlike rushing forward to the front. The Romans, on the other hand, were equally ardent, and in imitation of Galgacus, were addressed by Agricola with the following speech :—

“ It is now, my fellow soldiers. the *eighth* year of our service in Britain. During that time the genius and good auspices of the Roman Empire, with your assistance and unwearied labour, have made the island our own. In all our expeditions, in every battle, the enemy has felt our valour, and by your toil and perseverance the very nature of the country has been conquered. I have been proud of my soldiers, and you have had no reason to blush for your general. We have carried the terror of our arms beyond the limits of any other soldiers, or any former general ; we have penetrated to the extremity of the land. This was formerly the boast of vain glory, the mere report of fame ; it is now historical truth. We have gained possession sword in hand ; we are encamped in the utmost limits of the island. Britain is discovered, and by the discovery conquered.

“ In our long and laborious marches, when you were obliged to traverse moors, and fens, and rivers, and to climb steep and craggy mountains, it was still the cry of the bravest among you, When shall we be led to battle ? When shall we see the enemy ? Behold them now before you. They are hunted out of their dens and caverns ; your wish is granted, and the field of glory lies open to your swords. One victory more makes this new world our own, but remember that defeat involves us all in distress.

If we consider the progress of our arms, to look back is glorious ; the tract of country which lies behind us, the forests which you have explored, and the estuaries which you have passed, are monuments of eternal fame. But our fame can only last while we press forward on the enemy. If we give way, or if we think of a retreat, we have again the same difficulties to surmount. The success, which is now our pride, will in such a case prove the worst misfortune which can befall us. We are not sufficiently acquainted with the course of the country ; the enemy knows the defiles and marshes, and will be supplied with provisions in abundance. We have not these advantages, but we have hands that can grasp the sword, and we have valour that gives us every thing. With me it has long been a settled principle that the back of a general or his army is never safe. Who of you would not rather die honourably than live in infamy ? But life and honour are this day inseparable ; they are fixed to one spot. Should fortune declare against us, we die on the utmost limits of the world, and to die where nature ends cannot be deemed inglorious.

“ If our present struggle were with nations unknown, or if we had to do with an enemy new to our swords, I should call to mind the example of other armies. At present what can I propose so bright and animating as your own exploits ? I appeal to your own eyes. Behold the men drawn up against you. Are they not the same who last year, under the covert of the night, assaulted the ninth legion, and upon the first shout of our army fled before you ? A band of dastards ! who have subsisted hitherto, because of all Britons they are the most expeditious in running away ! In woods and forests the fierce and noble animals attack the huntsmen, and rush on certain destruction, but the timorous herd is soon dispersed, scared by the sound and clamour of the chase. In like manner, the brave and warlike Britons have long since perished by the sword

The refuse of the nation alone exists. They have not remained to make head against you ; they are hunted down ; they are caught in the toils. Enervated with fear, they stand motionless on yonder spot, which you will render for ever memorable by a glorious victory. Here you may end your labours, and close a scene of fifty years by one great, one glorious day. Let your country see, and let the commonwealth bear witness, if the conquest of Britain has been a lingering work—if the seeds of rebellion have not been crushed, that we at least have done our duty."

When Agricola concluded his address, which was heard with the utmost enthusiasm, shouts of applause rent the air, and the soldiers grasped their arms, impatient for the onset. The general restrained their ardour till he formed the line of battle. The auxiliary infantry, about eight thousand in number, occupied the centre ; the wings consisted of three thousand cavalry. The legions were stationed in the rear at the head of the intrenchments to support the ranks if necessary, but otherwise to remain inactive. To prevent the Caledonians making any impression on the flank, the front lines of the army were extended to a considerable length. The Roman camp was in two divisions, one for the auxiliaries, and the other for the cavalry. There were two camps in the adjacent country, from which Agricola drew together the main strength of his army.

It appears that the main body of the Caledonians took post on an acclivity of that part of the Grampian range where the battle was fought, their advanced lines stood at the foot of the hill, and the ranks rose in regular order one above another to the summit. Their charioteers and horsemen occupied the open plain, and rushed to and fro with wild velocity. The Caledonians, who, according to Tacitus, were in number thirty thousand, could not act with effect in close and narrow defiles, and it would seem that the field of battle was chosen by Galgacus to draw the Romans

into a contracted plain, and then pour down upon them from the high grounds of the Grampians. Yet Agricola, who was justly celebrated for his skill in choosing his ground, of which incontestible proofs remain at the present day, might also prefer a place where thirty thousand men could not at once attack an army greatly inferior in numbers; and in this he was successful, for we are told that the enormous swords of the Caledonians were of little use in an engagement in a confined space. We also find that though the plain was wide enough for their charioteers and cavalry, they were drawn into narrow passes, in the heart of the battle, and thus entangled among the inequalities of the ground, they could no longer act with vigour.

Some of Agricola's officers supposed that the length of the lines would weaken them, and advised that the legions should be brought forward, but the Roman general adhered steadily to his own arrangements. He dismounted, dismissed his horse, and took his stand at the head of the imperial colours. The battle began, and at first was maintained at a distance. The Caledonians evinced skill and resolution. With their long swords, and their small targets made of wood and covered with leather, they contrived to elude the missive weapons of the Romans; while they discharged a thick volley of their own. Agricola ordered three Batavian and two Tungrian cohorts to charge the Caledonians sword in hand—a mode of attack familiar to those troops, but most disadvantageous to their opponents, for the Caledonians fought with the edge of the sword, cutting and hewing the enemy, while the Romans made use of the point, which enabled them in close engagement completely to obtain the advantage. The small targets of the Caledonians afforded them no protection, and their broad unwieldy swords, not sharpened to a point, could do little damage in a close contest. It is worthy of remark that the Caledonians who fought on this occasion left the

fashion of their armour, as well as the example of their courage, to far distant posterity—the broadsword and the target having been long the peculiar and well known arms of the Scottish Highlanders. But these weapons were of no avail, for the impetuous Batavians, rushing with fury to the conflict, redoubled their blows, bruising the Caledonians on the face with the bosses of their shields. They soon overpowered all resistance on the plain, and began to force an ascent of the hills in regular order of battle. The other cohorts emulated their example, and cut their way with terrible slaughter. Eager in pursuit of victory, observes the historian, they pressed forward with determined fury, leaving behind them numbers wounded, but not slain, while others were not even hurt.

The Roman cavalry in the meantime was forced to give way. Their enemies rushed with their armed chariots into the thickest of the battle, where the infantry were engaged, and at first they excited a general terror. But this career was soon checked by the inequalities of the ground, and the close ranks of the Romans. Enclosed in narrow places, from which they could not extricate themselves, the Caledonians crowded upon each other, and were driven or dragged along by their own horses. A scene of irretrievable disorder ensued. Horses without riders, and chariots without guides, broke from the ranks, and flying wherever urged by fear and consternation, they overwhelmed their own files, and trampled down all who came in their way. Those of them who had hitherto kept their position on the hills began slowly to quit their station, with the intention of wheeling round the field of battle, and attacking the victors in the rear. Agricola ordered four squadrons of cavalry, which he had kept as a body of reserve, to counteract this movement. The Caledonians now poured down with impetuosity, and retired with the same precipitation. At the same time the cavalry,

by Agricola's direction, wheeled round from the wings, and falling with great slaughter on the rear of the Caledonians, completed the victory. The latter now fled, closely pursued by the Romans, who wounded, gashed, and mangled the fugitives, massacring their prisoners on the spot, to be ready for others.

The field presented a dreadful spectacle of carnage and destruction. In one part the Caledonians fled in crowds from handfuls of Romans, in other parts despair induced others to face every danger, and rush on certain death. Dead and mangled bodies, swords and bucklers, covered the plain, and the field was red with blood. Nevertheless the defeated Caledonians gave occasional proofs of heroism and brave despair. Some of them fled to the woods, and rallying their scattered numbers, surrounded such of the Romans as pursued with too much eagerness. Agricola, however, took precautions against this overweening confidence in success, by ordering the light armed cohorts to invest the woods, which caused the fugitives to retire in all directions. Night came on, and the Romans, weary of slaughter, desisted from the pursuit. No fewer than 10,000 of the Caledonians, including Galgacus and other chiefs, fell in this battle, while of the Romans only three hundred and forty were slain, among whom was Aulus Atheus, the prefect of a cohort. His ardour, and the spirit of a high-mettled horse, carried him with too much boldness into the thickest of the Caledonian ranks, where he was cut to pieces.

The Romans passed the night in exultation, while the unfortunate Caledonians wandered about helpless and in despair. The cries of women and children rent the air with lamentations. Some, says the historian, assisted to carry off the dead, others called those who had escaped unhurt to their assistance: numbers abandoned their habitations, or in their madness set them on fire. They fled to

obscure retreats, and which they in a moment capriciously deserted. They held consultations, and having inflamed their hopes, they changed their minds in despair; they beheld the pledges of tender affection, and burst into tears; they viewed them again, and grew fierce with resentment. It is a well authenticated fact, that some laid violent hands upon their wives and children, as if determined to end their misery.

The following day disclosed the nature and importance of the victory. A melancholy silence prevailed, the hills were deserted, houses at a distance were burning, not a human being was to be seen; and the whole district, which so lately teemed with the Caledonian warriors, was a vast and dreary solitude. Agricola was informed by those whom he had sent to explore the country, that no trace of the enemy was any where apparent, and that no attempt was made in any quarter to muster their forces. As the summer was far advanced, and the continuance of the war, or the extension of his operations, in consequence impracticable, he closed the campaign by marching into the country of the Horestians, most probably the county of Fife. The people submitted to the conqueror, and gave hostages for their fidelity. Agricola now led his army into winter-quarters, while his fleet sailed round the island of Great Britain, and returned in safety to its station in the Frith of Forth.

When the account of this victory was transmitted to Rome, the Emperor Domitian received it in the true spirit of his character, with a smile upon his countenance and malignity of heart. He began to dread that the name of a private citizen would overshadow his imperial title. He brooded in private over his discontent, and resolved to humiliate the man whom he thought had robbed him of renown in arms. Circumstances had occurred which inflamed his resentment. While Agricola was employed in extending

the limits of the empire in Britain, Domitian went on his mock expedition into Germany, and returned without seeing the enemy. In imitation of the conduct of Caligula, he purchased a number of slaves, whom he ordered to let their hair grow and colour it, that they might pass for German prisoners of war. He felt the reproach and ridicule which that contemptible expedition occasioned, and it offered a sad contrast to a real victory, attended with the total overthrow of the enemy, and the applause of all ranks of men. Domitian in the meantime caused a decree to pass in the senate, awarding the usual marks of distinction to Agricola, but the imperial tyrant contrived to make this gallant commander resign the government of Britain in A.D. 85. The officer who succeeded is supposed to be Sallustius Lucullus, of whom nothing is known except that he invented lances of a new form, and gave them the name of *Lucullean*, which gave mortal offence to Domitian, who ordered him to be put to death.

Agricola proceeded to Rome, and lest his arrival in that city might draw together a concourse of people, he concealed his approach from his friends, and entered privately at midnight. With the same secrecy, and during the night, he went, as he was commanded, to present himself to the Emperor. Domitian received him with a cold salute, and without uttering a single word left the conqueror of Britain to mingle with the servile creatures of his court.

Such is the account of the Battle of the Grampians given by Tacitus, who was the son-in-law of Agricola, when the Roman eagles triumphed over the Caledonians. It is supposed that Galgacus fell in the battle, but if he be identified with Corbredus Galdus, the twenty-first King of the Scots, he died a natural death. In the parish of Kirkmabreck, in Kirkcudbrightshire, there is a heap of stones called the *Holy Cairn*, which tradition affirms is raised over the grave of Caldus. When many of the stones were carried off for

the purpose of building houses and dikes, there were discovered large stones placed together in the form of a chest or coffin, but on account of the roof stone being of prodigious magnitude it has never been removed. This stone stands in the centre, between two different places, about a hundred yards distant from it, where quantities of human bones have been buried.

The scene of the battle of the Grampians has been a subject of much antiquarian contention, which it would be out of place to introduce into the present narrative. Our only information is from Tacitus, who leaves us completely in the dark as to the locality. We are told that it was fought at the foot of the *Mons Grampius*, but every one knows that the Grampian Mountains traverse the whole extent of Scotland, from the vicinity of Aberdeen to the district of Cowal in Argyleshire. In this extensive range several places, considerably distant from each other, have been supposed to be the field of battle. It has been conjectured that when Agricola encountered Galgacus, the Roman legions were stationed at Meiklour. At the east end of the hill of Gourdie, in the parish of Clunie in Perthshire, there is a curious memorial of antiquity called the *Steeds stalls*. It consists of eight mounds, with eight corresponding trenches, and there may have been others now obliterated by the plough. These mounds and trenches are of equal length. It is said that an advanced guard of the Caledonian army was posted here, to watch the motions of the Romans, when they lay encamped at Inchtuthill, about two miles west of the plain below. The place called the *Steeds stalls*, which is well adapted for such a purpose, lies on the summit of a rising ground looking directly northward on the declivities which the Caledonians are supposed to have occupied. This locality is nearly three miles south of the *Heer-cairns*, or the *Cairns of the Battle*—a number of cairns which have long attracted the notice of the curious,

on account of the remote and important transactions intimated by them.

One site supposed to be the scene of the battle is at Fortingall at the foot of Glenlyon, in the very centre of the Grampians, where the vestiges of a camp, apparently Roman, are still visible. A second site, which has the most numerous supporters, is Comrie, at the head of Strathearn, where there is a Roman camp. Fettercairn, or Stonehaven, in the county of Kincardine, is also selected as the locality of the field of battle. But to all these localities there are objections. It is not likely that such an experienced general as Agricola would advance so far from his fleet with his legions through defiles of mountains, and in a region of which he was utterly ignorant, and where he was liable to be surprised and cut off by a bold and resolute enemy; but the chief objection to Fortingall is, that it is too much hemmed in by high mountains, and in all respects too limited, to be the scene of such an extensive engagement as that described by Tacitus. The localities of Comrie are less circumscribed than those of Fortingall, but still the strath is narrow below and above, the mountains rise boldly from the vale, and the face of the country does not accord with the statements of the historian, as it would have been difficult to have brought into action the horse and the hook-armed chariots or cars of the Caledonians. At Comrie, moreover, the Roman army would have been too far distant from their fleet, which is supposed to have been riding at anchor in the mouth of the Tay. The Romans would have been at a convenient distance from their fleet in the neighbourhood of Fettercairn, supposing that it had passed the Red Head, and was hovering off the adjacent coast; but the bold, rocky, and dangerous coast of Angus and Mearns, from the Red Head to Stonehaven, would in all probability be shunned by the Roman fleet. The last locality maintained is the Heer-cairns already mentioned. "This,"

says the able author of the Statistical Account of the parish of Clunie, “ appears to be at least as probable a scene as any of the other four. Agricola could not, perhaps, in all Strathmore have pitched upon a more favourable station for his legions than the large elevated plain comprehended between the Cleven Dyke and the confluence of the Tay and the Isla. It is at no great distance from the mouth of the Tay, where the Roman army, in case of a defeat, might have had easy access to their ships. It commands a distant view of the higher grounds of the Stormont to the north and north-west, and it looks directly westward on the entrance into the Highlands by Dunkeld, then the capital of the Caledonians, and in the vicinity of which we may suppose it would be natural for them to hold their general rendezvous on this occasion. In several parts of this neighbourhood, the surface of the ground exhibits a singular appearance of long hilly ridges, or *drums*, answering well to the *colles* of Tacitus, running parallel from west to east, and rising above one another like the seats of a theatre. These *colles*, or long extended eminences, rising gradually one above another, were well fitted for displaying the Caledonian army to the best advantage.”

It is farther stated in favour of this locality, that there is a hill which still retains the name of *Crag-Roman*, to which Agricola's right wing might have extended, and where several Roman urns and spurs have been found. “ The circumstance,” continues the ingenious writer, “ of *Roman spurs* being found there gives the more probability to the conjecture, because the wings of the Roman army consisted of the three thousand cavalry, who, as Tacitus expresses it, were widely extended on the wings to prevent the Romans from being attacked in flank. After the Batavian and Tungrian cohorts had begun to gain the heights, the Caledonians would fall back on their intrenchments above the *Heer-cairns*. It is possible, therefore, that

these cairns may be the very spot, where Agricola by a masterly manœuvre turned the stratagem of the Caledonians against themselves, and brought on the general rout. Then commenced that dreadful carnage, of which the *Heer-cairns* may be at this day an affecting memorial.* It likewise appears from the disposition of the tumuli along the neighbouring hills, that the flight of the Caledonians previous to their general dispersion was principally by two different routes; the one north-west towards the woods of Strathardheil, and the other north-east towards those of Maur, where there is also a number of cairns, seemingly coeval with the others. In several of these have been dug up cinders and little pieces of human bones; and here it has been thought probable that Aulus Atticus, and some of the thirty-three Romans who fell with him in the battle, were burnt together in one funeral pile at the great cairn, which is about eighty or ninety yards in circumference, and in the centre of which cinders were turned up in 1792.

BATTLE OF DALREE, OR THE BROOCH OF LORN.*

A.D. 1306.

As the traveller proceeds up the river Dochart in Perthshire, and thence descends Glenfalloch to reach the head of Loch Lomond, he will pass a locality called *Dalree*, a compound Gaelic word signifying the *King's Field*, between

* Barbour's Bruce; Fraser's History of the Family of Fraser; Lord Hailes' Annals of Scotland; Sir Walter Scott's Lord of the Isles; Statistical Account of Scotland; Gregory's History of the Western Highlands and Islands

Crianlarich and the elevated and dreary-looking village of Tyndrum, about twelve miles equally distant from Dalmally and Killin. This sequestered and romantic spot was the scene of a battle, which occasioned its name, between King Robert Bruce and MacDougal, the powerful chief of Lorn, who attacked Bruce as he was travelling with a small band of followers in this direction towards Kintyre, to seek refuge in Ireland. In the neighbourhood there is a large wood, in which the King is said to have concealed himself for some time. The site of the hut in which he lodged is designated *the King's House*. A ford over the Tummel is still known as the *King's Ford*, and the eminence above is the *King's Watch Tower*.

In the spring of 1306, King Robert Bruce was crowned at Scone, and in the month of June he was totally defeated by the troops of Edward I. at Methven near Perth. His principal adherents, with few exceptions, were either executed, or compelled to save their lives and fortunes by embracing the English interest; his life for some time after this disaster was that of an outlaw, and verified an expression said to have been used by his queen, that he was for that year *a summer king, but not a winter one*. Proceeding towards Kintyre with about three hundred men, he was encountered in Glen-Dochart by Alexander of Argyle, ancestor of the MacDougals of Lorn, one of those Hebridean and Argyle chiefs who at that period, and for upwards of a century afterwards, considered themselves independent of the Kings of Scotland. MacDougal was in alliance with Edward I., but he had private motives of resentment to Bruce, as he was, according to Lord Hailes, uncle by marriage of John Cumine, whom Bruce had recently slain at Dumfries; but the genealogy given by Winton makes him to have married the third daughter of Cumine—

“ The third daughter of Red Comyn,
Alexander of Argyle syne,

Took and wedded till his wife,
 And by her he gat until his life
 John of Lorn, the whilk gat
 Ewen of Lorn after that."

The chiefs of Lorn were descended from Dougal, a son of Somerled, Lord of the Isles, slain near Renfrew in 1164, and a daughter of Olaus, King of Man. They assumed the patronymic appellation of *Mac-Dougal*, by which they are distinguished in subsequent centuries. This ancient and once powerful family, the chiefs of which were petty princes rather than feudal barons, is still represented by their descendant, MacDougal of Dunolly in Argyleshire.

The Lord of Lorn, with about a thousand Argyleshire Highlanders, attacked Bruce at the locality now called Dalree in Glen-Dochart, and the conflict was unfavourable to the latter. Many of the horses belonging to Bruce's party were killed by the long pole-axes, of which the followers of Lorn had learnt the use from the Norwegians; nevertheless the King's adherents behaved with such great gallantry as to command the admiration of Lorn himself, and successfully confronted the Argyleshire Highlander, although greatly inferior to them in numbers. At length Bruce sounded a retreat through a narrow and difficult pass, bringing up the rear in person, and repeatedly turning and driving back the more adventurous assailants. Lorn, while admiring the prowess of the King, and observing his skill in protecting the retreat of his followers, exclaimed to one of his men that he resembled Gaul, or Gol, the son of Morni, celebrated in Celtic tradition. Two brothers, the strongest among Lorn's followers, whom Barbour designates MacIndrosser, interpreted Durward or Porterson, resolved to rid their chief of his formidable enemy, and a third person, named MacKeoch, associated himself with them for this purpose. Watching an opportunity until Bruce's party had entered a pass between Loch-Dochart, and a precipice

where the King had scarcely space to manage his steed, those three persons threw themselves upon him. One seized his bridle, but Bruce dealt him a blow which struck off his right arm; a second grasped him by the stirrup and leg, but the King, putting spurs to his horse, threw him down, and dragged him along the ground still holding by the stirrup; a third, taking advantage of an acclivity, sprung up behind him on his horse, yet Bruce extricated himself from his grasp, threw him to the ground, and cleft his skull with his sword. By a similar exertion he killed the one holding by the stirrup. The old Scottish poet adds an anecdote characteristic of the sentiments of chivalry. MacNaughton, a baron of Cowal, could not refrain from pointing out to Lorn the valour displayed by Bruce in this memorable retreat, and spoke of him in terms of the highest admiration. "It seems to give thee pleasure," said Lorn, "that he makes such havoc among our friends." "Not so, by my faith," replied MacNaughton, "but be he friend or foe who achieves high deeds of chivalry, men should bear faithful witness to his valour, and never have I heard of one who by his knightly feats has extricated himself from such dangers as have this day surrounded Bruce." The brave Sir James Douglas, popularly called the Good Lord Douglas, and Sir Gilbert Hay, were wounded in this conflict. Sir Niel Campbell, who married Marjory, a sister of Bruce, was also present.

Connected with this unfortunate skirmish is the celebrated *Brooch of Lorn*, a jewelled brooch of silver, and not of gold, as stated in Sir Walter Scott's "Lord of the Isles," as a means of keeping together the plaid and mantle which covered his armour. The tradition in the Family of the MacDougals of Lorn is, that their chieftain engaged in a personal conflict with Bruce while the latter was protecting the retreat of his men. MacDougal was struck down by the King, and would have been slain on the spot,

if two of his vassals, a father and his son, named MacKeoch, had not rescued him by seizing Bruce's mantle, and dragging him from above his adversary. The King rid himself of those foes by two blows of his battle-axe, but he was now so closely beset by the other followers of Lorn that he was compelled to leave the mantle and the brooch which fastened it in the dying grasp of the MacKeochs. The brooch continued for centuries in the possession of the MacDougals of Lorn as a proud trophy of their victory in Glendochart. Another tradition states that Finlay MacNab, chief of that clan, who was present at the conflict on the side of Lorn, engaged in a personal encounter with Bruce. Throwing down his sword, MacNab grappled with Bruce, and being a man of great strength, a quality in which the King also was not deficient, he was about gaining the advantage. When Bruce felt himself likely to be overpowered, he contrived to escape from the grasp of MacNab, leaving his mantle and the brooch in his hands.

The King and his followers were permitted to retire, and he is said to have taken refuge that night in a cave at the head of the glen of Balquidder still designated *Craigree*, or the *King's Rock*. There is also a tradition that Bruce took shelter in a cave at Craig-Royston on the side of Loch Lomond, having crossed the Falloch, which runs into the lake, and comes down thither on the north side. It is farther ludicrously added, that during the night Bruce slept in this cave his companions were a flock of mountain goats, who were in the habit of resorting to it for shelter. He found himself so comfortable with those animals, who were of gentler mood than the biped followers of Lorn, that he afterwards made a law, in compliment to his nocturnal associates, that all goats should be exempted from grass-mail or rent, as if the animals could be conscious of this mighty boon conferred on them. On the following day Bruce fell in with the Laird of Buchanan, who introduced him to the

loyal Earl of Lennox. That nobleman welcomed him with tears, but could render him no effective assistance. In this district the King and his few followers subsisted by hunting and fishing, until the weather compelled them to seek better shelter and sustenance than that which Highland mountains and lakes afforded. The Lord of the Isles, at that time in possession of a great part of Kintyre, received the fugitive monarch into his castle of Dunnavearty, but he was even compelled to leave the hospitable roof of this loyal chief, and he embarked with the remnant of his followers for a small island almost opposite the shore of Ballycastle, on the coast of Ireland, called Ratherin, or Rachrine. Here he resided until the approach of the ensuing spring, when he returned to Scotland with the resolution of achieving its independence, or of dying in the attempt.

But the brooch of Lorn, worn by Bruce at Dalree, must not be forgotten, as it is still in existence. There is a model of it in the Museum of the Antiquarian Society of Scotland in Edinburgh, but the brooch itself is carefully preserved in Dunolly Castle, the seat of MacDougal of Dunolly, the representative of the ancient Lords of Lorn. Sir Walter Scott makes the minstrel in the **LORD OF THE ISLES** exclaim—

“ Whence the brooch of *burning gold*,
That clasps the chieftain’s mantle fold,
Wrought and chased with rare device,
Studded fair with gems of price ;
On the varied tartans beaming,
As, thro’ night’s pale rainbow gleaming,
Fainter now, now seen afar,
Fitful shines the northern star ?”

But the brooch, as already intimated, is not of gold, and we must view the above statement either as a poetical licence, or as proceeding from misinformation. It is of silver, and is described as consisting of a “ circular plate, about four inches in diameter, having a tongue like that of

a common buckle on the under side. The upper part is magnificently ornamented. From the margin rises a neatly formed rim, with hollows cut in the edges at certain distances, like the embrasures in an embattled wall. From a circle within this rim rise eight round tapering obelisks, about an inch and a quarter high, finely cut, and each shedded at top with a river pearl. Within this circle of obelisks there is a second rim, also ornamented with carved work, and within which rises a neat circular case, occupying the whole centre of the brooch, and slightly overtopping the obelisks. The exterior of this case, instead of forming a plain circle, projects into eight semi-cylinders, which relieve it from all appearance of heaviness. The upper part is likewise carved very elegantly, and in the centre there is a large gem. This case may be taken off, and within there is a hollow which might have contained any small articles upon which a particular value was set."

This precious memorial of the great restorer of the Scottish monarchy is immortalized by our national minstrel. The Lord of Lorn is supposed to be the person who secured the brooch, and the song is in praise of his achievement, the whole being a vituperation of Bruce for the murder of Cumine.

Gem ! ne'er wrought on Highland mountain,
Did the fairy of the fountain,
Or the mermaid of the wave,
Frame thee in some coral cave ?
Did in Iceland's darksome mine,
Dwarfs' swarth hands thy metal twine ?
Or, mortal moulded, comest thou here,
From England's love or France's fear ?

No ! thy splendours nothing tell
Foreign art or faëry spell,
Moulded thou for monarch's use
By the overweening Bruce,

When the royal robe he tied
O'er a heart of wrath and pride;
Thence in triumph wert thou torn
By the victor hand of Lorn!

While the gem was won and lost,
Widely was the war-cry toss'd!
Rung aloud Bendourish Fell,
Answering Douchart's sounding dell,
Fled the deer from wild Tyndrum,
When the homicide o'ercome,
Hardly 'scaped with scathe and scorn,
Left the pledge with conquering Lorn!

Vain was then the Douglas brand,
Vain the Campbell's vaunted hand,
Vain Kilpatrick's bloody dirk,
Making sure of murder's work:
Barendoun fled fast away,
Fled the fiery De la Hay,
When this brooch, triumphant borne,
Beam'd upon the breast of Lorn.

Farthest fled its former lord,
Left his men to brand and cord,
Bloody brand of Highland steel,
English gibbet, axe, and wheel,
Let him fly from coast to coast,
Dogg'd by Comyn's vengeful ghost,
While his spoils, in triumph worn,
Long shall grace victorious Lorn!

The poet represents this song in praise of Lorn, as giving mortal offence to a warrior who heard it, who turns out to be Bruce himself, and the following fine historical passage occurs:—

As glares the tiger on his foes,
Hemm'd in by hunters' spears and bows,
And, ere he bounds upon the ring,
Selects the object of his spring—
Now on the bard, now on his Lord,
So Edward glared and grasped his sword;
But stern his brother spoke—"Be still!
What! art thou yet so wild of will,

After high deeds and sufferings long,
 To chafe thee for a menial's song?
 Well hast thou framed, old man, thy strains,
 To praise the hand that pays thy pains.
 Yet something might thy song have told
 Of Lorn's three vassals, true and bold,
 Who rent their Lord from Bruce's hold,
 As underneath his knee he lay,
 And died to save him in the fray.
 I've heard the Bruce's cloak and clasp
 Were clench'd within their dying grasp,
 What time a hundred foemen more
 Rush'd in and back the victor bore,
 Long after Lorn had left the strife,
 Full glad to 'scape with limb and life.
 Enough of this. And, minstrel, hold,
 As minstrel-hire, this chain of gold.
 For future lays a fair excuse
 To speak more nobly of the Bruce.'

"Now by Columba's shrine I swear,
 And every saint that's buried there,
 'Tis he himself!" Lorn sternly cries,
 "And for my kinsman's death he dies."
 As loudly Ronald calls—"Forbear!
 Not in my sight while brand I wear,
 O'ermatched by odds, shall warrior fall,
 Or blood of stranger stain my hall!
 This ancient fortress of my race
 Shall be misfortune's dwelling place,
 Shelter and shield of the distress'd,
 No slaughter-house for shipwreck'd guest."
 "Talk not to me," fierce Lorn replied,
 "Of odds or match! When Comyn died,
 Three daggers clash'd within his side!
 Talk not to me of sheltering hall,
 The church of God saw Comyn fall!
 On God's own altar streamed his blood,
 While o'er my prostrate kinsman stood
 The ruthless murderer—e'en as now—
 With armed hand and scornful brow.
 Up, all who love me! blow on blow!
 And lay the outlawed felons low!"

The *adventures* of the Brooch of Lorn form an appropriate conclusion to the present narrative, and they are given in a well known and popular periodical. "The ultimate

ascendancy of Bruce proved ruinous to this great family, on the ruins of which rose the Campbells and other clans. In the seventeenth century the MacDougals, once styled of Argyle, afterwards of Lorn, but now of Dunolly, while boasting of a most distinguished ancestry, and the chiefs of their clan, possessed but a comparatively small estate. Dunolly Castle, which overlooks the sea near Oban, and Goalen Castle in the neighbouring island of Kerrera, were their chief seats. In the civil war, the MacDougal of that day adhered to the royal cause, and suffered as much thereby as his ancestor had done by opposing it. In 1647 he was besieged in Dunolly by a detachment of General Leslie's troops under Colonel Montgomery. From the impregnable nature of the situation, he was successful in holding out this strength, but Goalen Castle was taken, sacked, and burned. Campbell of Inveraw, who took part in the latter affair, secured the brooch of King Robert, or, as it was now commonly called, the *Brooch of Lorn*, which he took into his possession as fair spoil, though he did think proper to make his good fortune too well known, lest the MacDougal might have thought it necessary afterwards to attempt the recovery of the highly valued relic by force. Time rolled on; the MacDougal of the early part of the last century lost his lands in consequence of embracing the cause of the Pretender in 1715, but his son regained them in consequence of keeping loyal in 1745. Meanwhile the brooch won at Dalree continued safe, amidst all the vicissitudes of the family fortunes, in the strong chest at Inveraw. To the MacDougals themselves it was not even known to exist. At length this precious relic passed into the hands of a cadet of the Inveraw family, who at a subsequent time appointed it by testament to be sold, and the proceeds divided among his younger children. It was accordingly, about the year 1819, sent to Messrs Rundell and Bridge in London, to be exposed for sale. the price put

upon it being one thousand pounds. The late King George IV., then Prince Regent, is said to have offered L.500 for the brooch, but without obtaining it, and no customer appeared who was willing to give the large sum put upon it by the possessor. It must be understood that, when thus laid before the public, it was openly described as the *Brooch of Lorn*, originally the property of King Robert Bruce, yet the fact of its existence and exposure for sale did not become known to the representative of the MacDougal family till after it had been withdrawn from the market. Ultimately, in the year 1825, the late amiable General Campbell of Lochnell, being anxious to bestow some mark of grateful regard on his esteemed friend and neighbour MacDougal, purchased the brooch, and caused it to be presented to that gentleman by his chief, the Duke of Argyle, at a social meeting of the landholders of that county. It thus, after an interval of more than a century and a half, found its way back to the family, who, next to King Robert, and his heirs and representatives, were certainly its most rightful owners. It is at present kept with great care in Dunolly Castle."

The loss sustained by the MacDougals of their extensive possessions is given in a lucid and condensed manner by Mr Donald Gregory, in the Introductory Sketch to his *History of the Western Highlands and Isles of Scotland*. "In the series of struggles for Scottish independence which marked the close of the thirteenth and the opening of the fourteenth centuries, the Lords of Lorn, who were closely connected by marriage with the Comyn and Baliol party, naturally arrayed themselves in opposition to the claims of Bruce. On the other hand, the Houses of Isla and the North Isles supported with all their power the apparently desperate fortunes of King Robert I.; and thus, when he came to be firmly seated on the throne, had earned the gratitude of that prince, in the same proportion as the family of

Lorn, by the inveteracy of their hostility had provoked his resentment. On the forfeiture of Alexander Lord of Lorn, and his son and heir John, these extensive territories were granted by Bruce to various of his supporters; and among others, to Angus Oig, or *junior*, of Isla, and to Roderick or Ruari MacAlan, the bastard brother and leader of the vassals of Christina, the daughter and heiress of Alan MacRuari of the North Isles. The Isles of Mull, the possession of which had for some time past been disputed between the Lords of Isla and Lorn, Jura, Coll, and Tiree, with the districts of Duror and Glenco, fell in this way to the share of Angus Oig. Lorn Proper, or the greatest part of it, was bestowed on Roderick MacAlan, to whom his sister Christina gave at the same time a large portion of her inheritance in Gamoran and the North Isles. The lordship of Lochaber, forfeited by one of the powerful family of Comyns, seems to have been divided between Angus Oig and Roderick. The former likewise obtained in this reign the lands of Morvern and Ardnamurchan, which seem previously to have been in the hands of the crown. But while Bruce thus rewarded his faithful adherents, he was too sensible of the weakness of Scotland on the side of the Isles, not to take precautionary measures against the probable defection of any of the great families on that coast, who might with ease admit an English force into the heart of the kingdom. He procured from Angus Oig, who was now apparently the principal crown-vassal in Kintyre, the resignation of his lands in that district, which were immediately bestowed upon Robert the son and heir of Walter the High Steward, and the Princess Marjory Bruce. At the same time the fortifications of the Castle of Tarbert between Kintyre and Knapdale, the most important position on the coast of Argyleshire, were greatly enlarged and strengthened, and the custody of this commanding post was committed to a royal garrison. Fol-

lowing out the same policy in other places, the keeping of the Castle of Dunstaffnage, the principal messuage of Lorn, was given by Bruce, not to Roderick MacAlan, the *High Chief of Lorn*, but to an individual of the name of Campbell, who was placed there as a royal constable."

It appears that John, the son and heir of Alexander MacDougall of Lorn, who encountered Bruce in Glen-Dochart, received a great portion of his family possessions from David II., consisting of the Isles of Isla, Gigha, Jura, Scarba, Colonsay, Mull, Coll, Tiree, and Lewis, and the districts of Morvern, Lochaber, Duror, and Glenco. The representatives of the MacDougals of Lorn had married a niece of the King, which facilitated his restoration to these portions of his family estates. His daughter and heiress carried Lorn Proper to her husband Robert Stuart, founder of the Rosyth branch of the House of Stuart, by whom the lordship was sold to his brother, John Stuart of Innermeath, ancestor of the Stuarts, Lords of Lorn.

Yet Bruce did not subdue the indomitable MacDougals without an infinitude of trouble. After his return from the exile occasioned by his defeat at Dalree and the unbending opposition of the Lord of Lorn, he resolved to take the first opportunity of requiting the latter for the injuries he had received. Marching into Argyleshire, he laid waste the country, carrying every thing before him, until he came to the formidable and narrow pass between Dalmally and Bunawe, along the verge of the vast and precipitous mountain Cruachan-Ben, and guarded on the other side by a precipice overhanging Loch Awe. No position is apparently stronger, but the genius of Bruce overcame the difficulty. While his main body engaged with the men of Lorn, and kept their attention directed to the point, Bruce ordered James of Douglas, Sir Alexander Fraser, Sir William Wiseman, and Sir Andrew Gray, to ascend the mountain with a select band of archers, who obtained possession of the

heights commanding the pass. A volley of arrows intimated to the men of Lorn that resistance was now useless, and they betook themselves to a precipitate flight. Barbour informs us that the deep and rapid river of Awe was even in that early period passed by a bridge, which the Argyleshire men attempted to demolish; but the followers of Bruce were too close upon their rear, and they were dispersed with great slaughter. John of Lorn, anticipating the issue of this conflict, had early betaken himself to his galleys upon Loch Awe. After this decisive engagement Bruce laid waste Argyle and besieged Dunstaffnage Castle, which he compelled to surrender, and, as already intimated, placed a royal garrison in that principal stronghold of the Lords of Lorn.

Notwithstanding all the vicissitudes of fortune, owing to their hereditary enmity to the house of Bruce, the MacDougals of Lorn continued to survive the loss of power, and, says Sir Walter Scott, they “afford a very rare, if not an unique, instance of a family of such unlimited power, and so distinguished during the Middle Ages, surviving the decay of their grandeur, and flourishing in a private station. The Castle of Dunolly, with its dependencies, was the principal part of what remained to them, with the right of chieftainship over the families of their name and blood. Nothing can be more wildly beautiful than the situation of Dunolly. The ruins are situated upon a bold and precipitous promontory, overhanging Loch Etive, and distant about a mile from the village and port of Oban. The principal part which remains is the donjon or keep, but fragments of other buildings, overgrown with ivy, attest that it had been once a place of importance, as large apparently as Artornish or Dunstaffnage. These fragments include a court-yard, of which the keep probably formed one side, the entrance being by a steep ascent from the neck of the isthmus, formerly cut across by a moat, and defended, doubtless, by out-

works and a drawbridge. Beneath the castle stands the present mansion of the family, having on the one side Loch Etive with its islands and mountains, on the other two romantic eminences tufted with copse wood. There are other accompaniments suited to the scene ; in particular, a huge upright pillar, a detached fragment of that sort of rock called plumb-pudding-stone, upon the shore, about a quarter of a mile from the castle. It is called *Clach-na-cau*, or the *Dog's Pillar*, because Fingal is said to have used it as a stake to which he bound his celebrated dog Bran. Others say that when the Lord of the Isles came upon a visit to the Lord of Lorn, the dogs, brought for his sport, were kept beside this pillar. Upon the whole, a more delightful and romantic spot can scarce be conceived, and it receives a moral interest from the considerations attached to the residence of a family once powerful enough to confront and defeat Robert Bruce, and now sunk into the shade of private life."

CONFLICT OF BLACK SATURDAY.*

A.D. 1571.

IN the civil war carried on between what were called the *Queen's* and the *King's men*, after the flight of Queen Mary into England, the latter were commanded by the Earl of Morton during the regency of the Earl of Lennox. Morton occupied Leith, and among his other hostile measures

* Bannatyne's *Memorialles*, printed for the Bannatyne Club ; Birrel's *Diary* ; Campbell's *History of Leith*.

he resolved to intercept all provisions sent to Edinburgh. To accomplish this, he stationed parties of soldiers on the several roads leading from Leith, Newhaven, and the Figget Whins, between Leith and the modern village of Portobello, who brought into Leith all kinds of provisions, which Morton appropriated to the use of his own troops, and detained the carts and horses belonging to the farmers employed in conveying the goods. He also compelled numbers of the neighbouring peasantry to take up arms, and join his forces—an expedient which increased the number of his soldiers, but added nothing to his popularity, as persons whose “thoughts are turned on peace” embark in military strife with the utmost reluctance. Considering himself sufficiently strong to encounter the Queen’s men, Morton marched out his army to Hawkhill, in the immediate vicinity of Lochend, between Restalrig and Leith Links, and commanding a fine view of the city of Edinburgh. Here, by way of defiance to the opposite party, he drew up in battle array.

The Queen’s party, consisting of the Hamiltons and others, commanded by the Earl of Huntly, were at this time strong in Edinburgh; the castle was held for them by the gallant Kirkcaldy of Grange, and some of the most powerful nobility openly declared in favour of the injured Mary. Provoked by Morton’s bravado, Huntly and his followers speedily mustered, and issued out of the city with two field pieces to give him battle. They proceeded to a place called the Quarry Holes, often wittily designated the *Quarrel Holes*, on account of its having been the scene of many turbulent ebullitions, immediately under the north-east of the Calton Hill, and near the site of the present Hillside Crescent on the London Road. This place, which has now disappeared, was an ancient quarry, which had filled with water to a considerable depth, and was a favourite resort with the boys of Edinburgh when they cap-

tured any unfortunate cats, for the purpose of drowning the animals, and pelting them during their struggles with stones. It is less than a mile in a direct line from Hawkhill, now a pleasant *rus in urbe* residence, and the intervening ground has been long laid out in luxuriant fields, intersected by the old road to Leith from the Canongate called the Easter Road.

While the Earl of Morton and his party were drawn up in military array at Hawkhill, and the Earl of Huntly at the Quarry Holes, ready for action, the latter was waited upon by Sir William Drury, the ambassador from Queen Elizabeth, who had been with the King's men in Leith during the previous night. The object of Drury was to propose an amicable adjustment of differences, and that no conflict and loss of life might ensue between men who were not only countrymen and neighbours, but many of them relatives and intimate friends. With all the zeal of a peacemaker he proposed terms of accommodation to Huntly, which were considered so far satisfactory, and were readily accepted, but one important point of honour remained to be settled, and this was who was first to leave the field. On this point both were obstinate, Huntly insisting that Morton should first march off, as he had been the aggressor, and had provoked the appearance of the Queen's friends; while Morton, on the other hand, charged Huntly with various acts of hostility and unnecessary insult. Sir William, resolved that no such trifling punctilio should interrupt the good work which he had almost successfully accomplished, very naturally suggested that both parties should leave the field at the same time, upon a signal given by him—"and that signal," said Sir William, "shall be the throwing up of my hat."

This *ingenious* and *sage* proposal gave universal satisfaction, as both parties do not appear to have been particularly anxious to incur broken heads, and all the other items of Sir William's negotiation were equally acceptable. Hav-

ing adjusted matters with Huntly and the Queen's party, he hastened across the fields to Morton to inform him of the result, and to instruct him particularly respecting the signal of the hat. After a short confabulation with the Earl, Sir William stepped out, as if making for the centre between the opposing parties, that he might give the signal. Before he had proceeded half way between Hawkhill and the Quarry Holes, up went the hat, and away went Huntly and his followers, marching back to the city by the Canongate, without the slightest suspicion of the trick now played them, occasioned either by Sir William's or Morton's treachery, and confiding in the honour of their opponents, whom they had imagined had returned to Leith. No sooner had the Queen's party turned their backs, than Morton's soldiers, who had in reality never moved from their position, at the command of their leader ran across the fields, and assailed with the utmost fury Huntly and his followers, who were retiring with all the imprudent irregularity and confusion which an imaginary security and exultation at having escaped a sanguinary conflict were calculated to produce. The Queen's party, thus suddenly and treacherously attacked, were put to flight, and pursued to the very gates of the city. A considerable slaughter took place, dead and wounded men lying in all directions ; and Lord Home, several gentlemen of distinction, seventy-two private individuals, a pair of colours, some horses, and the two field-pieces, were marched into Leith in the afternoon in great triumph.

This affair, which happened on Saturday the 16th of June 1571, was designated the *Battle of Black Saturday*, in reference to the treachery by which it was distinguished, and the slaughter which ensued. It was also ironically termed by the people *Drury's Peace*.

If Sir William Drury was in any manner implicated in this affair, it may be justly imagined that he would have

scarcely ventured to show his face in Edinburgh among the Queen's friends afterwards. Nevertheless he thought proper to do so after the interval of a few days, and he had even the effrontery to recommend new propositions of reconciliation. The leaders of the Queen's party were unwilling to quarrel with Queen Elizabeth at the time, as it might induce her to treat with rigour the unfortunate Mary her prisoner, and to strengthen the hands of their opponents. They cautiously refrained, therefore, from expressing their resentments to Drury respecting his conduct, and declared that they would have nothing more to do with him, while they resolved to be revenged on Morton at the first convenient opportunity. Drury swore that he was entirely innocent of the Black Saturday business, and threw the whole blame on Morton, who, he alleged, was the sole contriver of the villany. But Sir William's declarations were not believed. The Queen's friends were convinced that he was connected with the treachery from several circumstances, and his well known bias in favour of their opponents. They remained unmoved by his assertions to the contrary, and obstinately repeated their determination to hold no farther communication with him. Sir William, finding that he had lost all credit with the Queen's party, was glad to get out of Edinburgh, escorted by a guard to protect him from the fury of the mob.

When Lennox heard of Morton's success, he hastened to Leith with the intention of making that town his residence for some time. There he arranged his establishment, and shortly issued a proclamation, commanding all the country people who acknowledged the Queen's authority to attend him quarterly by turns. He then proceeded to erect new fortifications, besides repairing the old walls. The Regent and Morton were now in Leith, and they soon made it apparent that it was dangerous for both of them to be together. The town became, in fact, a scene of public

disorder, occasioned by the private and violent altercations between these noblemen. Morton, whose influence in the kingdom was very great, though he durst not, after the affair of Black Saturday, venture within Edinburgh, had been hitherto the only adviser of the Regent; but he soon discovered that he was likely to be supplanted by a certain gentleman, called the Laird of Drumquhaizel, with whom he had himself been on intimate terms. This friendship was now changed to mortal hatred, and the few incidents which follow evince the wretched state of the country at the time, as well as the villanous and unprincipled conduct of the individuals concerned. The proud Earl would have fastened a personal quarrel on Drumquhaizel, but the Laird was a man of great courage and bodily strength, and Morton did not think fit to encounter him. He resorted to the dastardly expedient of attempting to assassinate him, and for this purpose he ordered two of his footmen to waylay or watch the Laird, and seize the first favourable opportunity to murder him. Those wretches readily listened to his orders, and promised implicit obedience, swayed by the assurance of a suitable reward, and knowing that their master's influence would secure to them a pardon.

But this infamous project was not conducted so secretly by Morton and his agents as to prevent it coming to the knowledge of Lennox, who was unwilling that the Laird, of whom he entertained a high opinion, should fall a sacrifice to his powerful enemy. Afraid, however, openly to offend Morton, he took no farther notice of the meditated assassination, than by confining Drumquhaizel in the lodgings occupied by himself. Morton, aware of the Regent's motive for this conduct, chose to consider himself grossly affronted, and immediately ordered all his baggage to be packed up, with the intention of leaving the town, and abandoning the cause of the King's party. Lennox was in no condition to lose such a powerful support as Morton;

and as soon as he was informed of what was passing, he sent a servant to that nobleman's lodgings to inform him, as if ignorant of his intentions, that he would shortly be with him to dinner. Morton returned an answer, that he was sorry he could not have the honour of his Lordship's company, his business being so very pressing as to oblige him to depart from the town without even taking leave of him. Lennox was surprised and irritated at this intimation, and, starting passionately from his chair, he exclaimed—"Then, by God's holy name, he shall eat his dinner with me." He proceeded to Morton's residence, and with some difficulty prevailed with him to return. Drumquhaizel was banished from the Regent's court, as nothing else would satisfy Morton. Nor was this the only concession which Lennox was compelled to make to the haughty Earl. Morton had formed an improper connection with the wife of one Captain Cullen, who had been taken prisoner on Black Saturday, and on whose behalf his wife had proceeded to Leith, where the said Captain was confined. Afraid of being annoyed by the Captain, Morton actually insisted that he should be put to death. Lennox was obliged to comply with this monstrous and wicked request; and the unfortunate gentleman was hanged on account of some pretended offences charged against him. For these favours Morton brought over the Earl of Argyle and Lord Boyd to the Regent's party.

Such were some of the *doings* of the Earl of Morton, and, after perusing them, one can hardly pity his subsequent fate.

SIEGE OF CARRICKFERGUS.*

A.D. 1316.

ON the 25th of May 1315, Edward Bruce landed with six thousand men at Carrickfergus, in the bay called Belfast Lough. This ancient town, long the principal seaport in the north of Ireland, before it was supplanted by its modern neighbour Belfast, was then strongly fortified by the English, and contained a lofty castle built on a rock projecting into the sea by Hugh De Lacy in 1178. Oppressed by or discontented with the English government, the Irish of the province of Ulster, when they heard of the complete defeat of Edward II. at Bannockburn, implored the aid of the victorious Robert Bruce, now secure on the Scottish throne, and offered to acknowledge his brother Edward Bruce as their sovereign. Although it might have been foreseen, as it probably was, that the expulsion of the English from Ireland, and the union of the discordant factions of the Irish, was a work of almost insuperable difficulty, yet the offer of a crown inflamed the ambition of Edward Bruce, whose intrepid spirit knew no obstacle in the path of valour, and the invasion of Ireland at that particular time would divide the forces and increase the perplexities of the English.

The history of this invasion is very imperfectly known. Edward Bruce embarked at Ayr, where a parliament had been recently held, and with whose approbation the expe-

* Barbour's Bruce; Lord Hailes' Annals of Scotland; Annals of Ireland, in Camden's Britannia; Fordun's Scoto-Chronicon; Burdy's History of Ireland; Crawford's History of Ireland; M'Skimmin's History of Carrickfergus.

dition was probably undertaken. The principal persons who accompanied him were Randolph Earl of Moray, Sir Philip Moubray, Sir John Foulis, Sir John Stewart, Fergus of Ardrossan, and Ramsay of Ochterhouse. To these knights are added, in the Annals of Ireland subjoined to Camden's *Britannia*, John Monteith, John de Bosco, John Bisset, and John Campbell, supposed to be the son of Sir Niel Campbell of Lochaw, and nephew of King Robert Bruce. No sooner had Edward Bruce landed with his six thousand followers than the Irish chiefs of Ulster repaired to his standard, and solemnly engaged themselves in his service by giving hostages for the performance of their engagements. The Scottish forces, in conjunction with those of the Irish chiefs, are accused of committing great devastation, and ravaging with merciless barbarity the possessions of the English settlers. They put to the sword all the English who came in their way, levelling their castles, and burning their towns. On the 29th of June Dundalk was taken and burnt. Atherdee and other places of less note experienced a similar fate.

Richard de Burgh, Earl of Ulster, assembled his forces, assisted by some Irish chiefs of the province of Connaught, to repel this invasion, and marching through the county of Meath he entered the province of Ulster, spreading desolation around. Butler, Justiciary or Lord-Deputy of Ireland, joined De Burgh with a large reinforcement, but the Earl refused his assistance, and requested him to return and defend Leinster, as his own troops were sufficient to repel the Scots. "You may return home," said De Burgh, "I and my vassals will overcome the enemy." Butler withdrew his troops, and left the conduct of the war to the Earl of Ulster.

As De Burgh proceeded northwards, the Scots retreated before him for want of provisions, but at length, after some inconsiderable actions, a battle was fought at Coleraine,

where the English were defeated. De Burgh had advanced too precipitately to the attack, ignorant that the Scots, by the advice of Sir Philip Moubray, had left their banners flying in their camp, while they were making a circuit, which enabled them to fall suddenly on the English. Lord William de Burgh and several persons of distinction were made prisoners. Some of the fugitives took refuge in the Castle of Carrickfergus.

A few days after this battle, on the 15th of September, Randolph proceeded to Scotland to procure reinforcements, and returned to Ireland with five hundred men. Marching southward by Dundalk, he penetrated through Meath into Kildare, and encountered Butler, the Lord Justiciary, near Arscoll. The English, although superior in numbers, were enfeebled by discord, and soon gave way. Two Scottish knights fell in this action, Fergus of Ardrossan and Walter of Moray.

In the meantime Edward Bruce laid siege to Carrickfergus, but on the 6th of December he was compelled to raise it. Notwithstanding his victory over De Burgh, he found it necessary to tamper with Fedlim, prince of Connaught, whom he engaged by specious promises to join him as soon as an opportunity occurred. His possessions in Connaught had been usurped in his absence by his kinsman Roderic, also in alliance with Edward Bruce, and who would not take the advice of the Scottish leader to suspend his dispute with Fedlim till the English were subdued. The Ulster Irish, unacquainted with Fedlim's engagement with Bruce, severely harassed his vassals in his march to expel Roderic from Connaught, whither he was followed by the shattered army of De Burgh. A desultory warfare now took place between the supporters of Fedlim and Roderic, which was terminated by Sir John Bermingham, who in a fierce engagement slew the latter. Fedlim, now undisputed master of the principality, immediately avowed his treaty

with Bruce, and turned his arms against his English deliverers, making furious inroads into their settlements. His defection caused many chiefs of the south of Ireland and of the county of Meath to follow his example, but he was soon afterwards slain in a battle with some thousands of his followers.

A famine prevented Bruce from pursuing his advantages, and many of the Scots perished in a country which had been desolated by their inconsiderate fury. Randolph again proceeded to Scotland to raise new levies, while Bruce assumed the dignity of a sovereign in Ulster, and was even crowned with due solemnity at Dundalk. In 1316 he resumed the siege of the Castle of Carrickfergus, which was defended by Lord Mandeville, who had contrived to enter it with a considerable body of troops. Early in the morning after his arrival Mandeville made a desperate sally, and found the Scots too confident in their quarters, sixty men under an officer named Niel Fleming being their only guard. When Fleming perceived that all would be irretrievably lost if his countrymen were surprised, he resolved to devote himself and his companions to preserve the army. "Now of a truth," he exclaimed, "shall men see how we can die for our master." He sent a messenger to alarm the Scots, and advanced to check Mandeville's impetuosity. He received a mortal wound, and every one of his companions fell.

Mandeville sent a portion of his troops to surround the Scots and prevent their escape, while he proceeded in person with a chosen body through the principal street of Carrickfergus. He was here encountered by Edward Bruce and his household. Among the latter, one Gilbert Harper is mentioned as noted for his strength and intrepidity. This individual knew Mandeville by his armour, and with one blow of his battle-axe felled him to the ground. The English gave way when they saw the fate

of their leader, and the Scots, assisted by two hundred Irish spearmen, pressed onwards against them. They sought refuge in the Castle, but the garrison, afraid that the Scots would rush in, drew up the bridge, shut the gates, and barbarously left their companions to the fury of the victors. When Bruce surveyed the scene of conflict he found Fleming in the agonies of death, and his soldiers stretched around him. This deeply affected him, and he bitterly lamented their fate, but he was in no condition to spend much time in sorrow, and to have openly indulged in it would have dispirited his followers.

The English agreed to surrender the Castle of Carrickfergus, and a detachment of thirty men was sent to take possession of the place, but in defiance of their stipulation the detachment was treacherously seized, and the garrison declared that they would defend the fortress to the uttermost. During these transactions King Robert Bruce, who had recently made an expedition to the Western Highlands, where John of Lorn, who had been driven from Scotland in 1308, still maintained himself, and reduced them under his government, formed the resolution of conducting a reinforcement in person to the assistance of his brother in Ireland. Entrusting the kingdom during his absence to his son-in-law the High Steward and to Douglas, he embarked at Lochryan in Galloway, and landed at Carrickfergus. But the garrison, reduced by famine, had been compelled to capitulate. They had subsisted as long as they could on the hides of animals, and one revolting instance of barbarity is alleged against them. When the hides were exhausted, they were accused of killing and eating the thirty Scots whom they had basely made prisoners. If this is true, it is one of the most infamous and atrocious instances of savage cruelty on record.

The capitulation of Carrickfergus and the arrival of King Robert Bruce were of great advantage to the enterprise of

his brother. The expedition was indeed ultimately and speedily to fail, but in the meantime the standard of Edward Bruce was joined not only by crowds of the discontented Irish, but even by many of the disaffected English, among whom were the Lacys and their numerous followers in Meath, who, when summoned by Roger Mortimer, the newly appointed chief-governor, to answer for their conduct, killed his messenger in defiance, and took refuge in Connaught.

THE KING'S BISHOP.*

A.D. 1317.

THERE is a pleasant anecdote inserted by Lord Hailes on the authority of Barbour and Fordun, which is worthy of notice in the present work. During the absence of King Robert Bruce in Ireland to assist his brother in the conquest of that country, the English, who made several attempts to disturb the tranquillity of Scotland, appeared in the Frith of Forth, and anchored off Inverkeithing. The Earl of Fife and the sheriff of that county collected five hundred men, and attempted to oppose their landing, which they effected either to the west of Inverkeithing Bay, or at Dunibristle. Intimidated by the numbers of the English the Scots were afraid to encounter them, and consulted their safety by flight.

It happened that William Sinclair, Bishop of Dunkeld, who had always been a determined supporter of Bruce, and whose consecration had been violently opposed by Edward, met the fugitives in their retreat. This prelate, who was the brother of Sinclair of Roslin, and who is de-

* Hailes' Annals of Scotland.

scribed as "right hardy, meikle, and stark," had a country residence in the parish of Auchtertool in the neighbourhood. "Whither are you running?" he called out to the leaders of the fugitives: "You deserve to have your gilt spurs hacked off." This was specially addressed to the Earl of Fife, the same nobleman who founded the Abbey of Culross. Throwing off his ecclesiastical garment, Bishop Sinclair seized a spear, and exclaimed—"Let him who loves Scotland follow me." The Scots rallied, and, led by the brave prelate, they impetuously attacked the enemy, who had not completed their landing. The English were driven back to their ships with considerable loss. When King Robert was informed of the intrepidity of the Bishop of Dunkeld, he said—"Sinclair shall be *my* bishop, under the appellation of the *King's Bishop*." By this name he was long remembered by his countrymen.

DEATH OF THE REGENT MORAY.*

A. D. 1510-1.

THE assassination of the celebrated Earl of Moray, Regent of Scotland after the deposition of Queen Mary, on the public street of Linlithgow, is one of the most daring acts recorded in Scottish history. There can be little doubt that

* Anderson's Historical and Genealogical Memoirs of the House of Hamilton; Historie of King James the Sext, printed for the Bannatyne Club; Wood's edition of Douglas' Peerage of Scotland; Sir James Balfour's Annals; Chalmers' Life of Queen Mary; Life of the Regent Moray; Stewart's History of Scotland; Sir Walter Scott's Border Minstrelsy; Dalryell's Introductory Remarks to Scottish Poems of the Sixteenth Century; Chambers' Picture of Scotland; Statistical Account of Scotland; Robertson's History of Scotland; Birrel's Diary.

Moray was very unpopular shortly before the period of his death, though his personal friends and supporters were numerous and powerful. His vigorous administration irritated some; his ingratitude to his sister the Queen, to whose ill-requited generosity he owed his advancement and prosperity, made him hated by many, while his suspected ambitious attempts to secure the crown excited the wrath of his enemies. Various combinations were in consequence formed, the object of which was to kill the Regent, and one of the most singular of these attempts was that of Sir William Stewart, Lord Lyon King-at-Arms, who was accused of conspiring to take the Regent's life by sorcery and necromancy. He was removed from the Castle of Edinburgh to that of Dumbarton on this charge, and was soon afterwards put to death, not for attempting the life of the Regent, a pardon having been granted for that project, but for practising the said imaginary crimes of sorcery and necromancy.

Queen Mary was in 1570 in secure confinement at Coventry, and Moray, who had corresponded with Elizabeth on the subject, was extremely anxious to get her into his power. The English Queen was becoming tired of retaining Mary a prisoner, as her presence in England was a constant source of uneasiness, it being confidently and seriously believed that the unfortunate Queen of Scotland could not exist without an intrigue. It was the interest of Moray, as well as that of England, to prohibit Mary from assuming the government, and Elizabeth at length resolved to comply with Moray's earnest applications to get his sister under his own charge. A treaty based on certain conditions was concluded. The Regent was to receive Mary on the Borders of Scotland, whither she was to be conducted under the protection of English soldiers, and she was to be there consigned to the custody of her brother. There was nothing stipulated as to her reception or usage, and his

authority was to be exercised as he pleased. In return Moray promised to put Elizabeth in possession of the young King James VI. and the chief fortresses of the kingdom, and to furnish her with forces if she was engaged in a French war. This extraordinary treaty, so ruinous to the independence of Scotland, and so fatal to Mary, was strenuously opposed by Leslie, Bishop of Ross, and the ambassadors of France and Spain, but their resistance was useless, and the performance of it seemed inevitable. Whatever were Moray's secret motives it is unnecessary to conjecture, but his career was fast hastening to a close, and the hand of an assassin was to put a period to his dream of royalty.

The Regent had committed the Duke of Chatelherault, Lord Herries, and others to prison, considering himself insecure while those zealous adherents of the Queen were at liberty. The former was the chief of the House of Hamilton, and his imprisonment roused the fury of the whole name. Knowing well that they were the sole rivals of his greatness, he determined to crush the Hamiltons at every hazard, to undermine their influence, and to effect their destruction. The part which they had sustained at the battle of Langside was not forgotten, and the enmity which the Regent and Chatelherault entertained towards each other was undisguised. The Hamiltons were exasperated at the recollection of the injuries they had sustained, and were daily receiving. Their devastated fields, ruined parks, and ravaged orchards, stared them in the face, and deep curses were uttered against the author of their misfortunes. Yet the Regent's power was so great, and he was apparently so secure, that he might have defied their resentments, if the despair and vengeance of one man had not effected his destruction.

James Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh Bridge, a property about a mile above Bothwell, was the person who committed

this deed, though it was from motives entirely of a personal nature, and unconnected with the hatred cherished by the Hamiltons and their adherents against the Regent. This gentleman was a near relative of Archbishop Hamilton of St Andrews, and a cadet of the Ducal House of Chatelherault. He had been prosecuted in 1558, with a number of other gentlemen, for "abiding" from the Raid of Lauder. He was present at the battle of Langside, and was one of seven prisoners of distinction, two of them of his own name and family, the Lairds of Innerwick and Kincavil, who were led out to execution for their concern in that battle, but whom Moray spared, and ordered back to prison. Hamilton had contrived to make his escape from prison; but as the act of forfeiture remained in full force against him, he was compelled to lurk among his friends. It is not clear that the Regent cherished any particular hatred towards him; yet it is certain that all the gentlemen taken prisoners at the battle of Langside were released from the penalties of the act of forfeiture, with the exception of Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh.

The lady of Hamilton was the daughter and co-heiress of John Sinclair of Woodhouselee in Mid-Lothian, a barony stretching along the banks of the Esk, near Auchindinny, which ought not to be confounded with Woodhouselee, situated on the slope of the Pentland Hills, and distant at least four miles from the property which belonged to Hamilton in right of his wife. After the confiscation of his own estate of Bothwellhaugh, this lady had continued to reside at Woodhouselee during her husband's absence, never imagining that her own inheritance was also to be seized, and justly concluding that she would be secure on her private patrimony, where she could await the return of more prosperous times.

But Sir James Bellenden, Lord Justice Clerk, and one of the special favourites of Moray, had resolved to possess

Woodhouselee, and, taking advantage of Hamilton's forfeiture, he asked and obtained it from the Regent. As Bellenden was well aware that the lady was residing on the property, he applied for a warrant of ejectment and possession. Some officers were accordingly sent in the name of the Regent, who secured the house, and barbarously turned the unfortunate lady almost naked into the fields in a cold and stormy night, and when in very delicate health. Before the morning dawned she was found in a state of derangement, and she soon afterwards expired. The ruins of the mansion, from which this lady was expelled in the brutal manner which caused her death, are still to be seen in a hollow glen beside the Esk ; and popular superstition makes the spectre of the injured wife of Bothwellhaugh still tenant the abode of her ancestors, always appearing dressed in white, with a child in her arms. It is stated that this spectre is so " tenacious of her rights, that a part of the stones of the ancient edifice having been employed in building or repairing the present Woodhouselee, she has deemed it a part of her privilege to haunt that house also, and even of very late years has excited considerable disturbance and terror among the domestics."

Whatever may have been the conduct of the officers when ejecting Lady Bothwellhaugh from Woodhouselee, it is certain that it was allowed to pass by Moray without any censure, if not with a tacit approval. The proceedings of those mercenaries, and the enormity of the provocation, aggravated by the derangement and death of his lady, in addition to the injuries he had already suffered, completely overcame Hamilton's prudence, and from that moment he vowed to avenge his wrongs, not on Sir James Bellenden, the usurper of his wife's patrimony, but on the Regent himself, whom he believed, not without reason, to be the great originator of this injustice. He made no secret of his intentions, and openly declared wherever he went that he

would effect Moray's destruction. He in consequence assiduously watched the Regent's movements, but he had been invariably disappointed in his purpose, until an opportunity offered which he resolved to embrace.

The cruelty of the Regent Moray to the lady of Bothwellhaugh has been denied by those who think it their duty to defend him, and they allege that it is a story depending solely on a work called "Memoirs of the Affairs of Scotland, containing a full and impartial Account of the Revolution in that Kingdom, begun in 1567," edited by Mr David Crawford of Drumsoy, historiographer for Scotland in the reign of Queen Anne. This work, which was intended as an antidote to Buchanan's History of Scotland, is published as if written by a contemporary during the reigns of Mary and James VI., and was received by the public as a genuine composition, somewhat modified in style and in arrangement to suit the prevailing taste of the age, but in the matter of the narrative adhering closely to its supposed original. That work, however, though quoted as genuine by Hume, Robertson, and other writers, is now discovered to be spurious; and the avowed prototype of Crawford's Memoirs is "The Historie and Life of King James the Sext," published from the Belhaven and Newbattle MSS. by the Bannatyne Club. To that work the defenders of the Regent Moray refer for a complete refutation of the alleged cruelty inflicted by Moray on the lady of Bothwellhaugh.

But the valuable "Historie," to which Moray's *out-and-out* defenders refer, actually convicts him of the alleged cruelty to this lady. It was never asserted, even by his most virulent traducers, that he inflicted the injury in person, but it was done in his name as Regent of the kingdom and by his authority. The following is the passage from the work alluded to:—"I made mention before of the dishonest dealing to the Duke of Chatelherault and the Lords of the Queen's faction, whereat, and for another particular

cause he (Moray) was so deadly hated, that his death was conspired by a particular man called James Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh ; and although the Regent was sufficiently forewarned both of the man and the place of the enterprise, yet he regarded so slothfully that matter, that it turned out to his pains. This James Hamilton, among other courageous gentlemen of that clan, happened to be at the field of Langside with the Queen, and being taken prisoner there he was condemned to death, and was let loose again ; yet, according to the unreasonable law of Scotland, not only his proper (own) lands were confiscated to the King, but also the lands of Woodhouselee, pertaining heritably to his wife, whereby they were both put to shift. The simple gentlewoman, not thinking to be punished for her husband's acts, went to her own house, where she intended simply and *bona fide* to have remained, but was uncourteously and unmercifully put therefrom, all her goods taken from her, and she left *stark naked*. What from grief of mind, and exceeding cold that she had then contracted, this gentlewoman conceived such madness of spirit as was almost incredible. Her husband having received these three uncommodities, resolved to put his life to fortune, and avowed in divers public companies to be avenged on the *Bastard Regent*, for these were but ordinary words." This passage contains all that was ever asserted against Moray respecting his conduct to Lady Bothwellhaugh. The horrid treatment she received from functionaries armed with his authority must be viewed as having had his consent or tacit approval.

The Regent had been at Stirling, whither he had decoyed the celebrated Maitland of Lethington, under the pretence of a conference, and of obtaining his assistance in some dispatches, but in reality to impeach him of being privy to the murder of Lord Darnley, and to commit him to prison, in which he succeeded. Returning to Edinburgh, the

Regent proceeded as far as Linlithgow, and this venerable burgh was chosen by Hamilton as the scene to revenge his wrongs. With the utmost deliberation he made his preparations, believing that he would render a service to his country by ridding it of one whom he considered its greatest oppressor. His project was well known to the Hamiltons and their adherents, many of whom rendered him every facility in their power to assassinate their enemy.

The town of Linlithgow, pleasantly situated in a valley, and surrounded by rising grounds, with its magnificent old palace and beautiful lake, consisted then, as it chiefly does still, of one continued street, through which the mail road from Edinburgh to Stirling passes. This street lies from east to west, and a number of lanes and closes diverge from it, with a row of gardens and *kail-yards* on both the north and south sides of the town. The tenements, of which this main street is composed are for the most part large, dark-looking, old-fashioned, and decayed, resembling some of the fabrics in the Canongate of Edinburgh, for, as in the case of that well-known locality, many of the houses of Linlithgow formerly belonged to the nobility attending the court. The town was never walled with a view to defence, though formerly it was enclosed on its open side with a kind of boundary called *the Dykes*.

In this street a house was selected by Hamilton for the accomplishment of his purpose, which is said to have been occasionally occupied by his uncle, the Archbishop of St Andrews. It was situated about the middle of the town, and was distinguished by a projecting balcony, which, connected with the narrowness of the street, rendered it peculiarly favourable for the design of the assassin. This house, which was long an object of great interest to strangers visiting Linlithgow, as the place from which the *Good Regent*, as Moray was peculiarly called, received his mortal wound, has disappeared, and is replaced by a dull and heavy-look-

ing edifice, the very reverse of the antique wooden pointed and ornamented lodging in the gallery of which Hamilton took his station.

It is already noticed that several lanes or closes diverge from the main street of Linlithgow, leading to the gardens behind and the open country. There is a tradition in the town that all the closes in the vicinity of the house were carefully stuffed with furze or *whins*, to obstruct any instant rush to prevent Hamilton's escape, and the removal of which would have occupied a considerable time. It was his interest to present as many obstacles to the pursuit as he could command, and even this extremely simple one contributed to his safety. Hamilton also made his own arrangements within the house. He first spread on the floor of the room a large feather bed, that the noise of his feet in walking or springing might not be heard, and he hung up a black cloth opposite the window, that no one on the street might observe his shadow. His next care, we are told, was "to cut a hole a little below the lattice sufficient to admit the point of his harquebuss; and to add to the security of his flight, he examined the gate at the back of the house, and finding it too low for a man to pass under on horseback, with the assistance of his servant he removed the lintel, and kept his horse in the stable ready saddled and bridled. After all these preparations he calmly and deliberately waited the approach of the Regent." It may be here observed, that the servant who assisted him was hanged for his share in the murder in the Canongate of Edinburgh in 1571.

The Regent was duly informed of the threats of Hamilton, and he was even made aware of his intention on this fatal occasion, as also of the very house in which he was posted to murder him. Moray was remarkable for personal courage, but though he despised Hamilton, he did not think proper to disregard the warning of his danger; yet he issued

no order to apprehend the intended assassin. After entering Linlithgow he turned to go out at the same gate, with the intention of proceeding by a road which skirted the south side of the town, but perceiving the gate to be completely blockaded by a vast crowd, he unhappily continued onwards, resolving to ride briskly past the dangerous spot, and the cavalcade proceeded through the main street. As he rode along with his guards and attendants, the crowd was so great as to retard his progress in the narrow old-fashioned street, and he was farther impeded by a number of carts which were purposely overturned. While advancing, the pressure of the crowd increased, and he was unfortunately compelled to halt opposite the very house in which Hamilton was stationed. The assassin, who was well prepared, seized his piece, and took a well marked and deliberate aim at the Regent, whom he shot in the lower part of the abdomen. The bullet passed through him below the navel, and killed the horse of George Douglas of Parkhead, his illegitimate brother, who was riding by his side.

Hamilton instantly fled. The Regent's followers endeavoured to force the house, but they found it strongly secured, and the closes, filled with whins, into which they unconsciously plunged, afforded them no inlet. Before the house could be broken, the assassin had mounted his fleet horse, which stood ready saddled, and proceeded in his flight across the country. He was pursued several miles, and was at one time on the point of being taken. His horse was breathless, and almost ready to sink; whip and spur had no effect; and coming to a ditch the animal plunged into it, and stuck fast. The delay of a few moments would have placed Hamilton in the hands of his pursuers, and in desperation he drew his dagger and plunged it into his horse behind. The pain caused the animal to extricate itself, and to clear the ditch. The rider was soon beyond the reach of his pursuers. He fled first to the town of Hamilton,

where he was received in triumph, for the ashes of the houses in Clydesdale which had been burnt by Moray's army were yet smoking, and the prejudices of party, the habits of the age, and the enormous provocation which Hamilton had received, in the eyes of his kinsmen justified the deed. He sought shelter with his brother-in-law, Muirhead of Lauchope, who hospitably received him, and after a brief concealment he effected his escape to France, where he died some years afterwards. His pursuers having discovered that he was sheltered at Lauchope, plundered and burnt it to the ground, and ravaged the grounds of the owner. It appears that Hamilton served in France under the patronage of the family of Guise, to whom he would be doubtless recommended by revenging the wrongs of their niece Queen Mary upon her ungrateful brother. De Thou has recorded that an attempt was made to engage him to assassinate the great Admiral Gaspar de Coligni, the well-known supporter of the Protestants in France, but Hamilton, fierce and determined though he was, rejected the offer with indignation. He told them he was no mercenary trader in blood, and that he had avenged his own quarrel in Scotland. "Not," he exclaimed, "till Coligni has injured me as Moray did." Some allege that he challenged the bearer of the proposal on the spot.

The consternation of the multitude at Linlithgow, when the fatal shot was fired with such well-directed aim, may be easily conceived. A cry of horror burst from the crowd when they saw the Regent reel in his saddle, and a general rush was made to the house from which the ball was directed. All was confusion, dismay, and sorrow. Moray in the meantime told his attendants that he was wounded, and recovering from the surprise, he dismounted, and requested to be led to a house. He was even able to walk thither, and medical attendants were quickly summoned, while the inhabitants of the town expressed their sorrow

by tears and lamentations. At first it was thought the wound was not mortal, but towards evening the pain increased, and the unfortunate nobleman prepared for death. With all the calmness of a Christian he discoursed to his friends around him, and settled his worldly affairs. When he was told that he had ruined himself by his clemency, having once spared the life of the assassin, he replied with great magnanimity—"Your importunities and reflections do not make me repent my clemency." His last moments were becoming a great man. After he had arranged all his family concerns, he felt the pangs of dissolution overtake him. After recommending the young King to the care of those noblemen who were present, and performing his religious devotions, he expired a little before midnight on the 23d of January, in the thirty-eighth year of his age.

Nothing could exceed the dismay and surprise which prevailed in Edinburgh when the tidings of the Regent's assassination reached that city. The gates were closed, and the sentinels doubled. His body was brought thither amid the tears of the people, who knew his talents, his virtues, and his vigorous administration. He was generally bewailed as the *Good Regent*, a title by which he was long remembered in Scotland. He was interred in St Giles' Church, where his tomb is still to be seen.

The carbine with which the Regent was shot is preserved at Hamilton Palace. It is a brass piece of an ordinary length, and it appears to have been rifled or indented in the barrel. It had a matchlock, for which a modern firelock has been injudiciously substituted. It is some consolation to know that Bothwellhaugh latterly expressed great contrition for the crime, and that he died perpetually invoking the Divine forgiveness. This fact proves that he was stimulated by an indignant sense of his wrongs, though the whole family of the Hamiltons appear to have been in the conspiracy. Even the horse on which he escaped was

furnished by John Hamilton, Abbot of Arbroath. The estate of Bothwellhaugh has long ceased to have a Hamilton as its proprietor, and it now belongs to Lord Douglas.

Several persons were prosecuted for the murder of the Regent; it was one of the special charges brought against Archbishop Hamilton, and the unfortunate primate did not deny that he knew of it. Christian Shaw, relict of the "umquhill" David Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, the mother, and the deceased the father of the assassin, was "dilatit of art and part in the murthour of umquhill James Earl of Moray, Lord Abernethy, Regent," &c., and found a gentleman named Robert Ross of Thornton as her cautioner to appear when summoned. Arthur Hamilton in Bothwellhaugh was tried in December 1580 for being concerned in the murder, and found security to appear. In 1582 George Home of Spott, the brother-in-law of Bothwellhaugh, was tried before Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney, Robert Pitcairn, commendator of Dunfermline, Mark Ker, commendator of Newbattle, and John Lindsay, parson of Menmuir, all "Lords of the Session," for the murder of Lord Darnley and the Regent Moray, and was acquitted. The English under Sir William Drury thought proper to make a show of avenging Moray's death. During the summer which succeeded the assassination, after burning numerous villages on the Borders, and visiting all the possessions of the Hamiltons with special vengeance, they came to Linlithgow, and threatened to burn the town for certain "unpardonable offences" committed therein. We are told that "calling the Provost before him, Sir William informed him that he would only permit the people first to remove their goods and infirm persons to a place of safety, and that every nobleman's and captain's house should be exempted from the conflagration. As the hour approached, however, for the execution of his design, the English general, moved by the intercession of Morton and

the wailings of the town's people, relented, and he ultimately contented himself with merely blowing up the hotel of the Duke of Chatelherault, and carrying off the magistrates of the town as hostages to Berwick."

The revenge of Bothwellhaugh is the subject of Sir Walter Scott's beautiful ballad entitled *Cadzow Castle*, addressed to Lady Anne Hamilton, some stanzas of which are laid before the reader. The Duke of Chatelherault is supposed to preside at a hunting entertainment at the time when "princely Hamilton's abode ennobled Cadzow's Gothic towers," in the forest of Evandale.

Proudly the chieftain mark'd his clan,
On greenwood lap all careless thrown,
Yet miss'd his eye the boldest man
That bore the name of Hamilton.

"Why fills not Bothwellhaugh his place,
Still wont our weal and woe to share?
Why comes he not our sport to grace?
Why shares he not our hunter's fare?"

The individual who replies to the Duke's inquiry is Lord Claud Hamilton, his second son, commendator of the Abbey of Paisley, who led the van of Queen Mary's army at the battle of Langside, and was one of the commanders at the Raid of Stirling. He was the ancestor of the Abercorn Family, and continued unalterably attached to the cause of Mary.

Stern Claud replied, with darkening face,
(Grey Paisley's haughty lord was he,)
"At merry feast, or buxom chase,
No more the warrior shalt thou see.

"Few suns have set, since Woodhouselee
Saw Bothwellhaugh's bright goblets foam,
When to his health, in social glee,
The war-worn soldier turn'd him home.

“ There, wan from her maternal throes,
His Margaret, beautiful and mild,
Sat in her bower a pallid rose,
And peaceful nurs'd her new-born child.

“ O change accurs'd ! past are those days :
False Moray's ruthless spoilers came,
And for the hearth's domestic blaze,
Ascends destruction's volumed flame.

“ What sheeted phantom wanders wild,
Where mountain Esk thro' woodland flows,
Her arms enfold a shadowy child—
Oh is it she, the pallid rose ?

“ The wilder'd traveller sees her glide,
And hears her feeble voice with awe,
' Revenge ! ' she cries, ' on Moray's pride !
And woe for injur'd Bothwellhaugh ! ' ”

He ceas'd—and cries of rage and grief
Burst mingling from the kindred band,
And half arose the kindling chief,
And half unsheathed his Arran brand.

But who, o'er bush, o'er stream, and rock,
Rides headlong, with resistless speed,
Whose bloody poniard's frantic stroke—
Drives to the leap his jaded steed :

Whose cheek is pale, whose eye-balls glare,
As one some vision'd sight that saw,
Whose hands are bloody, loose his hair ?
'Tis he ! 'tis he ! 'tis Bothwellhaugh.

From gory selle, and reeling steed,
Sprung the fierce horseman with a bound,
And reeking from the recent deed,
He dash'd his carbine on the ground.

Sternly he spoke—“ 'Tis sweet to hear
In good greenwood the bugle blown,
But sweeter to Revenge's ear,
To drink a tyrant's dying groan.

“ Your slaughter’d quarry proudly trod,
At dawning morn o’er dale and down,
But prouder base-born Moray rode
Through old Linlithgow’s crowded town.

“ From the wild Border’s humbled side,
In haughty triumph, marched he,
While Knox relaxed his bigot pride,
And smiled the traitorous pomp to see.

“ But can stern Power, with all his vaunt,
Or Pomp, with all her courtly glare,
The settled heart of vengeance daunt,
Or change the purpose of Despair?

“ With hackbut bent, my secret stand,
Dark as the purposed deed, I chose,
And mark’d where mingling in his band
Troop’d Scottish pikes and English bows.

“ Dark Morton, girt with many a spear,
Murder’s foul minion, led the van;
And clash’d their broadswords in the rear,
The wild Macfarlanes’ plaided clan.

“ Glencairn and stout Parkhead were nigh,
Obsequious at their Regent’s rein,
And haggard Lindesay’s iron eye,
That saw fair Mary weep in vain.

“ Mid pennon’d spears, a steely grove,
Proud Moray’s plumage floated high;
Scarce could his trampling charger move,
So close the minions crowded nigh.

“ From the rais’d vizor’s shade his eye,
Dark rolling, glanced the ranks along,
And his steel-truncheon, waved on high,
Seem’d marshalling the iron throng.

“ But yet his sadden’d brow confess’d
A passing shade of doubt and awe;
Some fiend was whispering in his breast—
‘Beware of injur’d Bothwellhaugh!’

“ The death-shot parts, the charger springs—
Wild rises tumult’s startling roar !
And Moray’s plummy helmet rings—
Rings on the ground to rise no more !

‘ What joy the raptur’d youth can feel,
To hear her love the loved one tell,
Or he, who broaches in his steel,
The wolf, by whom his infant fell !

“ But dearer to my injured eye,
To see in dust proud Moray roll ;
And mine was ten times trebled joy,
To hear him groan his felon soul.

“ My Margaret’s spectre glided near ;
With pride her bleeding victim saw ,
And shriek’d in his death-deafened ear—
‘ Remember injured Bothwellhaugh !’

“ Then speed thee, noble Chatelherault !
Spread to the wind thy banner’d tree !
Each warrior bend his Clydesdale bow !—
Moray is fallen, and Scotland free.”

Vaults every warrior to his steed ;
Loud bugles join their wild acclaim—
“ Moray is fallen, and Scotland freed !
Couch, Arran ! couch thy spear of flame !”

There are many poetical licences in these stanzas, especially in those which Bothwellhaugh is supposed to address to the Duke of Chatelherault, when he appears breathless and exulting in his revenge at the hunting feast in the forest of Cadzow, after riding thither all the way from Linlithgow. He neither saw Moray “roll in the dust,” nor heard “groan his felon soul,” for he remained not a single moment after he fired his carbine with well directed aim, and he could not have been certain that the Regent was mortally wounded. Margaret is mentioned as the name of Bothwellhaugh’s lady, but other authorities state that her name was Isabella. It has also been contended that the

name of Hamilton himself was *David* and not *James*, but David Hamilton of Monkton Mains was his next brother, who was at the battle of Langside, and afterwards forfeited. Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, who died before 1594, left two daughters—the elder, who succeeded him, named Alison, sold the estate to her uncle David Hamilton of Monkton Mains already mentioned, who was cautioner in a bond of provision, 6th January 1594, for his niece, then married to Gavin Hamilton, minister of Hamilton, afterwards Bishop of Galloway. The younger daughter, Christian, married David Fullarton of that ilk.

The sentiments supposed to be expressed by Hamilton in the narrative he gives to his chief respecting the Regent Moray, are those which we may presume were cherished by the Hamiltons and their friends against one whom they considered their enemy and oppressor. The Regent, notwithstanding all his faults, intrigues, and cunning schemes to advance his own interest and to obtain supreme power, was truly a great man; he was a distinguished patron of learning and learned men, and he did much to promote the spread of knowledge in Scotland. If, as Sir Walter Scott elsewhere observes, his illegitimate birth had not intervened, he would have ranked among the greatest and the best of princes who have filled the Scottish throne. The chief blots in his character are his base and unmanly ingratitude to Queen Mary, his servility to Elizabeth, which induced him to enter into many treasonable connections, and his unbounded ambition. His friendship also was as dangerous as his hatred was implacable, and though at first of a forgiving and clement disposition, towards the close of his life he became arbitrary and severe. Yet with all these and other dark traits in his history, his virtues, as Archbishop Spottiswoode remarks, were “not a few,” and he certainly was one of the most distinguished men of his age. By his Countess, Lady Anne Keith, daughter of

the Earl Marischal, he left two daughters, Lady Elizabeth, married to James Stuart, son of Lord Doune, from whom the present Earl of Moray is descended, and Lady Margaret, married to the Earl of Erroll. It may be added, that the large mansion called Moray House in the Canongate of Edinburgh, generally pointed out as his town residence, was not built till some years after the commencement of the seventeenth century, in the reign of James I. or Charles I. The house supposed to have been inhabited by the Regent when in Edinburgh is an old fabric on the west side of the lane called Croft-an-righ, which leads from the park behind the Chapel-Royal and Palace of Holyrood-house to the suburb called the Abbey Hill—at least it is certain the Regent received this old mansion as a present from his sister Queen Mary. This house, which is now possessed by a respectable citizen of Edinburgh as a residence, has all the appearance, both externally and internally, of having seen very different days. Within its walls Queen Mary often visited her brother the future Regent, little suspecting his ambitious designs; the dark and crafty Morton has here discussed his deep-laid schemes with its celebrated occupant and others who figure in the history of that period; and here have Knox and the Protestant preachers been often entertained, and their discourses listened to by Moray with the most flattering attention.

When the news of the Regent's murder reached Mary in her dreary prison, the tenderness of her nature overcame her, and she wept at the fate of a brother whom she loved, though he had long acted as her enemy, and to a certain extent usurped her throne. According to her belief he was a heretic, and she shed tears of sorrow that he had died, as she thought, impenitent, unconfessed, and unforgiven. "Would that he had not died," she exclaimed in anguish, "till he had repented of his crimes towards his God, his country, and me!"

SIEGE OF THE CASTLE OF ABERCORN.*

A.D. 1454-5.

THE beautiful parish of Abercorn, lying on the south bank of the Forth, above the Queensferry, and distinguished for the magnificent mansion called Hopetoun House, the residence of the Earls of Hopetoun, and for the rich and varied scenery of woods, plantations, and fertile fields, once contained several establishments, scarcely a wreck of which remain at the present day. If the reader is inclined to enjoy a summer-day's ramble in this parish, the centre of which is only about twelve miles from Edinburgh and about six from Linlithgow, he will look in vain for those sites and localities which are distinguished in Scottish history as the scenes of remarkable events. Here, according to some historians, the wall built by the Romans in the time of Antoninus between the Friths of Forth and Clyde, often designated the *Wall of Abercorn*, terminated, though it is more probable that Blackness Castle, a little farther up the Forth, is the proper extremity or point to which it extended. Here there was a monastery, one of the most ancient in Scotland, of which no record remains, and no memorial except the designations of several places in the parish, such as *Priest Inch*, *St Serf's Law*, *Priest's Folly*, and other names of ecclesiastical origin. And here was a strong castle, one of the most tenable fortresses which belonged to the powerful House of Douglas.

The Castle of Abercorn was situated on a point to the north-east of the present parish church, and must have

* Hume of Godscroft's History of the House of Douglas and Angus; Pinkerton's History of Scotland; Anderson's History of the House of Hamilton; Statistical Account of Scotland.

been of difficult access on all sides except the east. It probably occupied the site of one of the Roman stations or forts which occurred at equal distances between the Wall of Antoninus and Cramond, the port which the Romans chiefly frequented in the Frith of Forth, to preserve the communication, and to prevent the inroads of the Caledonians from the opposite shore. But whatever may have been its origin, it was a fortress of great strength in the reign of James II., when in 1454 it was besieged by that prince—its proprietor, the Earl of Douglas, being then in rebellion, and a war was raging in Scotland between the King and that nobleman. The rebellion of Douglas seemed in reality to endanger the stability of the Scottish throne, which was fomented by the English to prevent the interference of James in the affairs of England. But there were other causes in the hostility of Douglas, such as the deep enmity excited by the destruction of two chiefs of that House during the reign of James, and by other injuries and mortifications; to which may be added the conviction that no monarch would sincerely pardon a family who despised the laws and invaded the throne.

James discovered the treasonable correspondence carried on by Douglas in England, and sent a herald to summon him to appear either before the Privy Council or the Parliament. Instead of showing obedience, or even alarm, the Earl sent secret messengers to affix during the night placards upon the doors of the religious edifices in Edinburgh, charging the King with the murder of two chiefs of the House of Douglas, and containing many exulting expressions. The King instantly levied a number of troops, and ravaged some of the possessions of the Earl of Douglas. It was the season of harvest, and James felt reluctant to destroy the growing crops. He therefore returned, and dismissing a part of his followers, he ordered the others to besiege the Castle of Abercorn.

The King's sudden attack on his domains had induced Douglas to retire to the Borders, whence he sent Lord Hamilton, his intimate friend, whose lands in Avondale and Clydesdale had been also ravaged, to England for assistance against James. A sum of money was obtained, but no men, as Henry VI. would not grant a subsidy of troops unless Douglas renounced his allegiance to the Scottish King, which the Earl positively refused. Lord Hamilton also obtained some pecuniary assistance, by which he was enabled to equip a body of three hundred horse and as many foot soldiers. It was now resolved by Douglas and his supporters to take the field against the King, and hazard a battle. The armed force which the potent Earl could summon was estimated at forty thousand men, most of whom, from their situation near the Borders, were inured to all the hardships of war, and were justly considered superior, from their constant exercise in fighting, to any other soldiers in Scotland.

The Castle of Abercorn was besieged by the Earls of Orkney and Angus at the head of six thousand men. Douglas, concluding that the King was conducting the siege in person, summoned all his forces to meet him at his town or village of Douglas with provisions for twenty days, to march to Abercorn and rescue the castle, or give the King battle. Alarmed at this threatening aspect of affairs, and distrusting the south of Scotland, which was solely under the influence of the Earl, the King embarked in a vessel for St Andrews, where he landed in such perplexity and despair as to entertain serious thoughts of leaving the kingdom. The distinguished James Kennedy, nephew of Robert III. was then bishop of the see, and the King betook himself to that virtuous and illustrious prelate for advice, disclosing to him the hostile proceedings of Douglas, and desiring his counsel. The interview, as given by Lindsay of Pitscottie, is characteristic. "Sir," said the Bishop,

“ I beseech your Majesty to take a little food to refresh you, while I pass to my oratory, and pray to God for you and the commonwealth of this realm.” The prelate accordingly proceeded to his oratory, where he continued a short time in devotional exercises, while the King was partaking of his repast. When the Bishop returned, he took the King by the hand and led him into the oratory, exhorting him to earnest prayer that he might be enabled to triumph over the insurgents. James performed his devotions, but the offices of religion failed to inspire him with confidence and hope. The Bishop then had recourse to an expedient, and took the King into a private apartment where several bows and arrows were lying among some valuable articles. Pulling out a number of the arrows, he bound them closely together with thongs, and desired the King to attempt to break them over his knee. James answered it was impossible, on account of there being so many of them, and so firmly tied by the leather. “ True,” replied the Bishop, “ but I will let your Grace see that I can break them.” He pulled them out, sometimes one, and sometimes two, and in this manner he broke them all. “ Sir,” said the Bishop, “ you must even so do with your barons who have risen against you, who are so numerous and so closely confederated together, that you cannot break them in a body. It is no use to oppose them all at once, but take and deal with each individually, as I have shown you in the simile of the arrows. Farther, issue a proclamation to all persons who have offended against the law, granting them free pardons if they promise to be peaceable in future, and come to the assistance of your Majesty on the present urgent occasion. By so doing you will succeed much better than you anticipate.”

James took courage at this prudent advice, and acted according to the directions of Bishop Kennedy. He erected his standard at St Andrews, and ordered all his faithful

subjects north of the Forth to meet him at Stirling on a stated day. Proceeding thither, accompanied by Bishop Kennedy, and the nobility and gentlemen of Fife, Angus, and Strathearn, he soon found himself at the head of thirty thousand men, and remaining at Stirling till the more northern chiefs and their followers arrived, he was joined by ten thousand more. This immense array immediately marched against Douglas, whose army, including Lord Hamilton's six hundred cavalry and foot soldiers, was not inferior in number, had encamped on the south side of the Carron, on the march to relieve the Castle of Abercorn.

A battle, which would decide whether James II. or the Earl of Douglas was to have the dominion of the kingdom, seemed inevitable. It was at this crisis that the Bishop of St Andrews, anxious to prevent the effusion of blood which would ensue, sent privately to Lord Hamilton who was his nephew, assuring that nobleman not only of pardon, but of high reward and favour, if he would withdraw from supporting the Earl of Douglas, and assist the King. The offers were tempting after what had passed, and, considering the peculiar situation in which he was placed, were more than Lord Hamilton could reasonably expect. He returned rather a favourable answer, but being determined to act honourably towards the Earl, he repaired to him, and represented that he would never have a more favourable opportunity to fight the King to advantage, as it was not likely he would ever again be at the head of such a numerous and well appointed force ; adding, that his Lordship would find it extremely difficult to keep his numerous forces much longer together. A haughty or impatient answer of Douglas decided Hamilton, who was told by the proud Earl that if he was afraid or tired he might begone. While they were speaking a herald advanced from the King's army, and ordered them to disperse with their followers under pain of treason. Douglas treated the herald with

derision, drowning his voice by the clamour of horns and trumpets, and immediately put his forces in marching array against the royal army. But when his troops discovered the strength and good order of the latter, Douglas saw by their dejected countenances that it would be madness to hazard a battle, and he conducted them back to the camp in the hope that he would be able to revive their courage, and lead them to battle in the morning. Meanwhile the reply of Douglas had greatly irritated Lord Hamilton, who seeing the folly of hazarding his own ruin, convened his friends and followers, and passed over to the royal camp, where they were received by the King with open arms. It was considered necessary, however, that Hamilton should not immediately appear as a deserter from the standard of his former friend, and he was sent to Roslin Castle for a few days. His defection from Douglas was imitated to an astonishing extent, for out of all the host which the Earl had collected, and which he then commanded, there remained on the following morning attached to him only two hundred horsemen, and these were his own relations and immediate dependants. In this reduced condition the Earl hastily retired to the Borders, where he lurked with his brothers till the ensuing spring.

The siege of the Castle of Abercorn had been raised by the King, who withdrew the six thousand men before it under the Earls of Orkney and Angus, to strengthen his army in the expectation of a battle with Douglas, and had not been continued during the winter. As soon as the season of 1455 permitted, James recommenced the siege, and his forces encamped before it during Easter week. The place was either so strong, or the art of attack was so imperfectly known, that the siege occupied four weeks. While thus employed before the Castle of Abercorn, where the King was in person, Douglas, who had collected a number of his vassals, outlaws, and Border marauders, com-

menced depredations on the property of those who adhered to the loyal party. He was met by a body of troops under the Earl of Angus and Lord Hamilton at Ardkinholm, near the junction of the River Esk with the Ewes, in the parish of Langholm, and defeated with great slaughter. His brother the Earl of Moray was killed, and his head sent to James at Abercorn. Two other brothers of Douglas, the Earl of Ormond and Lord Balveny, were taken prisoners, but the latter contrived to escape into England. Ormond was condemned and executed. Thus fell the enormous power of the House of Douglas, which, in the opinion of an historian, "had arisen from patriotic heroism, and was conducted to perdition by aristocratic tyranny, and the most ungrateful rebellion."

Few particulars are preserved of what took place at the siege of the Castle of Abercorn in 1455. Its massive towers were shaken, and at length the fortress was taken by a general assault in the month of May that year. The chief defenders were hanged, their inferiors were dismissed, and the fortress itself was dismantled and reduced to ruin. It was never repaired, and its materials were subsequently carried away to build houses, walls, and dikes, till every vestige of it disappeared, and its existence is now a matter of history. James proceeded against other castles belonging to Douglas and his friends, and returned to Edinburgh to meet his Parliament held in the month of June, in which the forfeiture of the Earl, his mother Beatrix, and his brothers, was solemnly decreed.

Impressed with the value of the great service rendered by Lord Hamilton at Carron, James II. continued to treat that nobleman and his family with the greatest distinction. He even resolved to give him his daughter the Princess Mary in marriage, but his untimely death at Roxburgh Castle prevented the fulfilment of his intentions, and the Princess was united to Thomas Boyd, son of Lord Boyd,

created Earl of Arran, who acted as Regent after the King's death. The Princess, however, became the second wife of Lord Hamilton in 1474. The issue of this marriage were James, second Lord Hamilton, and first Earl of Arran of that family and the Lady Elizabeth, married to Matthew Stuart, Earl of Lennox.

BATTLE OF PINKIE.*

A.D. 1547.

THE parish of Inveresk near Edinburgh, which contains the town of Musselburgh, one of the most agreeable little burghs in Scotland, as it is one of the most healthy and pleasant, contains among other objects of interest the field of the battle of Pinkie, in which the Scots sustained a defeat almost as severe as that of Flodden. It is curious to contrast the state of several localities in Scotland in former times with the present. When the battle of Pinkie was fought, the rising grounds on which the villas and groves of Inveresk display their ornamental luxuriance, exhibited only two shepherds' huts; little of the fine quadrangular manor called Pinkie House, formerly the seat of the Seton family, and now of the Hopes, Baronets, of Craighall, was then erected, and it was the only building of importance in the neighbourhood even when Oliver Cromwell quartered his infantry on Musselburgh Links in 1650. The stranger who explores Inveresk and its neighbourhood, and then is fortunate to have a view of the House and grounds of Pinkie, or the in-

* Patten's Account of the Duke of Somerset's Expedition; Tytler's History of Scotland; Lindsay's (of Pitscottie) History; Sir James Balfour's Annals; Anderson's History of the House of Hamilton; Hume's (of Godscroft) History of the House of Angus and of Douglas; Chambers' Picture of Scotland; Statistical Account of Scotland.

dividual who is familiar with all the surrounding scenes, will not fail to experience the force of the following observations in Mr Robert Chambers' Picture of Scotland :—" Altogether, Pinkie House is perhaps one of the most interesting objects of its kind in Mid-Lothian. The house with its fine old Gothic architecture—the curious beauty of the fountain in front—the rich groves around, through which the Scottish muse has sent her ancient voice—and the neighbouring field, where our brave ancestors fought so vainly against the overpowering force of England, combine to render this a spot of no ordinary attraction to the sentimental traveller. There are scenes in Scotland of more romantic and bewildering beauty, and even some invested with a higher charm of historical association ; yet when we see the setting sun gilding the groves and turrets of Pinkie, and hear the distant murmurs of the bay, mingled with the soft evening hum of the town, and think of all the circumstances of mighty import and exciting interest which have befallen on this spot and its neighbourhood, we must confess that we are disposed to yield that preference to very few. *By Pinkie House oft let me walk*, was the prayer of an old and true poet, and we heartily echo the sentiment."

But there were other objects of importance at Musselburgh at the time the battle of Pinkie was fought, some of which are now swept away, and others still remain as venerable memorials of former times. At the east end of Musselburgh, but without the boundary of the town, stood a building of great antiquity belonging to the Abbey of Dunfermline, the head of which was the lord of the regality, called the Chapel of Loretto, dedicated to *our Lady of Loretto*, and this religious establishment was the cause of considerable prosperity to the burgh on account of the wonderful cures pretended to be wrought at its shrine. It was in consequence the resort of all classes of the community for religious and not unfrequently for licentious pur-

poses. Loretto was involved in the common calamity of the town when burnt by the English in 1544, and after the battle of Pinkie. There is no description extant of the architectural appearance and extent of this establishment, or the number of persons connected with it. The materials of its ruined chapel, for the Reformation prevented its complete repair or restoration, were the first belonging to any sacred edifice which after that period were applied to secular purposes, and these were used in the erection of the present jail about the year 1590. The old steps of the stair leading to the jail and the town-hall were the bases of the pillars of the Chapel. For this *daring act* of alleged sacrilege it is said that the inhabitants of Musselburgh were annually excommunicated at Rome until the end of the eighteenth century—a work of supererogation on the part of His Holiness, as it neither excited their fears, nor prevented the prosperity of the place. The site of the old religious establishment of Loretto is now occupied by an extensive and elegant modern mansion called Loretto House, behind which are delightful gardens and extensive grounds, adorned with fine gigantic old trees, of various kinds, some of which were probably planted by the ecclesiastical proprietors before the battle of Pinkie. The only memorial of the ancient establishment is a small cell measuring about twelve feet by ten, covered by a kind of circular mound, surmounted by several venerable elms, which add to the pleasing appearance of the grounds, at the principal entrance to the modern large villa of Loretto.

The house in which Randolph Earl of Moray, the nephew of King Robert Bruce, died in 1332, stood upon the south side of the principal street of Musselburgh, at the eastern extremity, near the enclosure of Pinkie House, and opposite one of the private entrances to the gardens and grounds of Loretto. It has now disappeared, and the site is occupied by a Mason Lodge. It was a vaulted house of two rooms on the

ground floor; the rooms were about fourteen feet square, and the arch eight feet high, with an arched passage between them, each apartment containing two windows looking to the street. This house escaped the conflagration of Musselburgh by the English after the battle of Pinkie, and was probably the best house in the town in Earl Randolph's time. It is traditionally stated that the inhabitants formed a guard round the house during the illness of that great man, and their conduct was so much appreciated by his cousin Donald Earl of Mar, also a nephew of King Robert, who succeeded him as Regent, that he granted to the inhabitants or obtained for them their first charter.

But the most interesting object of the olden time is the old bridge over the Esk at Musselburgh, of unknown antiquity, and supposed by some to be a work of the Romans, as they had several houses in Fisherrow, where was their harbour for shipping, and the present church-yard of Inveresk to which it leads was one of their fortified stations. Over this same bridge the Scottish army passed to the battle of Pinkie; and over this bridge passed in more recent times the Highland army under the adventurous Prince Charles Stuart to the battle of Prestonpans, from which they returned by it in triumph to the neighbouring metropolis. The bridge is completely out of the reach of the tide, as it probably ever was, but the circumstance that several soldiers were killed upon it when passing to the field of Pinkie by shot from the English vessels, proves that a considerable change has taken place, and that the sea has receded, for no vessel even of an ordinary size could now approach near enough the mouth of the Esk to injure any person on this old bridge by a cannon shot. Like other bridges of former times it is very narrow, high in the centre, and seems to have been defended by a gate, of which some traces still remain in the side walls.

Such are the localities of the celebrated battle of Pinkie.

fought on the 10th day of September 1547, long known in Scotland as the *Black Saturday*. Henry VIII. died in 1546, and his death was followed soon after by that of his great contemporary and rival Francis I., but these events did not materially alter the policy either of England or of France. Edward VI. succeeded his father when in his ninth year, and his uncle the Duke of Somerset assumed the protectorate, which, also brought no change of policy in dealing with Scotland. It is said that Henry VIII., when on his death-bed, earnestly recommended the war with that country, and Somerset soon evinced, by one of the very first acts of his government, that he was determined to carry this injunction into effect. He determined to lead an army into the kingdom, addressing a letter at the same time to the principal nobility, reminding them of the league by which they had bound themselves to assist the deceased King of England in the accomplishment of his designs, and calling upon them to fulfil their promises.

The Earl of Arran, afterwards known as the Duke of Chatelherault, was governor of the kingdom, and he exerted himself to create a vigorous union against the English. He had been formerly in the English interest, and was a party to the matrimonial contract projected by Henry VIII. between his son, now Edward VI., and Queen Mary; but he had been induced by Cardinal Beaton to withdraw from the party favouring that union, though, to conciliate those noblemen in that interest, he was obliged to renounce a contract for the marriage of the young Queen to his own son. In general indolent and of unsettled principles, Arran on the present occasion evinced the utmost activity. "Suspicious," as a recent historian observes, "from the experience of the former reign, that other designs than a simple matrimonial alliance were contemplated by England, and aware of the preparations for invading the kingdom, he laboured to attach the chief nobility to his service.

to strengthen the Border defences, and to train the people by weapon-shawings, or armed musters, which had been of late much disused, to greater skill in military exercises. He encouraged the equipment of privateers and armed merchantmen, as the only substitute for a national fleet; and he anxiously endeavoured to compose those sanguinary feuds among some of the principal barons which had of late years greatly increased, and even in the midst of peace exposed the state to all the horrors of war."

The well known intrigues of many of the influential nobility and gentlemen with the English government placed Arran in a difficult situation, and to defeat their schemes and machinations required a resolution and talent which he did not possess. Nevertheless, in the midst of his embarrassment and political irresolution, he was active in his military preparations. In the summer of 1547 he established a line of beacons upon the hills near and on the coast of the German Ocean, and the Frith of Forth from St Abb's Head to Linlithgow; mounted sentinels were stationed to convey intelligence of any hostile appearance, and all persons were strictly prohibited to leave their residences or remove their goods, as it was resolved to defend the kingdom at every hazard.

The Duke of Somerset, formerly Earl of Hertford, and noted for his expedition into Scotland in 1544, arrived with his army at Newcastle on the 27th of August, and at the same time a fleet of thirty-four ships of war and thirty-one transports anchored near the mouth of the Tyne, commanded by Lord Clinton; the second in command was Sir William Woodhouse. The English army consisted in all of fourteen thousand two hundred men, and fifteen pieces of artillery. Of this number four thousand were men-at-arms, two thousand were light horse, and two hundred were mounted Spanish carabineers; the remaining eight thousand were footmen and pioneers. The whole force

was arranged in three divisions or *battles*. The main force was commanded by the Protector Somerset in person; the van by the Earl of Warwick, and the rear by Lord Dacres. Each division or battle was strengthened by wings of horse and some pieces of artillery, each piece having its guard of pioneers to clear the way. Lord Grey of Wilton, who acted as high marshal of the army, commanded the cavalry; Sir Francis Bryan was captain of the light horsemen; Sir Ralph Vane was captain of the men-at-arms and demi-lances. The other commanders were Sir Thomas Darcy, Sir Richard Lee, Sir Peter Mewtas, Sir Francis Fleming, and Don Pedro de Gamboa, who led the mounted Spanish carabineers. Sir Ralph Sadler was treasurer of the army, Sir James Wilford was provost-marshal, and Sir George Blaag and Sir Thomas Holcroft were commissioners of the musters.

To meet and repel this formidable and well-arranged force, commanded by noblemen and knights of great bravery and military experience, Arran resorted to an expedient seldom used except in cases of extreme necessity. The fiery cross was sent throughout the country. "This is a cross," observes Patten, an officer in the expedition, who wrote an account of it, "as I have heard some say, of two brands' ends, carried across upon a spear's point, with proclamation of the time and place when and whither they shall come, and with how much provisions. Others say it is a cross painted all red, and set for certain days in the barony, the people of which are summoned, that if all between sixteen and sixty come not with their provisions at the time and place then appointed, the land is forfeited, and the persons held to be traitors and rebels." In the more expressive language of Mr Tytler, the fiery cross was "a warlike symbol, of Celtic origin, constructed of two slender rods of iron, formed into the shape of a cross, the extremities scared in the fire, and extinguished when red

and blazing in the blood of a goat slain for the occasion. From this slight description it is evident that the custom may be traced back to Pagan times, and it is certain that throughout the Highland districts of the country its summons, wherever it was carried, was regarded with awe and obeyed without hesitation. Previous to this we do not hear of its having been adopted in the Lowlands; but on the present emergency, being fastened to the point of a spear, it was transmitted by the heralds and pursuivants throughout every part of the realm. From town to town, from village to village, from hamlet to hamlet, the ensanguined symbol flew with astonishing rapidity, and such was the effect, that in a wonderfully short period of time an army of thirty-six thousand men assembled near Musselburgh. This immense array encamped on the large field on the west side of the Esk called Edmonstone Edge."

A considerable number of Highlanders and Islanders were present, many of them under the command of the Earl of Argyle, yet not a few of the Western clans failed to obey the summons of Arran. Of these the most prominent were the tribes of Clanranald and others concerned in the slaughter of Lord Lovat and the Frasers in 1544, who, being considered as outlaws, would not venture to trust themselves out of their fastnesses. The MacLeods of Lewis were also absent, but indeed it is surprising that any of the men of the Isles appeared at all to be commanded by leaders so obnoxious to them as were the Earls of Argyle and Huntly.

The Duke of Somerset entered Scotland on the 2d of September, and advanced without opposition along the coast in sight of the English fleet, until he arrived at the ravine over which the Pease Bridge is thrown. Having employed the greater part of a day in conducting his army and conveying his artillery through this rugged pass, the Protector made himself master of the baronial fortalices of

Dunglass, Thornton, and Innerwick, in the neighbourhood. Leaving Dunbar on his right, he pushed forward to Linton, where his army crossed the Tyne by the narrow bridge still remaining, while his cavalry forded the river with the carriages. Here some show of resistance was offered by a noted Border marauder named Dandy Carr at the head of a body of light horse, but he was soon put to flight by a small detachment of the Earl of Warwick's division. An ineffectual cannonade was opened upon the invaders from Hailes Castle, and on the 7th of September they encamped at Long Niddry for the night.

While here the Protector communicated by signal with his fleet, which then lay in the roadstead of Leith, and Lord Clinton came on shore. After a conference it was agreed that the larger ships should cast anchor in Musselburgh Bay, and that the transports should beat in as near as possible to the shore. The English commanders were well aware that the Scottish army lay encamped near Musselburgh, and during the march of the following day, small parties of their light cavalry were seen galloping backwards and forwards on the eminences overhanging their line of march. On the 8th of September the Duke of Somerset halted for the night, and encamped near the town of Salt Preston, now called Prestonpans, occupying ground which two hundred years afterwards was to be the scene of a contest, and an expedition of a different description. On the right of Somerset expanded the fine bay of the Frith of Forth, which sweeps round from Musselburgh to North Berwick; on his left were the rising grounds where the large and irregular built village of Tranent is situated; and not far distant the hill of Fawside. The Scottish cavalry appeared early next morning on those elevated ridges, and approached the vanguard of the English, shaking their lances, and attempting to provoke a contest. This body of cavalry consisted of fifteen thousand men commanded by

Lord Home, and near them five hundred foot lay in ambush. Somerset suspected, from their eagerness for action, that they were secretly supported, and ordered his soldiers to preserve their ranks, but Lord Grey of Wilton obtained leave to try the effect of a charge with his demi-lances and a thousand men-at-arms, at the head of whom he attacked the Scots at full speed. They firmly received his onset, but the weight of their men-at-arms was too great for the slight formed though hardy steeds of the Borders, and after a conflict of three hours duration the Scottish cavalry were broken, and thirteen hundred men were slain within sight of the Scottish camp. Lord Home was severely wounded, and his son was taken prisoner. The pursuit continued for three miles from Fawside Hill to the right wing of the Scottish army.

The English army now moved onwards, and encamped on the grounds of Drummore at the east end of Musselburgh Links, and at Wallyford. Accompanied by a small party, Somerset descended from Fawside Hill, by a lane which led directly north to the parish church of Inveresk, to examine the position occupied by the Scots, who were still encamped on Edmonstone Edge on the Fisherrow side of the Esk. He saw that the ground on which they lay was admirably chosen for strength and security. A morass defended them on the right, stretching to the south, on the north was the Frith of Forth, and in front, looking eastward, the river Esk separated them from the English camp. On the old and then the only bridge at Musselburgh, they had placed some ordnance, probably the cannons called *Crook Mow* and *Deaf Meg*, mentioned by Lindsay of Pit-scottie. Yet Somerset perceived that the Scottish camp was partially commanded by the hill of Inveresk, and by the higher parts of the lane which led from Fawside Hill. He immediately resolved to occupy these positions with cannon, by means of which he expected to dislodge the

Scots from their advantageous ground, and with this intention he rode back to his camp.

“ On the road,” says Mr Tytler, from whose account and that of Patten this narrative is chiefly abridged, “ he was overtaken by a Scottish herald with his tabard on, accompanied by a trumpeter, who brought a message from the Governor. The herald said his first errand was for an exchange of prisoners ; his second, to declare that his master, eager to avoid the effusion of Christian blood, was willing to allow him to retreat without molestation, and upon honourable conditions. The trumpeter next addressed the Duke, informing him that, in case such terms were not accepted; his master, the Earl of Huntly, willing to bring the quarrel to a speedy conclusion, was ready to encounter him twenty to twenty, ten to ten, or, if he would so far honour him, man to man. To these messages Somerset made a brief and temperate reply—‘ And as for thy master,’ said he, addressing the trumpeter, ‘ he lacketh some discretion to send his challenge to one who, by reason of the weighty charge he bears—no less the government of the King’s person and the protection of his realm—hath no power to accept it ; whilst there are yet many noble gentlemen here, his equals in rank, to whom he might have addressed his cartel without fear of a refusal.’ At this moment the Earl of Warwick broke eagerly in, telling the messenger that he would not only accept the challenge, but would give him a hundred crowns if he brought back his master’s consent. ‘ Nay,’ observed Somerset, ‘ the Earl of Huntly is not equal in rank to your Lordship ; but, herald, tell the Governor and the Earl of Huntly also, that we have now spent some time in your country ; our force is but a small company, yours far exceeds us ; yet bring me word they will meet us in a plain field, and thou shalt have a thousand crowns for thy pains, and thy masters fighting enough.’ ”

During this conversation the Scots are accused, in violation of the usages of war, when messages are carried between hostile armies by heralds and trumpeters, of firing some shots at the English, though without doing any injury. On the following day, observes Patten ironically, they "had their guns taken from them every one, and put into the hands of those who could use them to better purpose." The same authority, however, doubts if Arran actually sent the above message, or, if he did, it was only as a pretence for the punishment he intended to inflict on the English after the anticipated victory, of which he was so confident, that during the evening preceding the battle he and the Scottish leaders amused themselves with playing at dice for the disposal and ransoms of the prisoners. The Earl of Huntly afterwards denied that he sent any challenge to combat, and declared that the whole affair was devised by a gentleman named George Douglas in his name. This was confirmed by a prisoner, who swore *by the mass* that it was likely enough, for he knew Douglas well, and he was a person noted for occasioning quarrels and stirring up strife.

Somerset, having dismissed the Earl and his companion, pursued his way to his camp, where he held a consultation with his officers. The truth is, he was most anxious to come to an engagement, for his provisions were becoming scarce, and if the Scots had been aware of this fact the result of the battle might have been very different. The Duke resolved to make a final effort to avert hostilities, and addressed a letter to Arran, in which he declared his readiness to retreat from the kingdom on the single condition that the Scots would keep their young Queen in their own country, uncontrolled by any French influence, until she had reached a marriageable age, and able herself to decide whether she would adhere to the matrimonial treaty with England. The Governor unfortunately inter-

preted this moderate and equitable proposal as resulting rather from a dread on the part of Somerset, that he could no longer support his army in a hostile country, than from any desire to secure peace. In this opinion he was confirmed by the sentiments of his illegitimate brother, Archbishop Hamilton of St Andrews, and they agreed to suppress the real communication, and instead of it they propagated a report that an insulting message had been received from the English, demanding the Scots to deliver up their queen, and entrust themselves unconditionally to the mercy of the invaders.

On the evening of the 9th of September, marked, observes Patten, in the calendar with the name of St Gorgon, no famous saint certainly, either so obscure that no man knows him, or so ancient that every man forgets him, Somerset ordered a part of his ordnance to be placed on the following morning in Crookston Loan, a lane near the end of the old bridge of Musselburgh on the east side of the Esk, and a part to be placed on the rising ground in the neighbourhood of Inveresk church. The English fleet had sailed from Leith, and was now at anchor in Musselburgh Bay. On the morning of the 10th, the Duke broke up his camp, and gave orders to advance towards the hill of Inveresk, where he intended to encamp, as that eminence commanded the position of the Scots. This movement of the English was perceived by the Earl of Arran, who absurdly supposed that Somerset had actually commenced to retreat towards his fleet lying in the Bay, with the design of embarking his army. He instantly resolved, in defiance of the advice of his most experienced officers, who urged him to maintain his strong position till the designs of the English became more apparent, to anticipate the Protector in his supposed retreat, and gave orders for the whole army to pass the Esk. The Earl of Angus, who led the van, at first positively refused to obey, deeming it madness to

throw away their advantage; and it was not till Arran charged him on pain of treason to pass forward, that he forded the river, and was followed by the Governor himself, who led the main battle—the Earl of Huntly bringing up the rear.

It was while crossing the bridge that the English galleys are said to have opened a galling fire on the Scots, and the Master of Graham, eldest son of the first Earl of Montrose, and some others who were near him, were killed, while Argyle's Highlanders were thrown into confusion. But it would have been more dangerous to have attempted the passage of the Esk at any other place, as there was at that time a thick wood extending all the way to Dalkeith. After passing the church of Inveresk, the Scots were secured from any annoyance by the ground sloping down to the *How Mire*, then a morass, but now drained and cultivated, from which it rises gently to the hills of Carberry and Fawside. This gently rising ground was the field of battle, namely, the ground between the present villas of Inveresk and Wallyford, and Carberry Hill.

The Scottish army advanced in three divisions. The first, under the Earl of Angus, consisted of ten thousand men from Fife, the Mearns, Angus, and the western counties, flanked on the right by some pieces of artillery drawn by men, and on the left by four hundred light-horse. This division included also a singular band of auxiliaries, whose presence was very unnecessary on such an occasion, as many of them soon experienced to their cost. This was a large body of priests and monks, who marched under a white banner, on which was painted a female with dishevelled hair kneeling before a crucifix, and the motto—*Afflicta Ecclesiæ ne obliviscaris*, or, *Remember the afflicted Church*. The centre division, commanded by the Governor Arran, consisted of the men of Fife, Strathearn, Stirlingshire, the Lothians, and a number of the barons. On the right wing

of this division were stationed four thousand men from the Western Islands under the Earl of Argyle, while on the left were the Islanders, with MacLeod, MacGregor, and other chieftains. This great division was also defended on both flanks and in the rear by some pieces of artillery, which in the action did little execution. The Scots were greatly superior in numbers to the English, but they were far inferior in real military strength.

Somerset commenced his march to take possession of the hill of Inveresk, and before he was half way he perceived that the Scots had anticipated him, and were advancing towards the English. He viewed with surprise and pleasure their abandonment of their position, and their passage of the river. The Earl of Warwick happened to be riding with him, and after mutual congratulations they took leave of each other, and proceeded to their respective charges—Warwick to the van, and Somerset to the main division, which contained the royal standard. The artillery were ordered forward, and the most active preparations were made to receive the Scots. Warwick arranged his division on the side of Inveresk Hill; Somerset formed his line partly on the hill, his extreme right reaching the plain; the rear, commanded by Lord Dacre, was drawn up on the plain, the mounted carabineers and men-at-arms, under Lord Grey, were stationed at some distance on the extreme left. Grey's orders were to take the Scots in flank, but he was strictly charged not to make any attack till the foot of the van were engaged, and the division, commanded by Somerset, near at hand to support him.

As the great object of the Scots was to throw themselves between the English and their fleet, the wing of their rear, which moved nearest to the Frith, was exposed to the fire of the English galleys, which did considerable execution, and threw Argyle's Highlanders into confusion. This caused the army, which had considerably advanced, to de-

cline to the southward, and take a direct line towards the west of Fawside Hill, intending to take possession of that side of the hill, and attack the English from the higher ground. When Somerset perceived this movement, he ordered Lord Grey with his veteran band of men-at-arms called *Bulleners*, from their having composed the garrison of Boulogne, and other troops, Sir Ralph Vane and Sir Thomas Darcy, with their men-at-arms, and Lord Fitzwalter, with his demi-lances, to the number of 1000 horse and 1600 foot, to charge the right wing of the Scots, and if unable to break it, to keep it in check till their van advanced farther on the hill, which with the centre and the rear would form a full front against the enemy. This manœuvre, which was bold and hazardous, was executed by Lord Grey with great gallantry. The Scottish infantry advanced with such rapidity, that many of the English at first thought them cavalry. Lord Grey waited a short time, till the Earl of Warwick was very near the Scots, when he commanded the trumpets to sound, and charged down Fawside Hill at full gallop against the right wing of the division under the Earl of Angus. The Scots received the charge of the English cavalry with great bravery, and the superiority of their infantry over mounted troops was soon apparent on this occasion. They were armed with spears eighteen feet in length, far exceeding the lances of the men-at-arms, and Angus ordered them to close together in such a manner as to resemble a “gigantic hedgehog covered with an impenetrable skin of steel bristles.” The manœuvre was executed on the same principle as the forming of squares in modern military tactics, and if such a body stood firm no cavalry could have made any impression upon them. It was near the present farm-house of Barbauchlay where this was done, and a broad muddy ditch intervened between the English and the Scots, which was with great difficulty cleared by the horses of the former. Yet Lord Grey, no-

thing discouraged by these obstacles, struggled through, and with his front companies charged upon the left of the Scots. In a short time upwards of two hundred of the English were slain, the horses being stabbed in the belly with the long spears, and their riders despatched by the short doubled-edged daggers carried by the Scots at their girdles. Several of the veteran officers of the Boulogners fell, the English standard was saved, but the staff was left in the hands of the Scots. Lord Grey was dangerously wounded in the mouth and neck; and horses, rendered furious by their wounds, carried disorder into the English companies, which were now thrown into such confusion, that Lord Grey had the greatest difficulty in extricating them and retreating up the hill.

If Angus had been properly supported at this crisis the English would in all probability have been discomfited, but the Scots had no men-at-arms, their cavalry had been almost cut to pieces in the skirmish of the preceding day, and the centre and the rear under Arran and Huntly were still at a considerable distance. Unable to pursue Lord Grey's retreating companies, the troops under Angus halted for a short space, not choosing to advance against the main body of the English till certain of support, and the opportunity was lost. The Earl of Warwick galloped through the wavering ranks of the advance, disengaged the men-at-arms from the infantry, and with the assistance of Sir Ralph Sadler pushed forward the company of Spanish carabineers commanded by Don Pedro Gamboa. Those troops, armed both man and horse in complete mail, galloped up to the brink of the ditch already mentioned, and discharged their pieces in the faces of the Scottish infantry. Sir Peter Mewtas seconded this attack by bringing up his foot hacbutteers; the English archers discharged a shower of well-directed arrows, and the artillery, skilfully placed on the hill, was playing upon the division under Angus. Dreading

the consequences of such a complicated attack, the Earl fell back in good order towards the main division under Arran. The Highlanders, who were dispersed over the field following their usual plundering propensities, mistook this movement for a flight, were seized with a sudden panic, and fled in all directions. Their terror was communicated to a portion of the troops composing Arran's centre, although a quarter of a mile distant from the English, and they threw away their weapons, and followed the Highlanders. A terrible scene of confusion now ensued, which was increased by Arran shouting treason, instead of rallying the fugitives.

The Earl of Warwick was coming rapidly forward, and the English centre and rear hastened at an accelerated pace. If the Scottish van under Angus had been certain of support they might have withstood this formidable attack, but they did not choose to sacrifice themselves. "The body," says Mr Tytler, "which had so lately opposed an impenetrable front to the enemy, beginning first to undulate to and fro, like a steely sea agitated by the wind, after a few moments was seen breaking into a thousand fragments, and dispersed in all directions. Every thing was now lost, the ground over which the flight lay was as thickly strewn with pikes as a floor with rushes; helmets, bucklers, swords, daggers, and steel caps, lay scattered on every side, cast away by their owners, as impeding their speed, and the chase, beginning at one o'clock, continued till six in the evening with extraordinary slaughter. The English demi-lances and men-at-arms, irritated by their late defeat, hastened after the fugitives with a speed heightened by revenge, and passing across the field of their late action, were doubly exasperated by seeing the bodies of their brave companions stripped by the Highlanders lying all naked and mangled before their eyes. Crying to one another to remember Paniershaugh, the spot where Sir Ralph Evers and his company

had in the former been cut to pieces by the Earl of Angus, they spurred at the top of their speed after the fugitives, cutting them down on all sides, and admitting none to quarter but those from whom they hoped for a heavy ransom."

The Scots fled in several directions, some to Edinburgh, some along the sea-shore to Leith, and a greater part to Dalkeith, the last with the intention of having the morass on the right of their camp between them and their pursuers. But they either failed in their object, or it was of little advantage to the fugitives. Before the chase was ended no fewer than 14,000 were slain, the Esk was red with blood, and the ground for miles was thickly covered with dead bodies. It is recorded that in the city of Edinburgh alone there were three hundred and sixty women made widows by that day's battle. Little favour was shown to the priests and their consecrated banner. At length Somerset caused a cessation of the pursuit to be sounded, and the English army mustered on the ridge of Edmonstone Edge, occupied by the Scottish tents. Here a shout was raised by the victors so loud, shrill, and piercing, that it was distinctly heard in the streets of Edinburgh, nearly five miles distant.

Among the slain were Lord Fleming, the Masters of Graham, Livingstone, Erskine, Ogilvy, Buchan, and many other persons of distinction. The Earl of Huntly, Lord Yester, the Master of Sempill, a brother of the Earl of Cassillis, the Laird of Wemyss, and a number of gentlemen, were taken prisoners. About two thousand saved their lives by lying on the ground as if they were dead, and escaped during the night maimed and hurt.

It is evident that the field of Pinkie was lost by the utter incapacity of the Governor Arran, accelerated by the unhappy plundering propensities of the Highlanders. The idea adopted by Arran, and on which he acted, that the movement of the English on the morning of the battle intimated a disposition to retreat, and to embark in their fleet,

was most fatal to the Scots, and thus the erroneous notion of one individual, in which he obstinately persisted, caused the slaughter of thousands of his countrymen. All which was necessary for Arran to do was to have remained in his camp on Edmonstone Edge, and to have acted on the defensive. He had the advantage of ground and of country, besides various places of security behind him in case of a compulsory retreat. Edinburgh, Leith, Stirling, Linlithgow, the burghs of Fife, and other towns, were all within his reach, while Somerset was in a hostile country, with the prospect of famine if the campaign was protracted. To him the hazard of a battle was every thing, to Arran it was destruction.

Patten describes the appearance of the field of Pinkie, of which he was an eye-witness, in his quaint and expressive manner, some passages of which follow, altered from his old phraseology :—" When they (the Scots) were once turned, it was wonderful to see how soon and in how sundry sorts they were scattered. The place on which they stood, like a wood of staves strewed on the ground like rushes in a chamber, unpassable, they lay so thick, for either man or beast. Sundry shifts, some shrewd, some paltry, they made in their flight. Divers of them, when aware that they were pursued only by one, would suddenly start back, and slash at the legs of the horse, or stab him in the belly, and sometimes they reached the rider also. Some others lay flat in a furrow, as though they were dead, and were passed by our men unhurt. I heard that the Earl of Angus confessed he thus couched till his horse was brought to him. Several took refuge in the river, covering their bodies in the stream, and seizing the roots of trees to keep their noses above water. Others cast away their shoes and doublets, and fled in their shirts. Not a few ran themselves to death.

" Soon after this notable showing of these footmen's





weapons, began a pitiful sight of the dead bodies lying dispersed around. Some without the legs, some houghed, and half-dead, others thrust quite through the body, others the arms cut off, divers their necks half asunder, many their heads cloven, the brains of sundry dashed out, some others their heads quite off, with a thousand kinds of killing. In the chase, all for the most part were killed either in the head or the neck, for our horsemen could not well reach them lower with their swords. And thus with blood and slaughter of the enemy, the chase continued five miles westward from the place of their standing, which was in the fallow-fields of Inveresk, until Edinburgh Park [now called the Duke's Walk, the King's Park, and the base of Arthur's Seat] and well nigh to the gates of the town itself, and unto Leith; and in breadth near four miles, from the shore of the Frith up to Dalkeith southward; in all which space the dead bodies lay as thick as cattle grazing in a full replenished pasture. The river Esk was red with blood, so that in the same chase were counted, as well by some of our men who diligently observed it, as by several of the prisoners, who greatly lamented the result, upwards of fourteen thousand slain."

According to the same observer the Scottish camp was amply furnished with provisions, all of which were seized by the victors. Wheat-bread, ale, oat-cakes, oatmeal, mutton, butter, cheese, are mentioned, and in some tents good wine. There were also found several silver dishes, goblets, and chalices, which the finders appropriated to their own use.

"It was a wonder," says Patten, "to see, but, as they say, many hands make light work, how soon the dead bodies were stripped quite naked, whereby the persons of the enemy might be easily viewed. For tallness of stature, cleanness of skin, largeness of bone, with due proportion in all parts, I noted to be such as I could not have be-

lieved it possible that so many of that sort were in all their country. Among them lay many priests and kirkmen, as they call them. At the place of the charge first given by us we found our horses slain, all gored and hewed in pieces, and our men so dreadfully gashed, and mangled in the head especially, that not one could be known by the face who he was. Little Preston was found there with both his hands cut off by the wrists, and known to be him, for he wore on each arm a bracelet of gold, for which they had so chopped him. Edward Shelly, that worthy gentleman and gallant officer, lay among them, pitifully disfigured and mangled, and discernible only by his beard."

The consecrated banner carried by the unfortunate priests was also found trampled under foot, and soiled with blood. It is said that it belonged either to the Abbot of Dunfermline or to the Bishop of Dunkeld, the brother of Arran, who were both in the battle. A little garrison in Fawside Castle kept up a random firing at the English who were within reach, but their courage subsided when they saw the result of the field. The English, by way of retaliation, set the castle on fire, and all within it were burnt.

Somerset did not follow up the great victory he gained at Pinkie. The fugitive Arran retired to Stirling, and if he had marched thither he might have made himself master of the castle, and obtained possession of the young Queen. Fortunately for the Scots, the Protector received intelligence of some plots against him in England, and he resolved to return home that he might confront his enemies. Advancing, however, from Edgebuckling Brae, where he had encamped after the battle, he quartered his cavalry in Leith, where he burnt the house of Robert Barton the celebrated naval commander, and several others; he ravaged the neighbouring country, released the Earl of Bothwell from prison, burnt Kinghorn and some fishing towns on the shore of Fife, garrisoned the then deserted

but entire monastery of Inch Colm on the island so called, spoiled the Abbey Church of Holyrood at Edinburgh, from which he tore off the leaden roof, and finally he set fire to Leith. All this he accomplished in little more than a week, as we find him commencing his retreat on the 18th of September. When the English passed over the field of battle and the ground of the pursuit on their march southwards, they found the greater part of the dead still lying unburied. A number had been interred in Inveresk churchyard, and their graves had been slightly covered with turf. Beside several of the bodies, says Patten, there was set up a “stick with a *clout*, a rag, an old shoe, or some other mark” by their friends, to distinguish them, with the intention of carrying them away for interment when the English retired from the country.

The Duke of Somerset had left little to destroy after the prodigious mischief he had done in Edinburgh, Fife, Haddington, Roxburgh, and other counties, in 1544, when he was Earl of Hertford, only three years before the battle of Pinkie. In that disastrous campaign were burnt the city of Edinburgh, with the Abbey of Holyrood and the royal Palace, the town of Leith, part of Musselburgh, and the adjoining religious establishment of Loretto already mentioned, the Abbey of Newbattle, Lauriston, Inverleith, the village of Broughton, the castle and village of Craigmillar, and Roslin Castle. Cramond, Duddingstone, Chesterhall, and many other places, were destroyed. In East Lothian the town and castle of Preston, Haddington with its monastery and nunnery, Dunbar, Tranent, Bolton, and many other towns and villages, were laid waste.

On the 10th of January 1548-9, the Privy Council ordered a fort to be built at Inveresk, and the city of Edinburgh was ordered to furnish three hundred workmen with proper tools for six days. It was intended that the fort of Inveresk should be kept by the Abbot of Dunfermline to save expense,

that ecclesiastic being the superior of the burgh, but it does not appear that the fort was ever erected.

When Somerset returned the second time to Scotland and fought the battle of Pinkie, the Chapel of Loretto was still in ruins as he had left it in 1544. Only fourteen years before, in 1530, King James V. performed a pilgrimage on foot from Stirling to Loretto, before his voyage to France in quest of a consort from among the French princesses; and in its chapel the *Magnates Scotiæ* swore fealty to Alexander, the infant son of William the Lion, in 1201. Loretto partially recovered from the dilapidation inflicted on it by Somerset to be destroyed at the Reformation, and it is now supplanted or represented by a mansion occupied by its proprietor as a flourishing seminary of education. Somerset spared the ancient parish church of Inveresk, which stood on the site of the present building, and which Oliver Cromwell made a cavalry stable.

After the battle of Pinkie many of the Scottish nobles deserted the cause of their country, and entered the service of England, giving hostages for their fidelity, and swearing to secret articles which bound them to obey the orders of the Protector Somerset. But the cruelty of the slaughter at that battle, aggravated by preceding and subsequent severities, excited universal indignation; and it was soon discovered that "the idea that a free country was to be compelled into a pacific matrimonial alliance amid the groans of its dying citizens, and the flames of its sea-ports, was revolting and absurd."

SURPRISE OF EDINBURGH CASTLE.*

A.D. 1312.

THE reign of King Robert Bruce is a remarkable era in the history of the Castle of Edinburgh. In the course of the war carried on by Edward I. to assert his claim of superiority over Scotland, this fortress was besieged and taken by the English in 1296. It remained in their possession till it was recovered in the manner now related.

The celebrated Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray, and nephew of King Robert, distinguished himself as one of the most devoted supporters of his uncle. He was the same Earl of Moray who died at Musselburgh when Regent of Scotland. The Castle of Edinburgh was then commanded by Sir Piers Leland, a knight of Gascony, in the service of the King of England, and the garrison was strong, well disciplined, and resolute. Earl Randolph blockaded the fortress so closely, that all communication with the surrounding district was cut off, and if not relieved the garrison must have been compelled to capitulate by famine, but the delay was precarious on the part of the Earl, whose great object was to get possession of it as soon as possible. A communication was opened by the Earl with Leland, the nature of which is not recorded, but it was such as to induce the garrison to suspect his fidelity. They in consequence thrust him into a dungeon in the Castle, and chose another commander to defend their almost impregnable station—for so the Castle of Edinburgh was before the invention of artillery—whose name is not transmitted.

* The Bruce, or the History of Robert I., written in Scottish verse, by John Barbour, Pinkerton's edition; Lord Hailes' Annals of Scotland; Arnot's History of Edinburgh.

The unfortunate knight of Lombardy being thus thrown into prison, the siege presented the same aspect as at the commencement. Day after day Earl Randolph surveyed the strength of the place with hopeless eyes, yet he could not persuade himself to relinquish the enterprise. The haughty English defied him from the battlements, and expressed themselves in the most insulting and ironical manner. While engaged in surveying the lofty and for the most part precipitous rock on which the fortress stands, the Earl was accosted by one of his own soldiers named William Frank, or Francis, whom Barbour designates “wycht, and apert, wyss, and curyuss,” namely, strong, active, prudent, and skilful, who was intimately acquainted with the castle rock, which he had often scaled in his youth to carry on an amour in the city below—an exploit which has been often hazarded since the days of the said “wycht William Frank,” and, as too many have fatally known, not always with the same success. “Methinks, my Lord,” said this individual, “you would rejoice if some one were to devise some means of putting this fortress into your possession, or show you how the walls could be scaled.”—“Thou sayest truly,” replied Earl Randolph, “and could such a man be found, I pledge myself that his services shall be amply rewarded, not only by me, but by my royal uncle.”—“The generosity of the King and of thyself, noble Randolph,” said the soldier, “is well known, but the love of country should be above such a consideration. Know that I can enable you to enter the castle with no greater aid than what a twelve feet ladder affords, and I offer myself as your guide and the foremost in the attempt. If, my Lord, you wish to know how this can be done, I shall explain it in a few words. Know, then, that my father in my youth was keeper of yonder fortress, and that I, then a wild gallant, loved a certain maid in the town beneath. That I might obtain access to her when I pleased, I was

wont to lower myself from yonder wall by night with the help of a ladder of ropes which I procured for the purpose, and by secret steps I descended these precipitous cliffs, returning by the same access undiscovered by the garrison. I practised this so often both in going and returning, and became so familiar with the cliffs, that the darkest night was no obstacle to my adventure. If, therefore, you are pleased to assail the castle in this manner, there can be little doubt of success. I will be the leader, and be the first in the attempt."

Such is the substance of the soldier's address to Earl Randolph, as given by Barbour in the following manner:—

He said—"Methink ye wald blythly,
That man fand you sum jupartie,
How ye mycht o'er the walls wyn:
And certes if ye will begyn,
For till assay on sic advice
I'll undertake for my service
To show you how to climb to the wall,
And I shall foremost be of all:
Where with a short ladder may we,
I trow of twelve feet it may be,
Climb to the wall up all quietly.
And if that ye will know how I
Do this, I shall you blythly say:
When I was young in former day,
My father was keeper of yon house,
And I was some deill walgeouss. (gallant,)
And loved a wench down in the town,
And that I without suspicioun,
Might repair to her privily,
Of ropes a ladder to me made I;
And therewith over the wall I slaid,
A strait road that I speryt (discovered) had
Intil the crag, syne down I went,
And often come till myn intent.
And when it near drew to the day,
I returned again by that same way.
I aye came in without perceiving,
And used lang that travelling;
So that I can that road go right,
Though it be ever sa mirk the night;

And if ye think ye will essay
To pass up after me that way,
Up to the wall I shall you bring.
If God us saves from the perceiving
Of them that watch upon the wall ;
And if that we so fair may fall,
That we our ladders up may set.
If one man on the wall may get,
He can defend if it be need,
Until the others up them speed."

Earl Randolph was overjoyed at this intelligence, and resolved to hazard the attempt under the guidance of the soldier. Associating Sir Andrew Gray with himself in the enterprise, he selected thirty men, and during a dark night on the 14th of March they proceeded to scale the rocks. Tradition has not preserved the side on which they ascended the cliffs, but from sundry intimations in the old poet's narrative it appears to have been somewhere about the north-east side overhanging the ruins of the Well-House Tower, above which there is a part of the rock, of extremely difficult access, formerly well known to the boys of Edinburgh, popularly called *Wallace's Cradle*, and from which the curious old burgh force of Edinburgh now extinct, called the Town Guard, have received many a pelting, when besieging juvenile delinquents in this strong retreat, after dispersing those famous battles known by the name of *bickers*. The night was extremely dark, the precipice was steep and dangerous, the chance of discovery by the sentinels was great, and the slender support which Randolph and his brave companions could expect while groping their way in silence from crag to crag rendered the enterprise most appalling. When they were half way up, they found a flat spot covered by a projecting rock large enough to accommodate them, and there they sat down to recover their breath, and prepare for the more dangerous and perilous part of the adventure. An incident occurred at this stage of the attempt which is worthy of notice. While standing under the pro-

jecting rock, and arranging their scaling ladder, they distinctly heard the *rounds*, or *check-watches*, as Barbour calls them, passing along the walls above them. It chanced that one of the English soldiers, in mere wantonness and levity, and without the slightest suspicion that there was any one beneath, took up a stone, and threw it from the battlements down on the cliffs, exclaiming at the same time—"Away! I see you well!"

Bot wondrous mirk was the night,
So that they [the English] of them had no sight.
And yet there was ane
Of them that swapp'd down a stane,
And said—' Away! I see you weil.'
Although he saw not them a deil.
Ower their heads flew the stane,
And they sat still lurking ilk ane.

It is probable, however, that the garrison, fearing a surprise, were nightly in the habit of doing something like this, to show the besiegers that they were on the alert, for Barbour adds—

The watches, when they heard nought stir,
Fra that ward samyn all passed o'er.

The stone rattled among the cliffs, and passed over the heads of Earl Randolph and his companions, as they cowered under the projecting rock from which it bounded. They had presence of mind to remain, and immediately the sentinels continued their usual rounds, with less vigilance on account of the darkness of the night, which apparently rendered any attempt at a surprise impossible. Meanwhile the adventurers resumed the ascent, and arrived in safety at the foot of the wall. They fixed their ladder, and Frank their guide ascended first, followed by Sir Andrew Gray, Earl Randolph being the third.

But before they had all mounted, the sentinels caught

the alarm, and raised the cry of *Treason* throughout the unsuspecting garrison.

Treason! Treason! they cried fast,
Then some of them were so aghast,
That they fled, and lap o'er the wall,
But sooth to say they fled not all.

The garrison ran to arms, and the new governor of the Castle and others rushed to the spot. A desperate combat, sword in hand, ensued, in which Earl Randolph was for some time in great personal danger ; for

The constable and his company
Met him and his right hardily.

The swords of the assailants were steeped to the hilts in blood, and numbers of the garrison fell, while not one of the adventurers appears to have been killed. The governor or constable was at length slain, and his surviving followers fled. Earl Randolph by this bold exploit obtained possession of the fortress, and released Sir Piers Leland from his dungeon. He entered into the service of the Scots, and his namesake, Leland the antiquarian, gives him the appellation of *Petrus Lelandius, Viscount of Edinburgh*, but this dignity of *Viscount* must refer to his former office of governor of the Castle for Edward II. He adds, that "Bruce after surmised treason upon him, because he thought that he had an English heart, and made him to be hanged and drawn." From this and other instances it appears that Bruce often acted in the most summary and despotic manner towards those whom he suspected of treason, an intimation of which is perhaps given in a stanza of the fine Scotish song—

" In the days when our King Robert rang,
His trews they cost but half-a-crown ;
He said they were a groat ower dear,
And ca'd the tailour thief and loon."

Barbour compares this achievement of Earl Randolph to one of Alexander the Great, who "leaped headlong among his foemen from the wall of the town which he was beleaguering." He adds a legend remarkably characteristic of the times. The holy St Margaret, Queen of Malcolm Canmore, who died in Edinburgh Castle upwards of two centuries before, and to whom a chapel was erected in the fortress, which Bruce liberally endowed with a grant from the revenues of the city, had prophetically announced, by causing to be painted in her chapel the representation of a man scaling a fortress by means of a ladder, with the inscription, *Gardez vous de Francois*. This was long thought to predict the taking of the Castle by the French; but it was conveniently and satisfactorily discovered that it was fulfilled in the achievement of William Frank or Francis, the brave guide of Earl Randolph. There is no reason assigned for Queen Margaret, who has still a festival in the Roman Catholic calendar, choosing to prophesy in the French language.

The Castle of Edinburgh was after this exploit dismantled, to prevent it falling again into the hands of the English; and in this condition it lay until it was rebuilt by Edward III. of England, in one of his expeditions into Scotland to support the pretensions of Edward Balliol to the crown, and his own to the superiority of the kingdom. He put a strong garrison in it, but it remained only a short time in possession of the English. In 1341 it was recovered by a stratagem narrated in a previous part of the present work, in which William Douglas and three other gentlemen were concerned, a pretended merchant being the agent employed, and the fortress by a bold adventure was recovered by the Scots. About that time the English were entirely driven out of Scotland.

ASSASSINATION OF THE EARL OF DOUGLAS.*

A.D. 1452.

IN the Castle of Stirling there is shown to strangers a small room, adorned with a rich and beautiful cornice cut in oak, which is said to have been that in which James II. stabbed the Earl of Douglas with his own hand. The closet where this murder was committed, which fixes an indelible stain on the memory of the King, still goes by the name of *Douglas' Room*. This nobleman was William eighth Earl of Douglas, who succeeded his father, James the Gross, seventh Earl, in 1443. He had been constituted Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, an office he was appointed to hold six years, which invested him with the sole military command, and he soon had an opportunity of distinguishing himself. In 1448 he twice defeated superior forces of the English, who invaded Scotland, and ravaged the north of England as far as Newcastle; but his victories afforded little compensation for his tyranny and oppression, which seemed to increase in proportion to the continuance of his power. Soon after the marriage of the King, however, in 1449, the dangerous authority with which he was invested as Lieutenant-General of the kingdom ceased, and he retired from the Court followed by the execrations of the people. The charms and good sense of the Queen, Mary, daughter of Arnold Duke of Gelderland, and near relative of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, roused James II.

* Lindsay's (of Pitcottie) History; Hume's Houses of Douglas and Angus; Anderson's History of the House of Hamilton; Tytler's History of Scotland; Drummond's Life of James II.; Pinkerton's History of Scotland; Statistical Account of Scotland; Sir James Balfour's Annals.

from his lethargy, and he was soon able to form a party capable of undermining the odious power of the Earl of Douglas.

All historians agree that the conduct of this imperious and haughty nobleman was intolerable. Contrasted with him the sovereign was scarcely superior to the ordinary barons. Douglas possessed a revenue from his estates in Scotland and France probably much superior to that of the King, and his power increased the anarchy which prevailed throughout the country. His adherents and dependants committed the most unwarrantable excesses. One of his partisans named Galbraith, having killed Semple, the Deputy-Governor of Dumbarton Castle in 1444, and seized the command of that fortress, Douglas procured admission to the presence of the young King, then in his fourteenth year, and made the most humble protestations of his fidelity. The result of this interview was highly favourable to Douglas, who used the influence he had acquired to procure the dismissal of the Lord Chancellor Crichton, who in 1440 had inveigled by plausible invitations and flatteries William eighth Earl of Douglas, his brother David, and Malcolm Fleming of Cumbernauld, into the Castle of Edinburgh, and after an insidious display of hospitality, they were impeached for high treason, and instantly beheaded. All the other responsible officers of the crown were dismissed. He procured his three brothers to be created peers. Archibald was made Earl of Moray, having married the youngest daughter of Dunbar Earl of Moray, and he thus acquired that title and estate at the death of his father-in-law, to the prejudice of Lord Chancellor Crichton's eldest son, who had married the eldest daughter. Hugh was created Earl of Ormond, and John was made Lord Balveny—an "accession of power," observes a historian, "to a family, already too potent, which could only be granted by a youth to a favourite."

The kingdom now fell into complete anarchy, and became one scene of violence and disorder under the lieutenant-generalship of Douglas. Another example may be given, out of the many, illustrative of his oppressive and tyrannical conduct. Sir Richard Colville, having suffered numerous injuries from one Auchinleck, a follower of Douglas, thought that in 1449 he might now venture on revenge, especially as the King's marriage had roused him to activity, and the power of the Earl was evidently on the decline. Colville killed Auchinleck, and this so enraged Douglas that he ravaged his lands, besieged and took his castle, and put every one in it to the sword.

When Douglas found his influence diminished at home, he resolved to change the scene, and display his pomp abroad. In 1450 he proceeded to a Jubilee at Rome with a train of six knights, fourteen gentlemen, and eighty attendants. This was the famous Jubilee, to witness which vast numbers of people crowded to Rome, when on one occasion ninety-seven persons were killed by the pressure of the crowd at the end of the Bridge of St Angelo. During the absence of Douglas many complaints were made concerning the violent and insolent conduct of his dependants, and the King, enraged at this open contempt of his authority, marched in person with a sufficient force, and took the castles of Lochmaben and Douglas.

The Earl, as soon as he returned from Rome, sent a submissive message to the King, who received him with great favour, and even in April 1451 granted a commission to him and other ambassadors to confer with those of England concerning any breaches of the truce existing between the two kingdoms. Douglas was totally undeserving of this confidence, for we find him in the following month obtaining a protection from the English court for himself, his three brothers, twenty-six gentlemen, and sixty-seven attendants. In addition to his treasonable correspondence,

he entered into a confederacy with Alexander Earl of Crawford, and John Earl of Ross, Lord of the Isles, two noblemen whose authority was as potent in the north as his own was in the south. His brothers, the Earl of Ormond and Lord Balveny, the Lord Hamilton, and other barons and gentlemen, connected themselves with this daring confederacy, the tenor of which was, that "they were never to desert each other during life; that injuries done to any one of them should be considered as done to all, and be a common quarrel; neither should they desist, to the utmost of their abilities, from revenging them; that they should concur and use force indifferently against whatever persons, within or without the realm, and spend their lives, goods, and fortunes, in defence of their debates and differences."

When James was informed of this formidable confederacy he trembled at such a defiance of the royal authority, but he resolved to dissemble for a season, resolving at the same time to punish those chiefly concerned in it in the most summary manner. In the meantime, the Earl of Douglas carried on his outrages. Some of his followers had ravaged the lands of John Herries, a gentleman of Dumfries-shire devoted to the royal cause. Herries complained of this outrage to the Earl, from whom he received no redress, and by way of retaliation he ravaged a part of Annandale which belonged to Douglas. He was unfortunately taken prisoner, and the Earl ordered him to be hanged, in defiance of the King's prohibitory mandate.

Another of the lawless exploits of Douglas was his attempt to waylay and assassinate the Lord Chancellor Crichton, who had been restored to his office, and who escaped only through the intrepidity of his son. He had also been permitted to undertake a pretended pilgrimage to the shrine of Thomas à Becket at Canterbury, and on his return, when summoned by the King, at the alleged sug-

gestion of the Chancellor, to appear at the Court and clear himself from sundry treasonable imputations, the royal messenger was insulted. In short, there was no limit to the disorders of this restless nobleman, who aimed at the erection of a distinct and separate power, independent of the sovereign and of the laws. Some even accuse him of casting an ambitious eye to the crown, founding his pretensions on the same visionary claim which had already been preferred by one of his family.

But the most atrocious and execrable of the acts of the Earl of Douglas was the cruel and wanton slaughter of a gentleman, who was a nephew of Lord Gray, Sir Patrick MacLellan of Bombie in Kirkcudbrightshire, whose family was afterwards ennobled by the title of Lords Kirkcudbright. In 1452 he compelled the great majority of his dependants to enter into an engagement of service against the crown, especially those in Galloway, Ayrshire, and the adjacent districts. Some of the moderate and prudent refused, among whom was Sir Patrick MacLellan. Irritated at what he considered his obstinacy and boldness in resisting the authority of his chief, Douglas besieged him in his Castle of Raeberry, forced him to surrender, and carried him off to Douglas Castle in Lanarkshire, where he treated him as a strict prisoner.

When Lord Gray and his son Sir Patrick Gray were informed of this outrage committed on their relative, whose only crime in the estimation of Douglas was his refusal to connect himself with any illegal bond, they informed the King of the whole affair. Though James was greatly exasperated he deemed it prudent to conceal his resentment, and he wrote a conciliatory letter to the Earl, requesting him to deliver Sir Patrick MacLellan to his cousin Sir Patrick Gray, the bearer of the royal letter. Gray made all the haste he could exert in the distance between Stirling and Douglas Castle, and arrived at the latter place

at the hour when the Earl was at dinner. When informed that Sir Patrick Gray, captain of the King's guard, was at the gate, Douglas in some surprise rose to receive him, and courteously invited him to partake of the repast. "No business," he observed, "could be transacted between a man who has satisfied his hunger and one who is fasting, and therefore, as you have had a long ride, you must first dine, and then we shall talk together of the occasion of your visit."

Sir Patrick sat down to dinner, and the Earl treated him with the greatest hospitality and condescension, revolving with himself what could possibly be the nature of his guest's mission. Knowing the relationship between his prisoner and Sir Patrick, and suspecting that his visit was connected with the liberation of the former, he secretly issued an order that MacLellan should be led out to a grass-plot beside the Castle, and his head struck off and removed. This atrocious injunction was obeyed; the unfortunate prisoner was decapitated, the head taken away, and the body left on the ground covered with a cloth. Meanwhile the Earl and Sir Patrick continued conversing on general matters, the former apparently in uncommon good humour, until the dinner was ended, when the latter produced the King's letter requesting him to deliver up MacLellan. Douglas received it with hypocritical respect, and, after carefully perusing it, he said—"I am indebted to you for being the bearer to me of so gracious a letter from the King, especially considering how matters stand between us. The demand shall instantly be granted, and the more willingly for your sake."

He rose from the table, and taking Sir Patrick Gray by the hand, led him down the staircase of the castle to the grass-plot, where the headless body of MacLellan was still lying bleeding, and covered with the cloth. Removing the cloth, Douglas said with a significant smile, "Sir Patrick,

you are come a little too late. This is your father's sister's son, but he wants the head. You may take his body, and do with it what you please." Sir Patrick, in the deepest distress at the sight of this melancholy spectacle, and the atrocious circumstances connected with it, replied—"My Lord, since you have taken his head, you may dispose of his body as you please." He then summoned his attendants, and mounted his horse. Turning to Douglas, before starting, he said, "My Lord, if I live, you shall be rewarded for this day's work according to your deserts." This threat put the Earl into a towering passion, and calling for his horse he set off in pursuit of Sir Patrick, but the latter escaped by the fleetness of his steed, though it is said the chase extended nearly to Edinburgh.

The body of Sir Patrick MacLellan was conveyed to the Abbey Church of Dundrennan, where it was interred, and a monument erected to his memory, which is probably still to be seen. His death was subsequently revenged to such an extent by the MacLellans, that it was found necessary to restrain their depredations on the lands of the Earl of Douglas, by forfeiting the Laird of Bombie and many of his friends, in the reign of James II. According to Sir George Mackenzie, the forfeiture was removed and the barony recovered in the same reign in the following manner:—It happened that a band of gypsies from Ireland infested Galloway, and committed great depredations. The King issued a proclamation, promising as a reward the barony of Bombie to any one who should disperse them, and take their leader dead or alive. A young gentleman, son of the forfeited Laird of Bombie, was fortunate to kill this individual. He presented the head of the gypsy leader on the point of his sword to the King, and was immediately secured in the estate. To perpetuate the recollection of his brave action, he took for his crest a Moor's head on the point of a sword, and for his motto the words, *Think on.*

There is, however, another account, that the body of Sir Patrick was buried in the church of Kirkconnel, in the county of Dumfries, and it is said that this is proved by an inscription on a grave-stone there.

The historian of the House of Douglas and Angus differs from the ordinary accounts respecting the Earl's atrocious conduct to Sir Patrick MacLellan. Old Master David Hume of Godscroft represents the said Sir Patrick as having killed a retainer of the Earl of Douglas, and that he and his brother, who was connected with the slaughter, were apprehended and imprisoned in the stately Castle of Threave, in the parish of Balmaghie, and county of Kirkcudbright, at that time a residence of the chiefs of the House of Douglas—an ancient castle situated on an island formed by the river Dee. MacLellan's relatives, when they heard that Douglas had seized him, represented to James II. that he was so treated by the Earl not so much on account of the slaughter of his follower, as on account of his loyalty, and his refusal to join the Douglas standard of rebellion. Swayed by these statements, James sent to Sir Patrick Gray to bring his cousin before himself, where he would be tried for the crime he had committed in the regular way, and at the same time intimating to Douglas that if he had anything to urge against the prisoner he could appear as a witness in the prosecution. It appears from the whole of Godscroft's story, that the Earl was not at Douglas Castle in Lanarkshire, but at Threave Castle, which is in the neighbourhood of a village in the parish of Kelton, in Kirkcudbrightshire, situated at the north corner of Carlinwark Loch, anciently called Carlinwark, but now Castle-Douglas. On the west side, near the corner of the Loch, there is a small piece of rising ground in view of the Castle of Threave, and distant from it upwards of a mile, called to this day the *Gallows Lot*. On the top of this stood a

gibbet for the execution of those whom the Earls of Douglas thought proper to condemn in this quarter. When Sir Patrick Gray arrived at Threave he was courteously received by Douglas, who, suspecting his errand, gave private orders for the immediate execution of MacLellan at the *Gallows Lot*, near Carlinwark Loch. The rest of Godscroft's narrative agrees with Pitscottie, with this difference, that Gray did not see his cousin's dead body, and that when he heard his fate from Douglas, with the insulting intimation that he had come *too late*, and "saw himself so deluded, he presently in a great chafe and rage renounced all kindred and friendship, and whatever bond beside might seem to tie him to the Earl, vowing that from that time he would be his deadly enemy in every possible way and manner, which the other little regarding, dismissed him." Such is the account of this atrocious affair by the avowed defender of the House of Douglas, whose great object is to palliate the crime of the Earl, and in fact to show that he was more sinned against than sinning.

Irritated beyond measure at these repeated insults offered to the royal authority by Douglas, and inflamed by the recollection of the league formed by that nobleman with the Earls of Crawford, Ross, and others, James called a chosen council to deliberate on the state of affairs, and the measures to be adopted to restrain and humble these powerful subjects. It was resolved, to prevent the horrors of a civil war, that Douglas should be invited to an audience of the King, with the assurance that all his past offences would be forgiven if he would only reform his future conduct. It is impossible to discover whether these promises of James were sincere, but when it is recollected that the whole was projected by Lord Chancellor Crichton, whom Douglas had recently attempted to murder, there is some reason to infer a plot against him. Be this as it may, a letter of safe-

conduct was issued to Douglas, bearing the royal signature, and that of the councillors and officers of the King's household then about his person, and to which the privy seal was attached. Sir William Lauder of Hatton, a gentleman who had attended Douglas in his pilgrimage to Rome, was sent to him with the safe-conduct, and to invite him to a friendly conference at Stirling Castle, promising absolute security to his person, and declaring that upon expression of regret for his past conduct no farther notice would be taken of his misdemeanours.

The Earl was induced by the conciliatory expressions of the royal letter to proceed to Stirling in company with Sir William Lauder, attended by his usual retinue. He arrived on Shrove Tuesday, and whilst his friends and followers took up their residence in the town, he proceeded to the Castle, accompanied by Lord Hamilton. When they reached the gate Douglas was readily admitted, but Hamilton was rudely pushed back by the guard. He drew his sword to revenge the insult, and attempted to make a forcible entrance, when his relation Sir Alexander Livingstone, who was standing within the gate, little regarding his rage, held him back with a long halbert until the gate was secured. Lord Hamilton, viewing all this as a personal insult, returned to the town greatly exasperated and vowing revenge, but he had reason to view the matter in a different light when he knew the result.

The Earl was received by the King with every mark of friendship, and after some time spent in conversation, he was invited to dine with James on the following day. He obeyed, and not only dined but supped with the King, during all which time nothing occurred to interrupt the harmony of the intercourse. The supper hour was seven o'clock, and after it James intimated that he was anxious to have some private conversation with the Earl, who instantly declared his readiness to attend the monarch. The

King led him into an inner chamber, attended by Lord Chancellor Crichton, Lord Gray, Sir Patrick Gray, Sir Simon Glendinning, and a few more of his most intimate councillors. Standing apart from these attendants James began with as much calmness as he could command to remonstrate with Douglas on his long continued treasonable and violent proceedings, and in doing so it was impossible not to mention the execution of Herries, the murder of Sir Patrick MacLellan, and other outrages. The Earl endeavoured to excuse himself, and, if Hume of Godscroft is to be credited, answered submissively, craving pardon for what he had done to offend the King, alleging that his proceedings on these points were not directed against his sovereign, but against his own personal enemies. "Be it so," said James, "these are matters for after consideration, and they must be investigated for the sake of the relatives of those who have been so cruelly injured. My Lord, you know well the many favours you have received, notwithstanding all these outrages, and yet what say you to that treasonable confederation into which you have entered with the Earls of Crawford, Ross, and others? I pledge my royal word, that when I first heard it I scarcely could give it credit. That bond must be broken. No leagues or societies can be tolerated in a realm under one sovereign without his express sanction and command. By abandoning this confederacy you will remove all suspicions from my mind. I am unwilling to believe any evil of you, notwithstanding what has past, but you can expect no favour from me if you persist in continuing such practices as must show a bad example to the people, and cause them to live as if there were neither law nor justice in this kingdom."

Douglas heard this remonstrance with surprise, but recovering himself, he replied—"For your Grace's favours I ought and will most certainly strive with all earnestness to obtain them. Your Grace knows that as I have the

honour to command many who obey me, I know well how to render dutiful obedience to my sovereign. None of your subjects, Sir, enjoy more lands and honours than I do, and there is not one who would more willingly engage life and fortune in your defence and honour. Those who lay snares for my life are now your Grace's constant attendants, and I dare not trust myself in your presence without a letter of safe-conduct, and well attended by my friends. For the wrongs committed by my followers and vassals I am ready to give every requisite satisfaction. As to the bond of mutual friendship between sundry noblemen and myself, I can assure your Grace that we would have adhered together without any written obligation. We were driven to this bond for our own safety, not to offer violence to, but to defend ourselves from our enemies."

"Deeds, and not words," said the King, "make the affection and submission of a subject known, and there can be no greater security for him than to rely on the laws of the commonwealth and the country, especially in a country where the laws and not faction ought to predominate. Such men as you, my Lord, raise these factions to the subversion of all laws and authority. Is it to be tolerated for a moment that any subjects, of whatever rank and condition, are to make offensive and defensive leagues against all persons? This is to disclaim all government, to do what they please without control, to commit treason in the highest degree, to make your own swords influence and justify your proceedings, and to conceal the progress of your career until you openly demand the crown itself. I insist upon it, therefore, that this confederacy of yours be instantly broken, and thus you will receive wonted clemency instead of deserved justice."

"The bond," replied Douglas, "being drawn up by the common consent of certain noblemen and gentlemen, and subscribed, it cannot be renounced without mutual consent.

Your Grace must in consequence see that we must all meet and consult before it can be cancelled." "Nay," said James vehemently, "you shall begin first, to show a good example. No man shall in my presence disavow and disclaim my authority. You stir not from this room till you solemnly, sincerely, and deliberately, sign your withdrawal from this treasonable bond, of which these noble lords and gentlemen shall be witnesses." "Your Grace will recollect," replied Douglas, "that I came hither upon a public assurance of safe-conduct." "No public assurance," rejoined James, "can protect any man from the consequences of a private misdemeanour."

As this last reply of James implied a threat of personal violence, the pride of Douglas betrayed him into the most imprudent passion. He broke into an invective of reproaches, upbraiding the King for depriving him of the office of lieutenant-general of the kingdom, declared that he cared little for the name of treason, with which his conduct had been branded—that as to his confederacy with the Earls of Ross and Crawford he had it not in his own power to dissolve it, and that if he had, he would be sorry to offend his best friends to gratify the *boyish caprices* of the King. James, naturally fiery and impetuous, became furious with rage at this rude defiance uttered by one in his own palace whom he regarded as his enemy. In a state of ungovernable fury, he drew his dagger, exclaiming—"False traitor! if thou wilt not break the bond, this shall!" He then stabbed the Earl first in the throat and afterwards in the lower part of the body. Sir Patrick Gray, burning to revenge the murder of his cousin, seized a pole-axe and struck him a blow on the head, which felled him to the floor. The other personages present next gratified their resentment by assailing him with their knives and daggers, and he expired without uttering a word, covered with twenty-six wounds. The window of the apartment was

thrown open, and the mangled body of the proud Earl of Douglas, the rival of James in power, was thrown into the open court adjoining the royal apartments.

No justification can be offered for such a murder committed by James on the person of one for whose safety he had pledged his royal word, and it exhibited a most pernicious example to the country. But at the same time little sympathy can be felt for Douglas, whose career, as Mr Tytler observes, "from first to last had been that of a selfish, ambitious, and cruel tyrant, who at the moment when he was cut off was all but a convicted traitor, and whose death, if we except the mode by which it was brought about, was to be regarded as a public benefit."

The friends of Douglas prepared to revenge his death, and his retainers and vassals regarded his assassination with bitter indignation. As he left no children he was succeeded by his next brother James, who relinquished his clerical profession, and became the ninth Earl of Douglas. His younger brothers, the Earls of Moray, Ormond, and Lord Balveny, who had accompanied the murdered Earl to Stirling, proposed to storm the castle, and put all to the sword within it, but a little reflection convinced them that they were without resources for such an enterprise. As for Lord Hamilton, a friend in the castle conveyed to him a pair of spurs—an intimation to save himself as a friend of Douglas by flight.

On the 25th of March the vassals and followers of Douglas mustered at Stirling, dragging after them through all the towns and villages in their way the King's safe-conduct made fast to a wooden truncheon, tied to the tail of an old jaded horse. At the market cross, amid the sound of horns, they proclaimed the King and all who adhered to him to be false and perjured traitors. After bidding defiance to the castle, they concluded this exploit by plundering and setting fire to the town. They committed several

outrages in other parts of the country. But the battle of Brechin, fought between the Earl of Huntly, who had been promoted to the office of lieutenant-general of the kingdom, and the Earl of Crawford, who was known by the soubriquet of *the Tiger*, in which the latter was completely defeated, destroyed that league which had cost his associate so dear. The new Earl of Douglas was soon afterwards reconciled to the King, but both parties were insincere. Their mutual injuries were too recent and too important to be easily forgiven, and they were secretly preparing themselves to renew those contentions, which two years afterwards terminated in the final overthrow of the House of Douglas.

ACTS OF THE LORDS LOVAT.*

HUGH FRASER, seventh Lord Lovat, succeeded his father Alexander in 1560. He was at first a zealous supporter of Queen Mary, but he thought proper to change his politics some years afterwards, and when the Regent Moray visited Inverness in 1570, every honour was rendered to him by Lovat, whose vassals waited upon him as if he had been their own chief. It was probably on this, if not on some previous visit, that the chief of the clan Gunn was executed at Inverness for no other crime than taking the *crown of the causeway* from the Regent Moray—a striking proof of the oppressed state of the people, and of the small value in which human life was held in those times.

Lovat ruled with such despotic sway over his own vassals, that, notwithstanding all the factions he promoted for his own purposes, he restrained them from committing any depredations on each other, or against his friends and allies.

* Anderson's Historical Account of the Family of Fraser.

So effectually did his severity operate, that it is said a chain of gold, which was suspended from a solitary tree during night, was found untouched in the morning. But an anecdote of a collision with his own shepherd is not a little characteristic. We are told that it was his Lordship's custom to ride in disguise throughout his district, to mingle with his numerous clan, and to note the conduct and opinions of individuals. Passing one evening the cottage of his shepherd, when returning from one of these disguised rambles, he looked through the window into the interior, and saw the man heartily feasting himself with excellent mutton. "You answer this to-morrow," cried Lovat, through an aperture of the window, and instantly galloped off. He had not proceeded far when an arrow from the shepherd overtook him, so skilfully aimed that it stuck in a part of his hunting cap. On the following day all the vassals were convened, including the shepherd, by Lovat's order. When the delinquent appeared before his chief, he saw the cap and the arrow lying on a table. "Is that arrow yours?" asked his Lordship sternly. An undaunted answer in the affirmative staggered him. "Think ye," said the man, "that I could be a fit person to guard your sheep, if I had not drawn as I did?" "Aim better in future," was Lovat's brief reply, and the shepherd escaped for that time.

At one of the many rencontres in tilting, fencing, and riding, which often took place between the nobility and chiefs of the district at Inverness, Lord Lovat dismounted the Laird of Grant and the Sheriff of Moray. This discomfiture, followed by some taunt, so irritated Grant and the Sheriff as to occasion some sharp language between them and Lovat, when the latter coolly told them that as he had given them a specimen of his tilting, he would now try their mettle in horsemanship. Spurring on his steed, he rode through the river, and galloped direct to the hill called

Clagnahayre, telling his companions to follow him. When there he leaped his horse over the ledge of the rock, and dared them to do the same ; but Grant and the Sheriff were awed by the dangerous appearance of the place, and would not hazard themselves. It is said that the impression of the shoes of Lovat's steed was visible on the spot where he landed from his daring leap upwards of sixty years afterwards, and were kept clean by a man who had an annual salary for preserving this memorial of the recklessness of his chief.

The history of the celebrated Simon Lord Lovat, who was beheaded for being concerned in the enterprise of 1745, is well known, and is perhaps one of the most extraordinary records of cunning, profligacy, and despotic tyranny, combined with great abilities, in existence. But there were several of Lord Lovat's ancestors not a little remarkable in their way. In the neighbourhood of Inverness there is a curiously formed mound of earth called *Tomnahurich*, which is evidently artificial, and on the top of it the chiefs of Lovat were wont to dispense what they caricatured by the name of justice. The acts of these singular courts were distributed throughout the districts comprehended within the authority of the judge. It appears that among the several articles on which the chiefs of Lovat gave decisions, they regulated the rates of servants' fees, and the prices of corn, cattle, timber, clothes, and shoes. The following instance of *liberality*, on the part of Thomas Lord Lovat about 1514, is amusing :—" In a fire which broke out at Lovat at this time, Rory Mackenzie of Fairburn, son of Kenneth Mackenzie of Kintail, and nephew to Lord Lovat, being a *great bare-headed boy* in his uncle's house, rushed through the flames, and brought out the family charter-chest and other valuables, for which service he was considered amply recompensed by the gift of a *bonnet and a pair of shoes !*"

In the year 1597-8, during the time of Simon eighth Lord Lovat, a serious disturbance took place at Loggierigh, on the banks of the Conan in Ross-shire, on the 4th of February. We are told that " John M'Leod M'Gilcallum, brother to Rasa, a bravo, who traversed the country with a band of seven or eight ruffians committing every excess with impunity, under the countenance of some Lairds equally vicious as himself, had laid hold of a shopman's wife, and seized upon her goods, when he was beheld by John Bain, brother of the Laird of Tulloch. Being touched with compassion Bain espoused the weaker side, and commanded M'Leod to desist. From words they came to blows. John Bain gave the ruffian three mortal wounds, and killed two of his associates, His only second in this conflict was his foster brother, Donald Fraser M'Allister. The uproar spread; the Mackenzies took the part of M'Gilcallum; the Monroes joined Bain; blows were dealt alike on friend and foe, numbers were slain; and the chase or running fight was pursued down the Frith to Mulchaich. Bain and his armour-bearer retired unhurt to Beauuly, where Lord Lovat protected them, and dispatched Fraser of Phopachy with an account of the matter to the King, then at Falkland, whereupon an ample remission was sent to Bain, and his opponents ordered to be proceeded against as traitors. A different colour is given to this affair by the Mackenzies, but they agree in the main points."

In the time of Hugh, ninth Lord Lovat, son of the former, there occurred a barbarous act of injustice, which is aggravated by having occurred with his sanction. Lady Lovat, a daughter of Wemyss of that Ilk, had brought to the North with her, as part of her marriage portion, a quantity of gold and jewels which disappeared, and were said to be stolen by one of her female domestics, named Kennedy. The unfortunate girl was ordered by Lovat to be drowned for her supposed crime. After being in the

water she was drawn out in the hope of eliciting a confession, and she stretched out her arms as if intimating that she intended to utter something, but she immediately died from exhaustion. Some time afterwards a certain blacksmith found a pot of gold, and as Lovat considered it impossible for any person in such a condition of life to have discovered or obtained the said gold in an honest manner, he was ordered to be put to the torture. But his resolution baffled his tormentors as it respects a confession, and the unfortunate man died in chains in the vault of Beaulieu, leaving his wealth to his own family.

CONFLICT AT LINLITHGOW BRIDGE.*

A.D 1526.

THE royal burgh of Linlithgow and its neighbourhood have been the scene of several remarkable transactions, which are prominently noticed in Scottish history. Among those events of importance was the conflict between the Earls of Lennox and Arran on the 4th of September 1526, during the reign of James V. It began on the plain opposite the Priory of Manuel, but the battle raged chiefly near the bridge over the Avon, which bounds the parish on the west, and divides the county of Linlithgow from Stirling, where there is a field anciently used for military exercises and amusements which bears the name of the *Joisting-haugh*.

* Pinkerton's History of Scotland; Hume of Godscroft's History of the Houses of Douglas and Angus; Pitcairn's Criminal Trials; Anderson's Historical Memoirs of the House of Hamilton; Lindsay of Pitscottie's History; Memorie of the Somervells; Statistical Account of Scotland; Douglas' Peerage of Scotland.

There was at one time a cairn called *Lennox's Cairn*, to which passengers contributed a stone, but this memorial has long disappeared, and the cultivation of the ground has obliterated any recollection of the precise spot.

Shortly after the assumption of the government by James V. the Earl of Angus was allowed, by the intercession of Cardinal Wolsey, to return to Scotland, and he soon contrived to form a considerable party in opposition to the Queen (the mother of James) and the Earl of Arran, who had then the chief direction of public affairs. In a dispute which ensued about the most suitable place for holding a Parliament, Angus did not hesitate to lay siege to the Castle of Edinburgh, whither the King, the Queen-Mother, and the Earl of Arran, had retreated for protection, but the influence of the Scottish bishops procured an accommodation, and it was arranged that the care of the King's person should be transferred to eight peers of Parliament in rotation, of whom were the rival Earls of Arran and Angus.

When it came to the turn of the Earl of Angus to assume the care of the King's person, that nobleman so completely gained the ascendancy over James, that the ancient power of the House of Douglas seemed to have revived after the slumber of nearly a century. The restraint which the King was compelled to endure made him sigh when he beheld his former flatterers turned into his gaolers, and after making several unsuccessful attempts to emancipate himself from his thralldom, he applied to John Stuart, third Earl of Lennox, the grandfather of Lord Darnley, who had been one of the Lords of the Regency in 1524, to attempt to relieve him. That nobleman, who was universally beloved in Scotland, prepared to obey the King's command, and retiring to Stirling he published a manifesto, inviting all loyal subjects to join him in his projected enterprise to rescue their sovereign from the control of an am-

bitious family. He soon found himself at the head of a powerful body of zealous adherents. The Earls of Glencairn, Cassillis, and others, resorted to him from the western counties. Numerous reinforcements arrived from Fife, Forfarshire, Perthshire, and Stirlingshire; a thousand Highlanders joined him as volunteers: the Queen-Mother and Archbishop Beaton of St Andrews, who was also Lord Chancellor, exerted their influence in his favour, and he at length mustered nearly 12,000 men, with whom he took the field, and advanced from Stirling towards Edinburgh.

The Earl of Angus at this crisis made some overtures of reconciliation to his rival the Earl of Arran, offering him a share in the administration, and at the same time intimating that it was the intention of James to declare Lennox the heir to the crown, in prejudice of the rights of the House of Hamilton. This promise, and especially the insinuation respecting the succession to the crown, had the desired effect, and both determined to waive all political and family differences in support of their common cause.

Lennox was the nephew of Arran, and Angus expected that this relationship might induce him to listen to the remonstrances of his uncle, but that hope proved fallacious, and the rage of Lennox was increased when he saw his kinsman and friend appearing as his avowed enemy, in defence of a cause which was to him personally oppressive. The Earl of Arran failed in his negotiations with his nephew, and dispatched a messenger to Angus, who was then at Edinburgh with the King, to prepare for a contest. That nobleman immediately issued a proclamation in the King's name, summoning all men between the ages of sixteen and sixty to join him and follow to the field of battle.

The royal standard was soon unfurled, and James was even compelled to lead the bands of Douglas against his own friends. Pretending indisposition he delayed the march as long as possible, but Angus resolved to proceed

with the utmost expedition, having engaged to meet the Earl of Arran at Linlithgow. He left the King under the care of his brother Sir George Douglas, a gentleman of impetuous passions, whose violence of spirit induced him to utter a threat on this occasion which the King never forgot. James was in the rear following the troops of Angus, who had marched to Linlithgow to form a junction with Arran, when, after passing the village of Corstorphine, the sound of the artillery was heard announcing that the conflict had commenced. Sir George having in vain urged the King to use speed, he at last uttered this unguarded expression—"Sir, should our enemies vanquish us, we shall tear you in pieces rather than surrender your person."

Lennox, who was informed of the time and place of the meeting between his uncle Arran and Angus, set out from Stirling with the intention of cutting off the Hamiltons before they could join the latter, but the scouts of his relative got notice of his approach; and Arran, after sending off an express to Edinburgh to hasten Angus and his retainers, seized the bridge across the Avon, little more than a mile westward of the town of Linlithgow. Stationing a strong party to defend this important passage, he took up his position on a rising ground nearly opposite the priory of Manuel or Emanuel. Lennox was obliged to ford the Avon, and his men were considerably fatigued by this exertion, as well as by the labours of the march. Arran sent some gentlemen of the name of Hamilton to his nephew, for whom, notwithstanding their opposition to each other, he retained a great regard, to dissuade him from the prosecution of the enterprise, adding, that if he advanced any farther the Hamiltons must oppose his progress; but Lennox returned an answer, that "he was determined to advance to Edinburgh in spite of all opposition." No sooner had this deputation retired, when he divided his

army into three bodies, and prepared to attack the Hamiltons.

The vanguard of Lennox imprudently made too much haste when advancing against their adversaries, who were in possession of the adjacent heights, and were out of breath when they came to close quarters with the Hamiltons. The latter stood their ground, and charged their assailants with such fury as to drive them back to their second line. At this critical moment a detachment of the forces of Angus came up, shouting, *A Douglas! A Douglas!* Immediately the army of Lennox gave way, and a total rout ensued, which was marked by a considerable slaughter.

When the King, who was under the care of Sir George Douglas, first heard the sound of the artillery, he sent forward Sir Andrew Wood of Largo with orders for both parties to cease fighting, and especially to ensure the safety of the Earl of Lennox. Sir Andrew, on his arrival on the field of battle, found the Hamiltons victorious and the army of Lennox discomfited. In one part of the field he descried the Master of Glencairn with about thirty followers maintaining his ground against fearful odds, and he conveyed that young nobleman to a place of safety. In another quarter he found the Earl of Arran weeping bitterly over his expiring nephew Lennox, and exclaiming in anguish —“The wisest, the best, the bravest man in Scotland has fallen this day!” He covered the body with his scarlet cloak, and placed a guard over it to protect it from outrage. During the action, brief as it was, the Earl of Lennox had been wounded and taken prisoner by Hamilton of Bardowie, who, knowing Arran’s regard for him, was providing for his safety when he was met by Sir James Hamilton of Finnart, who killed him on the spot. The Abbots of Melrose and Dunfermline, and several gentlemen, were also killed in

this battle. As some atonement for his cruel deed Hamilton of Finnart afterwards granted to the preaching friars of Glasgow ten merks yearly from the lands of Strathaven, to say prayers and masses for the soul of the Earl of Lennox. He was rewarded by Angus with the captaincy of the Palace of Linlithgow, and with lands in Linlithgowshire, all of which were confirmed in the Parliament held at Edinburgh in November following.

After this success the Earl of Angus prepared to take vengeance on all his enemies, and particularly Archbishop Beaton of St Andrews, against whom the Hamiltons were greatly irritated for having caused Patrick Hamilton, Abbot of Fearn, to be burnt for heresy in the spring of that year. The Archbishop, to avoid their fury, fled to the mountains of Badenoch, where he wandered about in the disguise of a shepherd till he could return in safety, but his Castle of St Andrews and the Abbey of Dunfermline were pillaged. He soon after made peace with Angus and Arran by an affected submission, and by giving to the former a present of two thousand merks, to the latter the Abbey of Kilwinning.

Many now became the vassals of the Douglasses and the Hamiltons to preserve their lives and estates; the country was a prey to all manner of injustice, the favour of Angus being superior to the laws. The Laird of Langthenbar, who had killed MacLellan of Bombie, at the door of St Giles' Church in Edinburgh, walked in the streets as coolly as if he had committed no crime. All the lucrative and influential offices of the court were monopolized by the House of Douglas, whilst Arran, advanced in years, and lamenting bitterly the slaughter of Lennox, retired from public affairs, and spent the remainder of his life on his own estates.

In this condition matters continued till 1527, when an accident occurred which nearly turned the swords of the Douglasses and the Hamiltons against each other. Several

disturbances on the Borders threatened to involve Scotland in a quarrel with England, and Angus prepared to suppress the marauders. The forces of Angus and Arran marched to Edinburgh to attend the King on this projected expedition. It happened that an under groom or assistant in the stables of the Earl of Lennox, who fell at Linlithgow Bridge, resolved to revenge his master's death by the assassination of Sir James Hamilton of Finnart. This man, who had been out of employment since the slaughter of the Earl by Hamilton, was incited to commit this desperate crime either by his devoted attachment to his late master, or from an idea of making himself conspicuous by some notable exploit. He came to Edinburgh, and meeting with an individual who had also been one of the domestic servants of Lennox, he asked him if he had seen Sir James Hamilton recently in that city. The man replied that he had passed him on the street that very day. "Ungrateful wretch!" exclaimed the groom, "how could you behold the bastard of Arran, the murderer of our master, without stabbing him to the heart? Begone, and disgrace me not by your base company." This occurred on the High Street, and hastening down the Canongate to Holyroodhouse, he arrived there during a review of the Hamiltons and Douglasses, which was held in the court-yard in front of the palace. While gazing on the military parade, amid the crowd of idlers whom curiosity had brought thither, he recognized Sir James Hamilton in the ranks at the head of a company of his retainers. During the parade Sir James left his followers, and crossing the court-yard unarmed and unattended, he entered the Palace of Holyrood by a dark staircase near the principal entrance which led to a narrow gallery. The man sprung forward from the crowd, and closely followed the murderer of Lennox, whom he attacked in this narrow gallery. Sir James defended himself as well as he could by parrying the thrusts of his assailant, and holding his

cloak before him, but he at length fell with six severe wounds, none of which, however, proved mortal. The man left him extended on the floor of the gallery, as he thought dead, and mingled with the crowd in front of the palace, concealing his weapon in his pocket ; but the alarm had been given, and the greatest confusion prevailed. The Hamiltons supposed that the deed had been perpetrated by some one connected with the Douglasses, and were preparing to revenge it by a regular assault on their allies, when an order was issued to close the gates of the courtyard that none might escape, and all present were obliged to arrange themselves singly along the walls for the purpose of being searched. By this expedient the assassin was discovered with the bloody knife in his possession. He was instantly seized and conveyed to prison, where he was put to the torture in the hope of discovering if he had any accomplices. But his sufferings had no power over his determined resolution. He declared that the act was his own contrivance, and when his right hand was cut off, he observed with a sarcastic smile, that it was punished less than it deserved for having failed to revenge the murder of his beloved master.

The release of James V. from the control of the Family of Douglas in 1528 is thus narrated by Pinkerton :—
 “ James prevailed on his mother to abandon to him her Castle of Stirling in exchange for the lands of Methven, to be erected into a peerage for her husband. Having thus secured that important fortress as his special property, and appointed confidential officers, he digested his plan, probably by Archbishop Beaton’s assistance, and apprised the peers who were attached to himself and inimical to Angus. The King was now at Falkland, amusing himself with the pleasures of the chase, and Beaton being then unsuspected by the Douglasses, the proximity of residence rendered an intercourse between James and him easy and commodious.

Angus had gone to Lothian on necessary affairs, leaving with the King Sir Archibald his uncle, Sir George his brother, and James of Parkhead, captain of the royal guard. The uncle soon after travelled to Dundee to visit his mistress; the brother to St Andrews to conclude an advantageous lease with the primate; and the guard of one hundred, commanded by Parkhead, was esteemed a sufficient check on the motions of the monarch.

“ James seized the opportunity, ordered preparations for a solemn hunting on the ensuing day at seven in the morning, and pretended to retire early to rest; an example followed by the captain of the guard, after placing the usual watch. The King, disguised as a groom, and attended by two faithful servants, passed to the stables, and mounting fleet horses they reached Stirling by dawn of day, where having commanded the gates to be shut, and no entrance allowed except by the royal order, he retired to the Castle and enjoyed some repose after his fatigue. He afterwards proceeded to a council, consisting of Arran, Argyle, Moray, Eglinton, and the Lords Montgomery, Evandale, Sinclair, and Maxwell.

“ Meanwhile Sir George Douglas having returned to Falkland at eleven o'clock on the preceding evening, was next morning awakened with the dreadful tidings of the monarch's escape. After a vain search, he cried out, *Treason! the King is gone!* A messenger was instantly despatched to Angus, who returned, and they determined to proceed to Stirling. But on their journey a herald met them with a proclamation, enjoining on pain of treason that none of the House of Douglas or its followers should approach within six miles of the court. After some deliberation it was resolved to obey the royal mandate, and the power of the House of Douglas, which had spread like an Alpine torrent after rain, was reduced by the burning sun to its former narrow channel.”

Such was the final result of the conflict at Linlithgow Bridge, and it now only remains to add some notices of the subsequent fate of Sir James Hamilton of Finnart, the murderer of Lennox. He was the illegitimate son of the Earl of Arran, and was consequently a cousin of Lennox. His mother was either a daughter of Lord Boyd or of Boyd of Bonshaw, and he was the ancestor of the Hamiltons of Evandale, Crawfordjohn, Gilkerscleuch, and other branches of that illustrious family. It is worthy of notice that he was the architect of Holyrood Palace at Edinburgh—not, of course, of the present palace, which was the work of Charles II.'s reign, but of the old palace before it was burnt when Cromwell's soldiers were quartered in it, and of which the north-west tower still remains. The noble author of the “*Memorie of the Somervells*” informs us that Sir James Hamilton by his “father's donation had the lands of Finhard (Finnart) given him in patrimony, by which he was ever designed; although afterwards by his interest at Court, and great trust and favour he had of King James the Fifth, being his treasurer, he purchased in a short time a vast fortune in lands, equal to, if not beyond, the House of Hamilton itself, as was supposed; and for strong and stately houses, being the King's master of works, and the *principal architect of that age*, there was none did equal him for the royal houses, such as the Palace of Holyroodhouse, Linlithgow, Falkland, and some part of the forework of the Castle of Stirling.”

It appears that in 1540 Sir James, by the influence of the clergy with the King, had been appointed ecclesiastical judge in all matters of heresy, and he was in such favour with James V. that he was allowed to incorporate part of the royal arms with his own armorial bearings—a distinction which his descendant, the representative of his family, still retains. The acceptance of the office of judge in mat

ters of heresy was, however, fatal to his ambition, and it was reserved for a Hamilton and a kinsman to achieve his ruin.

Sir Patrick Hamilton of Kincavil, an illegitimate son of James Lord Hamilton, father of the Earl of Arran, by a daughter of Witherspoon of Brighthouse, left two sons by his wife Catherine, daughter of Alexander Duke of Albany, namely, James Hamilton of Kincavil, sheriff of Linlithgowshire, and Patrick Hamilton, Abbot of Fearn, who was burnt at St Andrews in 1526 for his attachment to the doctrines of the Reformation. The family of Kincavil continued stedfast in the same religious principles, and incurred the deadly hatred of the supporters of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. One of Kincavil's sons was singled out by the clergy as particularly obnoxious, and it was resolved to make an example of him by visiting him with a fate similar to that of his uncle the martyred Abbot of Fearn. Sir James Hamilton of Finnart would have been the person whose duty it was to pronounce sentence, if this design had not been fortunately prevented.

When Hamilton of Kincavil was informed of the intended prosecution, he resolved to use every exertion to save his son's life, and he sent a younger son with a private message to the King. This gentleman, while hastening to Edinburgh, overtook the King riding early in the morning towards the Queensferry, and falling on his knees he requested an audience of his Majesty, alleging that he had matters of the utmost importance to communicate which were connected with the safety of his royal person. James listened to his statements a few minutes, and not being inclined to return to Edinburgh, he took a signet ring from his finger, and told young Hamilton to show it to his treasurer Kirkaldy, Sir Thomas Erskine his secretary, and Sir Thomas Learmonth the master of his household, whom he

would find at his arrival in Edinburgh sitting in the Exchequer, and freely narrate to them whatever he had to communicate.

Young Hamilton had an interview with those officers of the Court when he arrived in Edinburgh, and accused Sir James Hamilton of Finnart of having frequently boasted to his intimate friends of the proximity of the Hamilton Family to the crown ; also that he had hired desperate ruffians to murder the King, and that he had grossly misapplied and embezzled the money placed at his disposal for the erection and repair of the royal palaces and castles. A council was immediately assembled, and the Lord Lyon King-at-Arms was ordered to apprehend Sir James Hamilton of Finnart, which he did that very day, and lodged him in the Castle of Edinburgh. There are no traces in the criminal records of the proceedings against him farther than the prosecution and conviction, but his fate was a merited retribution for his treacherous murder of the Earl of Lennox at the field of Linlithgow Bridge, that atrocious act having been aggravated by the circumstance that the Earl had a few minutes before surrendered himself a prisoner.

When the *Bastard of Arran*, as Finnart was often designated, found himself immured in the prison of Edinburgh Castle, he wrote to the King, who was then at Falkland, requesting permission to defend himself in the royal presence ; to which James acceded, and an order was sent for his liberation. When this was put into the hands of the Treasurer and his colleagues, dreading the vengeance of Finnart, whose character for intrigue and tyranny they well knew, they instantly set out for Falkland, and in addition to the charges already preferred against him, they accused Sir James of keeping up a correspondence and conspiring with the banished Earl of Angus against the King's government and person, and they concluded by representing to

James that if he pardoned offences of such magnitude, he would endanger his own and the public safety.

The King returned without delay to Edinburgh, and notwithstanding the powerful intercession made in behalf of Finnart he was brought to trial, and accused of "determining to break up the King's chamber door to slay him, and that he had private conferences with the Douglasses, declared enemies of the state." The jury, composed of barons and country gentlemen, some of whom it is said were his personal enemies, found him guilty, and he was condemned to death. James suffered his favourite to be beheaded and quartered at Edinburgh on the 16th of August 1540, and his estates were confiscated to the Crown and bestowed on numerous courtiers; but in 1543 his son obtained a recall of the forfeiture. The downfall of the *Bastard of Arran* occasioned much surprise at the time, and Pit-scottie quaintly observes, that "the countrie marvelled meikle that sic ane man, of so great credence, was so suddenly put down by (beyond) ony man's expectations." Another old writer observes that "his death, because of his former wicked life, was lamented by verie few, except of his awin friends and the priests, who had fixed the hope of the suretie of their haif estate in him."

"After this time," continues the same authority, "the King began to suspect the nobilitie. Solicitude pinches his troubled mind, quhilk unsettled, was troubled in the night by visious, whereof ane is reported, verie notabill. He thocht he saw Sir James Hamilton of Fynnairt come upon him with a naked sword, and first cut his right arm and next his left arm, and threatening, after a short space, to take his life, he evanished. As he awaked in ane feir, and revolved upon the event of the dream, soon afterwards he was advertized that baith his sons were deceased, the ane at Sanct Androis, the other at Streveling, on ane day, and almost in ane hour."

THE RAID OF STIRLING.*

A.D. 1571.

THE unjust murder of Archbishop Hamilton of St Andrews at Stirling Bridge under colour of law was the signal for the loyalists to fly to arms. The indignation and rage of his kinsmen the Hamiltons were loudly expressed, and hostilities were renewed with peculiar fierceness and animosity. The watchwords were—“*Remember the Archbishop of St Andrews! For God and the Queen! A Hamilton!*” Every gentleman of the name vowed to avenge the murdered prelate, whose unhappy fate was long remembered with execrations on the perpetrators, and a direful retribution was demanded.

The Earl of Lennox, the personal enemy of the Hamiltons, succeeded Moray as Regent. Elated by the prosperity of his affairs, and supported by an English army, which hovered on the Borders under the Earl of Sussex, he proclaimed the Duke of Chatelherault, chief of the House of Hamilton, the Earls of Huntly, Argyle, and other leaders of the Queen's party, traitors and enemies to their country. He followed up this bold measure by sending a body of three hundred mounted troopers to Hamilton, who seized the ducal residence, and plundered it of the Duke's plate and household furniture, all of which Lennox ordered to be sold at the market-cross of Linlithgow, and appropriated the money to his own use.

These and other indignities, in addition to the murder of the Archbishop of St Andrews, exasperated the Hamiltons

* Historical Memoirs of the House of Hamilton; Spottiswood's History; Douglas' Peerage.

and the adherents of Queen Mary beyond all bounds. Sir William Kirkcaldy had seceded from the King's party, as it was called, and in 1571 that great man planned an enterprise worthy of his military genius. On the 3d of September three hundred mounted troopers, chiefly Borderers, under the command of the Earl of Huntly, Lord Claud Hamilton, Scott of Buccleuch, and Spence of Wormiston, with about eighty infantry, left Edinburgh a little before sunset, guided by Captains Bell and Calder. Their real object was an attack on Stirling, but to conceal their design they pretended that they were going to Jedburgh to reconcile a well known feud between the inhabitants of that burgh and Ker of Fernihirst. Having seized all the horses brought on the previous day to the market, and also those they found on the road, they were enabled to mount their foot soldiers. Leaving the city by the Cowgate Port, they proceeded southward till they came near Libberton, when they wheeled to the right, under a rising ground which concealed them from the view of the city, and by a rapid march during the night they arrived before Stirling about break of day.

Captain Bell was a native of the town, and was intimately acquainted with all its streets, lanes, and localities. He acted as guide, and assigned to every man his post. The Regent Lennox was residing in the town, attended by his supporters and friends, and the valiant Captain knew all their residences. In a few minutes the house of every person of distinction was surrounded, and the slumbering inmates were roused by the loud shouts of the loyalists, exclaiming—"God and the Queen! A Hamilton! Remember the Archbishop of St Andrews!" Before they had time to offer any opposition, or to recover from their surprise, the Regent Lennox, the Earls of Glencairn, Argyle, Eglinton, Montrose, and Buchan, Lords Sempill, Cathcart, and Ochiltree, were forcibly mounted behind troopers, and ready

to be conveyed to Edinburgh. The Earl of Morton was the only person who defended his house with obstinate valour, but he at length yielded to Scott of Buccleuch, the husband of his niece, who, having set the tenement on fire, compelled the Earl to surrender.

But the time lost by Morton's obstinacy was of the greatest advantage to his party, for the Borderers, who had at first behaved with great prudence, began to disperse, rifling the shops and houses of the inhabitants, and plundering the stables of the nobility. The Earl of Mar, governor of the castle, hearing the noise and uproar in the town, sallied out of the fortress at the head of about thirty musqueteers, assisted by some of the town's people. Entering by a back passage into his then unfinished house, the edifice still in existence called *Mar's Work*, which, from its situation, commanded the market-place, he planted two pieces of cannon, and began firing with such success on the Queen's party, who were considerably dispersed, that he drove them to the east end of the town. A number of them fell in this assault, and many were seized by the inhabitants. The Regent's soldiers pressed so closely upon them that they were obliged to leave their prisoners, and consult their safety by a speedy retreat. In all probability not one of them would have escaped death or captivity, if it had not been for the plundering rapacity of Buccleuch's Border marauders, who having seized and carried off all the horses in the town, thus prevented the victors from pursuing them.

Captain Calder seeing the day lost resolved to make sure of one victim. Coming in contact with the Regent, he ran him through the body with a broadsword. This was done to revenge the murder of the Archbishop of St Andrews. Sir David Spence of Wormiston did all he could to save the Regent, and he lost his life in the attempt. Some of Mar's soldiers came up to the place where the wounded

Regent was, and literally cut him to pieces, notwithstanding the entreaties of Lennox to preserve him.

The Regent was able to proceed to the castle, and to the inquiries of his attendants as to the nature of his wound he answered, that if the *baby*, meaning the young King his grandson, "is well, all is well." When it was ascertained that his wound was mortal, he prepared for death with great composure. Calling the nobility around him, he addressed them in a suitable manner. "I am now, my Lords," he said, "to leave you at God's good pleasure, to go into a world where there is rest and peace. You know it was not my ambition, but your choice, which brought me to the charge I have this while sustained, which I undertook the more willingly, because I was persuaded of your assistance in the defence of the King, whose protection by nature and duty I could not refuse. And now being able to do no more, I must commend him to Almighty God, and to your care, entreating you to continue in the defence of his cause, wherein I do assure you in God's name of the victory; and make choice of some worthy person fearing God and affectionate to the King to succeed unto my place. I must likewise commend unto your favour my servants, who never have received benefit at my hands, and desire you to remember my love to *my wife Meg*, whom I beseech God to comfort." Having thus spoken, he betook himself to his devotions, and soon afterwards expired.

The lady whom Lennox designated *his wife Meg* was Lady Margaret Douglas, daughter of Archibald Earl of Angus and Margaret, Dowager of James V. and sister of Henry VIII. Four sons and four daughters were the offspring of this marriage. Only two of those children survived to manhood—the celebrated Lord Darnley, and Charles, who succeeded his father as fifth Earl of Lennox, but he did not long enjoy his honours, as he died at Lon-

don in 1576, in the twenty-first year of his age. His mother died at Hackney in 1577, in the sixty-second year of her age.

THE BLOOD-HOUND OF LORN.*

A.D. 1306.

THE old metrical historian of King Robert Bruce narrates a romantic event in the life of that celebrated monarch, the substance of which is as follows :—

The King, after numerous vicissitudes, had again been enabled to maintain some footing in Scotland, yet though he obtained several advantages, he was in a weak and precarious condition ; and he was compelled to retire from his enemies whenever they assembled in considerable numbers. It happened that, while he was lurking with less than four hundred men in the wilds of Cumnock in Ayrshire, his inveterate enemy MacDougal, commonly called John of Lorn, aided by Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, came against him with eight hundred Highlanders, and a large force of men-at-arms. They also brought with them a slough-dog, or blood-hound, which had at one time belonged to Bruce himself, and which John of Lorn had contrived to get into his possession. Great dependance was placed on the scent of the animal on this occasion, more particularly from the circumstance that, as it had been formerly a favourite with Bruce, it was less likely to lose the track.

King Robert was enabled to make head against those of

* Barbour's Bruce, edited by Pinkerton, Book vii. ; Sir Walter Scott's Lord of the Isles.

his enemies who were mounted; but when he perceived that the Highlanders of Lorn had nearly cut off his retreat, he arranged his followers in three divisions, and ordered them to meet at a certain specified place, to which they were to proceed by different routes. When John of Lorn came up to the spot where Bruce divided his followers, he caused the blood-hound to be put upon the trace, and the animal immediately directed him to that party headed by King Robert. Lorn in consequence pursued this party with his whole force, paying no attention to the others.

Bruce was compelled to subdivide his small party in the same manner as he had previously done, and this expedient was attended with the same results. The pursuers attached themselves exclusively to the handful of men led by him, allowing the others to proceed where they pleased without molestation. Thus hard pressed by his inveterate foes, Bruce dismissed all his followers, with the exception of his foster-brother. The blood-hound still followed the trace of the King and his only attendant, and John of Lorn, now convinced that the capture of his enemy was almost certain, ordered five of his most active retainers to pursue closely, and interrupt his flight.

The nimble mountaineers were seen by the King fast gaining ground on him. "What assistance can you render?" said Bruce to his attendant. "The best I can," replied his foster-brother. "Then," said the King, "here I take my stand." The five mountaineers came up rapidly, and Bruce opposed himself to three of them, leaving the other two to his attendant. A combat commenced sword in hand, and the King slew the first who encountered him. Observing his foster-brother hard pressed by his two assailants, he rushed forward and killed one, leaving him to deal with the survivor. He then returned upon the other two, both of whom he despatched before his foster-brother had laid prostrate his antagonist. The whole five were over-

come, and the King courteously thanked his companion for his assistance. "It pleases you to say so," was the answer, "but you yourself slew four of the five." "True," said Bruce, "but only because I had a better opportunity than you. They were not apprehensive of me when they saw me encounter three, so I had a moment's time to spring to thy aid, and to return unexpectedly upon my own assailants."

The force headed by John of Lorn was approaching rapidly, and Bruce and his foster-brother retired to a neighbouring wood. Here they sat down to refresh themselves, after their recent exertions. The cry of the blood-hound was now so near, that Bruce was entreated to consult his safety by removing farther. "I have heard," said the King, "that whosoever will wade a bowshot down a running stream, shall make the slough-hound lose scent. Let us try the experiment, for were yon devilish hound silenced I would care little for the rest."

There was fortunately a rivulet near them, and Bruce entered the stream, down which he waded a considerable way. When John of Lorn had found the bodies of his five followers, he vowed the most summary vengeance. He followed the hound to the side of the stream, but here the animal was at fault, and Lorn was compelled to relinquish the pursuit. Barbour informs us that others allege the King's life was saved upon this occasion by a skilful archer who accompanied him, and who, perceiving that they would be taken by means of the blood-hound, concealed himself in a thicket, and shot the animal with an arrow.

But whether this escaping fell
As I tauld first, or now I tell,
I wot weill, without lesing,
That at the burn escaped the King.—
When the chasers rallied were,
And John of Lorn had met them there,

He told Sir Aylmer all the case,
How that the King escaped was ;
And how that his five men slew,
And syne to the wood him drew.
Sir Aylmer said—‘ He is to prise ;
For I know none that living is,
That at mischief can help him sae.
I trow he would be hard to slay
If he were matched evenly.’
On this wise spak Sir Amery.
And the good King held on his way,
Him and his man, while they
Passed out through the forest were,
Syne in the muir they entered there.

The King afterwards had an adventure with three thieves, and he was at last found by Douglas in a hut. A hundred and fifty of his followers defeated a part of Sir Aylmer's force, and the latter was at length completely routed near the woods of Glentrule in the eastern part of Ayrshire, after which his affairs assumed a prosperous appearance. Bruce was soon enabled to take ample vengeance on the Lord of Lorn.

SIEGES OF WARK CASTLE.*

THE Castle of Wark in Northumberland, which is in the view of the traveller entering England by Coldstream Bridge for several miles of the journey down the banks of the Tweed, stands on a circular eminence formed by art.

* Hutchinson's View of Northumberland ; Ridpath's Border History ; Scott's Border Antiquities ; Buchanan's History of Scotland ; Pinkerton's History of Scotland.

A small part of it now remains, having the form of a rude pillar, which at a distance appears of some importance, but the present ruins do not impress the beholder with the idea that it was such a formidable fortress as it assuredly was for many centuries. Being on the Borders, Wark was subject to repeated assaults. It is not known when it was dismantled and destroyed, though it may have been one of those frontier strongholds ordered to be demolished by James VI. on his accession to the crown of England. A platform extends to the west of the castle, with a trench called *Gully's Niche*, and a mean village lies on the east, by which the ruins are approached. Near are several intrenchments, the silent memorials of former strife, some of which are defended by mounds of earth. There is a spot adjoining called the *Battle Place*, but the particular event which obtained for it that appellation is forgotten.

In the reign of King Stephen of England, the Scots under David crossed the Borders, and amongst other exploits laid siege to Wark. A truce followed, but in 1137 the Scottish King again invaded Northumberland, and part of his army, commanded by William, the son of his illegitimate brother Duncan, assaulted the Castle of Wark. The King and his son Prince Henry soon afterwards joined this William with the rest of their forces. The Governor of Wark was Jordan de Bussy, nephew of the renowned Walter L'Espece, the proprietor of large estates in Yorkshire, and founder of the Abbey of Rievale, then also Lord of Wark. During a siege of three weeks the garrison sustained the most vigorous assaults, and every attempt to gain the fortalice, or to reduce it by famine, was unsuccessful. The Scottish King was at last obliged to raise the siege after a considerable loss, and his standard-bearer among the slain. Exasperated at this repulse the Scots wasted the western parts of Northumberland, spreading desolation and ruin as far as the Tyne.

Stephen advanced to Wark at the head of a numerous army to oppose the Scots, and compelled David to retire from Northumberland, threatening an invasion of his territories ; but fearing a plot laid to ensnare him at Roxburgh, he returned without attempting any military operations against the Scots. When David perceived that the English forces had abandoned the Borders, he again entered Northumberland, a county which he claimed in right of his son Prince Henry, and marched against Wark, to revenge an insult which the garrison had committed by seizing some of his baggage, and annoying some of his forces. But this second siege was as unsuccessful as his former one. He exerted all his strength, and persisted in the siege with much bloodshed, till he at length turned it into a blockade by a body of troops under two of his banners, and marched southwards with the main body of his army.

The battle of the Standard, fought on Cutton Muir, in the neighbourhood of Northallerton, followed, in which David was completely defeated. The Scottish King retreated with the remains of his shattered army to Carlisle, and during the march thither the exasperated peasants revenged on his stragglers the barbarities which the invaders had committed. His defeat on Cutton Muir, however, was not so disastrous in its consequences as might have been expected, and the English were in no condition to benefit by the victory they had gained. After a short stay at Carlisle David marched against Wark, the siege of which he ordered to be resumed. He employed newly invented machines and engines, but the fortalice withstood all his assaults. The garrison made a terrible slaughter, while they only lost one knight, whose intrepidity in attacking a machine exposed him to numbers of assailants.

The brave defence by the garrison, and the havoc they committed, was to the King a source of humiliation and sorrow, but he was resolved to obtain possession of the

Castle, and he issued orders to form a strong blockade. The garrison were in consequence soon reduced to the greatest extremities for want of provisions. In their distress they killed their horses, and salted the flesh for food; and as that was their last resort, they resolved, as soon as all their provision was exhausted, to cut their passage through the Scots or die sword in hand. But they were prohibited from attempting this act by the command of the lord of the castle, Walter L'Espece. Wishing to preserve this brave band, he sent the Abbot of Rievale with his positive orders to surrender the place. A treaty was concluded, and the garrison were permitted to march out under arms, with twenty horses provided by the Scottish King. Wark was immediately demolished, and the fortifications rased.

The Castle, however, was ordered to be restored by Henry II., to strengthen the frontiers of England against the Scots. In 1318 it was taken by assault by King Robert Bruce. His son, David II., when returning from an expedition into Northumberland in the summer of 1342, where he had committed the greatest ravages, was attacked while passing the Castle laden with spoils by the governor, Sir William Montague. The Countess of Salisbury, to whose husband Wark then belonged, resided in it. Montague, with only forty horsemen, made a most successful sally on the Scots, attended with considerable slaughter, and brought into the Castle one hundred and sixty horses laden with plunder. Enraged at this insult David led his army against the Castle, and made a general assault, in which he was repulsed. He then prepared to fill the ditches, and bring his engines to play upon the walls. At the sight of these preparations the garrison took the alarm, and their danger rendered it necessary to send information of their situation to the English King, who was then marching to the Borders with a considerable army. The attempt was

perilous on account of the vigilance of the besiegers, but it was achieved by Sir William Montague himself, who, taking advantage of a dark and stormy night, passed through the Scottish lines on a fleet horse, and carried intelligence to King Edward, who redoubled his speed to relieve the Castle. Unwilling to risk the loss of their spoils, the Scottish leaders persuaded David to raise the siege, and they passed the Tweed only six hours before the van of the English army appeared. Edward was hospitably entertained in the Castle, and it is traditionally said that the Countess of Salisbury, overjoyed at the relief of the fortress, was so captivating in the eyes of the King by her beauty and pleasing deportment, as to be the cause of the institution of the *Order of the Garter*.

Wark was besieged by the Scots in 1383, in the reign of Richard II. of England, and part of the fortifications destroyed; but the assailants on this occasion were the Borderers, and the expedition a Border foray, for in July that year, in the reign of Robert II., the Duke of Lancaster and the Earl of Carrick met, and the latter agreed to a compensation for damage done to the Castle of Wark and other places in England by the Scottish Borderers. In 1399, while the English were occupied with the deposition of Richard II. and the elevation of Henry IV., the Scottish Borderers made another incursion into Northumberland, and took the Castle during the absence of the governor, Sir Thomas Grey. After holding it a short time they dismantled it, and ravaged the adjacent country. But the fortress was of too much importance to be neglected, and it was soon restored and put in a proper state of defence. During the reign of Henry IV. it sustained many shocks, with various degrees of fortune. In 1419, during the absence of Henry V. in France, and while Robert Duke of Albany was Regent of Scotland—James I. being then detained a prisoner in England—hostilities commenced on the Borders,

and Wark was taken by William Hallyburton of Fastcastle, who put all the garrison to the sword. The capture of the fortress must have been achieved by stratagem, as Hallyburton appears to have had only twenty-three followers. Robert Ogle, the governor, happened to be absent, but when he was informed of the seizure of his stronghold, he collected some English troops, and marched to effect its recovery. He deceived Hallyburton by proposing a compensation for the delivery of the castle. While the negotiation was in progress his soldiers contrived to surprise the place, and all the Scots, overpowered by numbers, were slain.

In 1460, after the demolition of Roxburgh Castle, where James II. was killed, the Scots marched into England, and among many other castles which they assailed, that of Wark was taken and demolished. It was again repaired by the Earl of Surrey, who probably put it in the condition in which it is described by Buchanan, who says that "in the innermost area a large and strong tower rises to a great height; it is surrounded by two walls, the outermost embracing a wide space, into which the country people are accustomed to flee for refuge, and bring their cattle and corn; the space between the inner wall and the fort being much smaller, but more strongly secured with ditches and towers."

Such was Wark in 1523, during the reign of James V., when a Scottish army was mustered on the Boroughmuir of Edinburgh, under the Regent Duke of Albany, to the number of 60,000 men, to encounter the Earl of Surrey. The Castle could then have stood a siege of ten days, and it had a strong garrison, an ample supply of artillery and ammunition, and of other things necessary for defence; but it is stated in a dispatch from Surrey to Cardinal Wolsey, that the outer walls could not have resisted two days. The English commander remained at Belford till Albany entered

the English territory. The latter slowly conducted his troops from the Boroughmuir to Melrose, where he arrived on the 28th of October, after suffering much inconvenience by cumbersome artillery, and encountering roads, at all times wretched in those days, rendered still more difficult by recent falls of snow and rain. Albany remained in the neighbourhood of Melrose two days, after which he marched down the Tweed, and arrived at Eccles, on the side of the river opposite Wark. The Scottish army encamped near Coldstream, while Albany lodged in Home Castle. He ordered part of the artillery to be conveyed to Berwick, but afterwards he resolved to attempt the destruction of Wark.

On the last day of October the Regent advanced some artillery against the fortress, and sent the French auxiliaries, of whom he had a considerable body in his army, over the Tweed, placing more confidence in them than in the Scots. The whole force sent against the Castle consisted of four thousand men, including the French, and all were commanded by Ker of Fernihirst. On the following day, which happened to be Sunday, a vigorous fire was commenced by the Scots and French, the latter carrying the outer enclosure at the first assault, but they were dislodged by the garrison setting fire to the corn and straw laid up within the walls. Nevertheless the besiegers soon recovered it, and effected a breach in the inner wall by their cannon, notwithstanding all the efforts of Sir William Lisle, captain of the Castle. The French with great intrepidity mounted the breach and entered the precinct, when they were encountered sword in hand by Lisle and the garrison, and were driven out with the loss of ten men.

Darkness came on, and both parties were compelled to desist. The Scots and French resolved to renew the assault on the following day, but during the night there was

a heavy fall of rain; the Tweed was swollen by the mountain torrents, and the besiegers, alarmed by the intelligence that the Earl of Surrey was advancing from Alnwick with a large force, were afraid that the state of the river would cut off their retreat to the main army. Under these circumstances Albany withdrew his artillery and sounded a retreat, and "there was never man," says Surrey to Henry VIII., "departed with more shame, or with more fear, than the Duke has done this day." The Regent retired to Eccles, from which he rapidly marched towards Edinburgh when he heard that the English were approaching; his retreat having the appearance of a flight, the disorder of which was increased by a tempest of snow. Albany writhing with shame, and conscious of having, as Henry VIII. wrote to Surrey, "cowardly raised his siege and fled," yet affected to ascribe his disgrace to sundry peers who would not advance into England, and he even charged Arran, Lennox, and others, with a design of delivering him up to the English army.

In 1549 Wark received the English army after an expedition into Scotland, which is the last event of any consequence previous to its final demolition. The castle was long the property of the Lords Grey of Wark, and is now in the possession of their descendants by the female line, the Earls of Tankerville.

SURPRISE OF BERWICK.*

A.D. 1318.

AFTER the victory of Bannockburn, various bands of the Scots ravaged Northumberland, some of whom made an

* Parbour's Bruce; Lord Hailes' Annals of Scotland; Hutchinson's View of Northumberland; Leland's Collectanea.

ineffectual attempt to surprise Berwick, by means of entering the Tweed in vessels under false colours. The town was, however, secured by the Scots in 1318, the Governor having betrayed it to the Earl of Moray, who garrisoned it with a body of Bruce's followers.

Barbour, the metrical historian of Bruce, gives a different account of the capture of Berwick by the Scots. It appears that one Spalding, a citizen of the town, having been harshly treated by the governor, who is supposed to have been Roger Horsley, and incensed at his cruelty towards the Scottish inhabitants, resolved to betray the town. He wrote to a Scottish nobleman, whom Barbour designates *the Marishall*, but which is suspected to be a corruption of the *March Earl*, or *Patrick Earl of March*, who had abandoned the English interest, and espoused the cause of King Robert. He offered on a certain night to betray the post where he kept guard at the Cowgate. The Earl could not engage personally in such a perilous enterprise, and he therefore communicated Spalding's offer to King Robert. "You did well," observed Bruce, "to make me your confident, for if you had told this either to Randolph or to Douglas, you would have offended the one to whom you did not first tell it. Both of them, however, shall assist you in executing the enterprise." Barbour makes the King thus deliver his sentiments:

— " Certes thou wert wise
To have discovered first to me,
For if thou hadst discoveret the (same)
To my nephew the Earl Thomas,
Thou would'st have displeased the Lord Douglas
And him also in the contrer.
But I will work in such maner
That thou and thine intent shall be,
And have from none of them mawgré."

Bruce commanded him to assemble a body of troops, with whom he repaired to a place called *Dunse Park*, giving

separate orders to Randolph and Douglas to meet the Earl of March at the same place. Some of them advanced to a part of the wall left unguarded, and entered the town unperceived by any one except Spalding. They lay concealed in the town till day-light, when they commenced the assault, assisted by those who remained without the walls, and were masters of the town by noon. A number of the garrison and inhabitants retired within the castle, from which they made a sally, presuming from the scanty display of banners that the Scots were few in numbers; but they were repulsed chiefly by the valour of a young knight called Sir William Keith of Galston. The Scots gave quarter to all who demanded it, and conducted themselves with great moderation. The garrison were compelled to capitulate on terms, and were allowed to march out in an honourable manner.

King Robert soon afterwards arrived at Berwick, and resided in the castle a short time. He appointed his son-in-law the High Steward governor, who took proper measures for the defence of the place, not doubting that the English would attempt the recovery of the fortress, and assembled his own kindred and vassals to assist him in the discharge of his trust. On the following year the English appeared to invest the town with a powerful land force, and a fleet from the Cinque Ports containing provisions and stores, but they were compelled by the retaliating inroad of Randolph and Douglas to raise the siege.

Berwick had afterwards many changes of masters, and it was several times taken by the Scots by surprise. Money also occasionally deprived the English of this celebrated scene of mutual strife, when the English were considered the ancient enemies of Scotland.

CONFLICT OF KNOCK-MARY.*

ABOUT A.D. 1490.

THE parish of Monievard, in the upper part of Strathearn in Perthshire, was the scene of a conflict, about the year 1490, between the Murrays and the Drummonds, two potent families in that district. George Murray, Abbot of Inchaffray, had ordered a *riding* or valuation of the teinds paid by the Drummonds for their property in the parish of Monievard, of which, in virtue of his office as Abbot, he was ecclesiastical titular. "This rydeing of teinds," says Lord Viscount Strathallan, "is a kind of severe way to consider and estimate the value of the tenth sheaffe in the time of harvest standing on the ground, and from thence to establish the number of rentalled teynd bolls accordingly to be payed by the heritor to the titular yearly." It appears that the Abbot's men, who were chiefly of his own name, conducted themselves with great insolence towards the Drummonds, threatening to *dirk* the latter if they offered the slightest opposition, and boasting that the Murrays had ever been, and would ever be, the lords and masters of the Drummonds. On the other hand, the Drummonds were not slow in retorting the insolence of the Murrays in the most uncourteous manner, and both parties at length became so exasperated that they raked up all the odious things done by persons of their name, and designated each

* Pitcairn's Criminal Trials; The Genealogy of the Most Noble and Ancient House of Drummond, by the Hon. William Drummond, afterwards first Viscount of Strathallan, 1681, (Reprinted 1831 for the Bannatyne Club, and only one hundred copies printed;) Freebairn's MS. quoted in the Appendix.

other by the most irritating epithets. The women, and even the children of the Drummonds, took part in the affair, and assailed the Murrays with a torrent of execrations.

Some one in the midst of this altercation thought proper to proceed secretly to the baronial residence of Lord Drummond, chief of the name, to acquaint his Lordship with the outrage committed by the Murrays on his friends and dependants. Lord Drummond was absent, but his second son, David Drummond, and his brother, designated from his property Drummond-Ernoch, were made acquainted with the affair, and collecting their retainers they proceeded to Monievard. When the Murrays heard of the approach of Drummond with a party to drive them off by force, they marched up to the east side of an eminence called Knock-Mary, where they had the advantage of the rising ground, and awaited the arrival of their assailants.

Drummond soon appeared, and marched forward to the attack, nothing discouraged by the advantageous position occupied by the Murrays. A conflict began with great determination on both sides, but the Drummonds could not resist the superior force of the Murrays even at the first onset, and after contending for a short time they gave way. At this crisis a party of Macrobie, then residing in Balloch, came up, chiefly from curiosity, and stationed themselves conspicuously on Knock-Mary to witness the conflict. When they saw that Drummond was likely to be defeated, they ran to his assistance, and altogether turned the result of the encounter. The Murrays immediately commenced a retreat northward until they came to a spot where they made a desperate but unsuccessful effort to retrieve themselves. They were driven off the field with great loss, and the place where the dead were interred is still marked by a mound of earth and stones, about sixty yards long and thirteen broad, known by the name of *Rotten-reoch*. From

the appearance of the mound, and of several other places in the neighbourhood, it is evident that the earth was simply dug out, the dead bodies thrown in, and covered with earth and stones. A number of the Drummonds fell in this feudal engagement, and eighteen of their allies the Macrobie were slain. Twelve of the latter were interred in the parish church of Muthil, and six in the church-yard.

After the Murrays were driven from the field they took refuge in the parish church of Monievard. The Master of Drummond, satisfied with his victory, was quietly returning home, when Campbell of Dunstaffnage in Argyllshire appeared at the head of a band of Highlanders. It happened that, in the spring of the year, a gentleman named Alexander Murray, an illegitimate son of Murray of Tullibardine, had killed Walter Drummond of Mewie and his two sons, leaving as the heir of Mewie a very young child. Campbell of Dunstaffnage had married Isabella Drummond, a daughter of the Laird of Mewie, and as he was in Ireland at the time of the slaughter of this lady's father and brothers, he had no opportunity until he returned to inquire into the affair and revenge the murder. At the very time of the conflict of Knock-Mary he arrived from Argyllshire, for the double purpose of revenging the slaughter of his father-in-law and brother-in-law, and he embraced the opportunity of accompanying David Drummond on his expedition against the Murrays, but Dunstaffnage does not appear to have taken any part in the conflict. While Drummond and his friends were passing the church at Monievard, within which the Murrays had taken refuge, one of the latter discharged an arrow, and either killed or wounded one of the Campbells. This so greatly enraged the Highlanders that they rushed to the church, and set the building, which was covered with a thatched or heather roof, on fire. They also surrounded it to prevent the pos-

sibility of escape, and all within were consumed to ashes. According to Lindsay of Pitscottie only one individual escaped, named David Murray. This author farther states that the Murrays were in number "six score, with their wives and children;" but another authority mentions the names of only nineteen, of whom five were of the name of Murray, as appended to the complaint presented to the Archbishop of St Andrews by the Abbot of Inchaffray. In that list David Murray is mentioned among those who were burnt.

This barbarous action was soon communicated to James IV., who was then at the castle of Stirling. The chief prosecutor in the matter appears to have been the Abbot of Inchaffray, who exhibited a complaint to William Shevez, Archbishop of St Andrews, setting forth that some of the Drummonds, whom the Abbot designates "*Satan's soldiers and rotten members*," had most inhumanly slaughtered and burned a number of his kinsmen, friends, and followers, in the church of Monievard, without "regard to God, or the place to which they had betaken themselves as a sanctuary and safe house of refuge," and he made "supplication for justice and severe proceedings against such outrages."

The Archbishop recommended John Hepburn, Bishop of Dunblane, within whose diocese the crime had been committed, to anathematize the offenders, in other words to excommunicate them with all the solemnities enjoined by the Roman Catholic ritual, and the Bishop of Dunblane was ordered to intimate this excommunication in all the churches and chapels of his diocese. In those times this sentence of the Roman Catholic Church was almost equivalent to that of death, as it precluded the party or parties who were involved in it from any kind of intercourse or protection; but it is said that on this occasion the Bishop, probably either from motives of friendship, or not wishing to involve himself in a quarrel with the Drummonds, who

were numerous and powerful in his diocese, was in no haste to put it in force.

The proceedings of King James in reference to the affair in some degree counterbalanced the tardiness of the Church. Exasperated at the deed he immediately repaired from Stirling to Drummond Castle, whither David Drummond and his followers had retired. There was at first some show of resistance to the King's summons to surrender, but seeing that any opposition to the royal authority was hopeless, and would only aggravate the crime, the baronial castle was given up to the King, and David Drummond was carried a prisoner to Stirling. He was publicly beheaded in that town, notwithstanding the earnest intercession of his mother Lady Drummond, and of his sister Margaret, the favourite mistress of the King. It is said that a pardon "would have been certainly granted, if the mother, a bold, proud, unadvised woman, had not in her passion uttered some bitter and unseasonable words, wherewith the King was so irritated that he commanded justice forthwith to be done upon Drummond and many others of his friends, who were his accomplices in that ill turn, and appointed also an assessment to be given to the wives and children of such as died at Monievard."

These proceedings tended to increase the feud between the Drummonds and the Murrays, and whenever the least offence was given by either party the old quarrel was renewed. This sad outrage was at last compromised, and on the 14th of January 1500-1, a letter was issued under the Privy Seal to "the Lord Drummond, and Sir William Murray of Tullybardine, knight, their kin, men, friends, and servants, for *heartliness* to be preserved among them in time to come; renouncing and forgiving to the said kin and friends of both the said parties, all actions and crimes of the burning of the kirk of Monievard, and slaughter of the King's lieges at that time."

It has been commonly asserted that William, Master of Drummond, eldest son of Lord Drummond, was the individual apprehended and sent to Stirling, where he was tried, convicted, and executed in the year 1511, according to Douglas' Peerage, for the burning of the Murrays in the church of Monievard. Both the person and the date are erroneous, as the individual who suffered this punishment was David Drummond the second son, and the brother of the Master.

Thomas Drummond of Drummond-Ernock was in the castle of Drummond with his nephew when it was surrendered to James IV. He would probably have shared the same fate, and having refused to submit to the King without a positive assurance that his life would be spared, he got over the castle wall, and succeeded in escaping to an adjoining forest. This and some other bold *pranks* obtained for him the soubriquet of *Tom-unsained*. He fled first to Ireland and afterwards to London, where he secured the favour of Henry VII., by whose influence with James IV. he procured a pardon.

THE HIGHLANDERS' REVENGE.*

A.D. 1589.

ABOUT the time James VI. was married by proxy to Anne of Denmark, and on occasion of that event, Lord Drummond, who was steward of Strathearn and chief forester of Glenartney, received orders to provide a suitable supply of venison for the entertainment to be given by James to his

* Antiquities of Strathearn; History of the Clan Gregor; Oral Traditions of Perthshire.

Queen, who was daily expected. The extensive forests of Strathearn and Glenartney, the latter a royal one, abounded with deer, and Lord Drummond prepared to execute his part of the commands of the King by summoning his domestics, and selecting the finest animals of the herds for the royal table at Holyroodhouse.

In those times many of the powerful Highland proprietors had large deer forests on their estates, and though there were no game laws as at the present day, there were nevertheless certain rules in force for the protection of such forests, which were especially necessary in a rude and turbulent age. One point was, that all such forests were set apart for the private use of the proprietor, and it was consequently considered a gross act of hostility when any aggressions on those domains were made by neighbours or strangers. As it respects the clansmen, or feudal tenants on the estate, it was not deemed criminal if they killed a deer or a hare, wherever it was found, within the limits of the chief, and many persons made this liberty the means of their chief subsistence. A lawless and indolent turbulent peasantry were thus fostered in the Highlands at little or no expense to the chiefs, roving among the mountains, and occasionally encroaching on the territorial boundaries of their neighbours, especially on the properties of those with whom their chiefs happened to be at feud.

At the time when Lord Drummond's followers were hunting in the forest of Glenartney, some of the Macdonalds of Glencoe wandered from their own mountainous recesses, and were found trespassing on the royal domain of which his Lordship was chief ranger. They were seized by the under forester and his men, when in the act of carrying off a deer which they had brought down. Whether Lord Drummond was consulted respecting the punishment for this aggression does not appear, but the under forester and his followers had the cruelty to cut off the ears of the Mac-

donalds, and then forcibly expelled them from the forest with threatenings of instant death if they were ever again seen within the boundaries of Glenartney.

The Macdonalds of Glencoe were a sept who were certain to revenge such a gross outrage on their clan and kindred, and they soon returned in considerable numbers to the forest from which their mutilated friends had been excluded. They loitered in concealment on its boundaries, and at length they seized a favourable opportunity to kill Drummond of Drummond-Ernoch. Having dispatched the man who had cropped the ears of their friends, they cut off his head, and carried it in savage triumph to his sister, a lady married to Stewart of Ardvoirlich on the banks of Lochearn. That gentleman was absent when those visitors arrived, and as the Macdonalds were well known depredators, they were received with considerable apprehension and distrust. The lady, however, resolved to treat them hospitably, and ordered some bread and cheese to be placed before them until better cheer was prepared. She left the room for that purpose, and during her absence the Macdonalds inhumanly placed the head of her unfortunate brother, still dripping with blood, on the table, and put a piece of bread and cheese in the mouth. When the lady of Ardvoirlich returned, the horrid spectacle met her gaze, and she recognised the head of the murdered Drummond-Ernoch. She ran out of the house in a state of distraction, which caused insanity, and betook herself to the woods and mountains. When her husband arrived, he found that the Macdonalds had departed, having carried with them the head of his brother-in-law, and his wife was no where to be found. His distress was increased by the peculiar circumstances of his lady, who was far advanced in pregnancy. He long sought her in the woods and among the mountains, but no trace of her was visible. It happened to be autumn, which fortunately was conducive

to the preservation of the unfortunate lady, who, during her wanderings over hills and in lonely glens a solitary maniac, subsisted on such wild fruits as grew in those alpine regions.

After several weeks of fruitless search a half famished female figure was seen in the vicinity of the house of Ardvoirlich, lurking among the brush-wood, which the superstitious terror of the domestics induced them to suppose the spectre of their lady. They informed their master of the circumstance, and conjecturing the truth the proper means were taken for securing the fugitive. She was attended with the utmost assiduity, and fortunately after the birth of her child she recovered her senses, to the great joy of her family; but the son to whom she gave birth early exhibited fierce and ungovernable passions, and when he grew up to manhood he exhibited a savage appearance.

The Macdonalds carried the head of Drummond-Ernock with them, and proceeded to Balquhiddar, at no great distance, to join their allies the Macgregors. The slaughter of Drummond being considered a just retaliation for the insult given to the Macdonalds, the Macgregors highly applauded the deed, and on the following Sunday they assembled in the parish church of Balquhiddar, where they all laid their hands on the head of Drummond-Ernock, and solemnly swore to defend the Macdonalds from the consequences of the crime they had committed.

But it appeared afterwards that the Macdonalds, the real perpetrators of the murder, contrived to transfer the odium of it and the punishment to the Macgregors exclusively, and as such they were considered by the Government, in consequence of the oath in Balquhiddar church. Incensed at the outrage, James VI. and his Council issued a commission of fire and sword against the whole clan Gregor, in which the slaughter of Drummond-Ernock is particularly mentioned. In this proclamation it is stated :—“ Likeas,



CHURCHYARD OF BALQUHIDDER.

after the murder committed, the authors thereof cut off the said umquhile John Drummond's head, and carried the same to the Laird of Macgregor, who, with his whole surname of Macgregors, purposely convened, upon the Sunday next thereafter, at the kirk of Balquhiddy, where they caused the said umquhile John's head to be presented to them, and there avowing the said murder, laid their hands on the *pow*, and in heathenish and barbarous manner swore to defend the authors of the said murder." In consequence of this commission, which was to continue in force three years, the Earls of Huntly, Argyle, Athole, and Montrose, Lord Drummond, the Commendator of Inchaffray, Sir John Murray of Tulliebardine, Macfarlane of Arrochar, Buchanan of that Ilk, several gentlemen of the name of Campbell, and others, were authorised to search for and apprehend Allister Macgregor of Glenstrae, and all others of the clan Gregor, wherever they may be found, and if they refused to be taken, or fled to places of strength, to pursue them with fire and sword.

In all this the Macdonalds of Glencoe are never mentioned, and they seem to have left their allies to experience the full vengeance of the law. It is also not a little remarkable that even the Drummonds seem to have been content with taking vengeance on the Macgregors. The warrant to exterminate the devoted was soon put in force, and Lord Drummond, impatient to revenge the slaughter of his relative, appointed a day with the Earl of Montrose to enter the parish of Balquhiddy. In this expedition he was joined by Stewart of Ardvoirlich, equally eager to avenge the death of his brother-in-law. They kept their design so secret, that on the day appointed they made an easy conquest of the dwellings of the unsuspecting Macgregors, who were taken by surprise. A great slaughter of the clan ensued, and it is said that on one farm alone thirty-

seven individuals, who had no means of defence, were put to death.

As an inducement to activity in the crusade against the Macgregors, the Privy Council offered a reward for every one of the clan apprehended by the persons named in the commission. Not only was the proffered reward a temptation, but several of the lairds imagined that their activity would recommend them to the favourable notice of the Government. Among the gentlemen authorised by the commission to pursue the Macgregors was the Laird of Edinample in the neighbourhood of Balquhiddy, and as he considered this a very honourable distinction, he always kept some armed men near him to harass the proscribed clan.

Being informed that five Macgregors were enjoying themselves in a *clachan* or public-house at the head of Lochearn, at no great distance from his residence, he set out one winter evening to apprehend them. The reward for *five* of the clan was a strong inducement, but the Laird little anticipated the result of his adventure. He was not remarkable for courage, and when he arrived at the *clachan*, he ordered some of his men to remain outside, and took the rest with him into the house, while he entered the apartment in which the Macgregors were carousing, as if without any hostile purpose. As he was in no better costume than the ordinary Highlanders of the district, he was not recognized as the Laird of Edinample. The Macgregors, fatigued after a long chase of a deer which they had killed, and which lay on the floor, were regaling themselves with whisky. They asked the Laird to sit down and partake, which he did with great apparent alacrity, and drank a few glasses.

It happened that one of the Macgregors left the apartment in which his companions and the Laird were carous-

ing, and when passing through the only other room in the clachan he was astonished to see several armed men within and some without the house. He sought the landlord, from whom he soon discovered the rank of the Laird and the purpose of his visit. The Highlander ingeniously devised a stratagem to get rid of the Laird's followers, who were to enter the inner apartment and seize the Macgregors at a given signal. In a few minutes he came to them, and told them that Edinample wished them to go into the barn and drink some whisky, and that they were to remain there till he called for them. The coldness of the night induced them willingly to obey this welcome message. A light was procured, the whisky was brought, and they all went into the barn accompanied by the Highlander. The Macgregor drank their healths, and remained till every one of them, seventeen in number, had paid their respects to the liquor, when he went out, locking the door, and carrying off the key.

When he returned to his friends, with whom the Laird was still carousing, unconscious of the situation of his men, the Highlander seized him by the throat, and accused him of treachery. The astonished Macgregors, after hearing the story of their clansman, were for putting the Laird to death. From this crime they were dissuaded by their companion, but Edinample was to submit to a humiliating infliction. He was ordered to take the dead deer on his back, and accompany the Macgregors. He remonstrated against this indignity, reminding them that he was a gentleman, the reply to which was a naked dirk, and he was obliged to comply. They proceeded on the road to Balquhiddier. After travelling several miles, during which the Laird frequently fell under his burden from the roughness of the road, then covered with snow, they halted in the middle of a desolate heath. Here they took from him his load, and after assailing him with every opprobrious epithet for his

conduct, and threatening him with death. the ferocious mountaineers actually stripped him of his dress, and left him to find his way home in a state of complete nudity, exposed to the cold of a winter night.

A LEGEND OF STRATHEARN.*

REIGN OF JAMES V.

“THE night was the night, and the lads were the lads!” Such was an exclamation long known in the neighbourhood of Strathearn, and originated in one of the most characteristic instances of Highland ferocity and revenge to be found in the history of the Gael. During the reign of James IV. the MacNabs and the Neishes were septs of considerable influence in the vicinity of Lochearn, and had been long opposed to each other. The families and their adherents lived in a state of mutual warfare, embittered by ancient jealousies, and by real or supposed acts of aggression, of which the one sept accused the other. The retort was of course any thing but courteous; both were equally right in their own estimation, and consequently the insults and injuries could not be allowed to pass unrevenged.

After a number of years had elapsed, during which skirmishes between the families and followers of Neish and MacNab had been frequent and fatal, a regularly pitched

* Oral Traditions of Strathearn. The present writer got possession of this story, so singularly illustrative of the habits of the Highlanders in former times, by mere accident. A version of it appeared in a work entitled “Antiquities of Strathearn, with Historical and Traditionary Tales and Biographical Sketches of Celebrated Individuals belonging to the District, by John Shearer, junior.” The First Part of it seems only to have been published at Perth in 1836.

battle was fought on the confines of a glen which divides two hills rising due north of the foot of Lochearn. In this conflict both clans mustered their followers almost to a man, and it was marked by that ferocity and hatred which long series of animosities had rendered implacable. They assailed each other with savage yells and imprecations, disdaining to ask quarter, receiving none, and fighting for revenge. At length victory declared in favour of the MacNabs, and only a remnant of the defeated sept Neish remained. Their chief fell covered with wounds, but not before several of the MacNabs had fallen by his broadsword. A large stone still marks the spot where he fell covered with dagger and dirk wounds inflicted by the MacNabs. He long kept the enemy at bay, standing with his back to this stone, on which the inhabitants of the neighbourhood credulously believe the stains of his blood are still visible, and can never be effaced.

The few of the sept Neish who escaped retired to an islet at the eastern extremity of Lochearn, and placed themselves under the command of an old Highlander, a relative of their chieftain slain in the conflict already mentioned. This Highlander seems to have been a complete personification of Donald Bean Lean in WAVERLEY. He and his followers subsisted entirely by plunder, and as they possessed the only boat on Lochearn, their retreat was inaccessible in a neighbourhood at that time, and long afterwards, thinly inhabited. They were thus enabled to carry on their warfare against all and sundry without any opposition, or any attempt on the part of the Government to punish such dangerous banditti, but in reality the Highlands abounded with similar robbers, rendered desperate by their poverty and unscrupulous by their savage life.

The clan Neish continued their freebooting and predatory incursions until an incident occurred which brought against them their old and implacable enemies the Mac-

Nabs, in the reign of James V. The then chief of the MacNabs, probably the same who had routed the clan Neish, was a personage more generally feared than respected even by his own feudal followers. He was known to be an absolute despot ; his word was considered law, and to contradict, disobey, or offend him in the slightest manner, was certain to incur summary punishment. He resided in his castle, which stands upon a rocky isthmus near the head of Loch Tay, ruling his clan in the most arbitrary manner, and vindictive and unrelenting to his enemies of every rank and condition.

At the particular time stated the haughty chief of the MacNabs sent one of his domestics to Crieff for provisions of various kinds, intending to entertain his friends and allies with a great carousal on Christmas Day. The man made all his purchases in obedience to his chief's directions, and was on his way back to MacNab's castle with the goods, when he was surrounded by Neish and his followers, and robbed of every article. He threatened them with dreadful retaliation from his chief and the clan if they did not restore the goods, but the banditti ridiculed all his declarations, and even threatened to dispatch him if he annoyed them by any farther expostulations. It was probably seldom that such a quantity of tempting viands had fallen in their way, and they were determined to enjoy them whatever might be the consequences.

When the servant arrived at MacNab's residence, and informed him that he had fallen among thieves in the way, and that these thieves were the clan Neish, his rage was unbounded, and having informed his sons of the insult, the most sanguinary revenge was resolved to be inflicted. It is traditionally said that MacNab could boast of having twelve sons, all of such bodily and muscular strength that the weakest of them could drive his dirk through a board two inches thick. One of them in particular, in addition

to his athletic appearance, and a body of more than ordinary dimensions, was of such rough manners and uncompromising countenance that he was ironically distinguished by the soubriquet of *Smooth John MacNab*.

The robbery of the provisions had prevented MacNab from inviting his friends to his intended carousal, and on the evening of the Christmas Day in question Smooth John and his brothers were seated round a table which was by no means replenished in the manner it would have been if the provisions had safely arrived, and it was evident from their countenances that they were meditating some desperate deed. The old chief, who recollected with rage that the Neishes were feasting at that very time on what he had been forcibly deprived of by them, entered the apartment after taking a turn in the court-yard. He paced the floor with his arms folded, occasionally looking at his sons, and at length broke silence by exclaiming in Gaelic—"This night is the night, if the lads were but lads."

It was not uncommon among the Scottish Highlanders, as among other tribes, for the chiefs and their emissaries to communicate their sentiments and wishes by significant hints, looks, and signs, which were rarely misunderstood. On the present occasion the old chief's laconic expression, which was intended to reprove his sons for their slowness to revenge the insult, was taken precisely as he wanted. Smooth John exclaimed—"The night *is* the night, and the lads *are* the lads." He and his brothers instantly started to thier feet, and each belted his pistol, dirk, and claymore. The old chief viewed their equipment with unspeakable pleasure, and enjoined them to act *like lads*—a recommendation on his part altogether unnecessary.

The MacNabs well knew that without a boat the clan Neish were altogether inaccessible, and as they had no time to delay, led on by Smooth John, they proceeded to a creek in Loch Tay, where their pleasure-boat was lying,

and drawing it on shore they raised it upon their brawny shoulders, and man to man they carried it between them, six of the brothers occasionally relieving the other six. In this manner, with the boat on their shoulders, they ascended a hill which run to a considerable height, by steep and irregular slopes in a south direction, till betwixt it and another to the westward there is a crooked narrow pass leading to Glentarkin. Here a mountain stream served them as a guide for several miles, till it precipitates down the steep copse-covered banks of Lochearn. *

The fatigue which the MacNabs, or the *lads*, as their father designated them, must have undergone on this occasion, carrying on their shoulders a heavy boat over several miles of rugged and mountainous country in a winter night is astonishing, and evinces their determined resolution to inflict on the island caterans a dreadful punishment. None but such men, and so circumstanced and impelled, could have accomplished such a journey. Having arrived at Lochearn they launched their boat, and plied the oars across the dark and still waters of the lake. All was still and silent. A partially clouded moon afforded them a little indistinct light, and occasionally reflected on the lofty mountains which rise in all directions round this romantic lake, and terminate in various bold and rocky outlines, intersected with precipices and masses of protruding cliffs, deep hollows and ravines, from which innumerable torrents pour into the lake. The MacNabs moored their boat alongside the skiff belonging to the banditti, and landed on the islet. Proceeding to the low roofed dwelling of the Neishes, which was little better than a hovel, they found that a dead silence reigned within, occasionally interrupted by the sonorous groans and sounds of deep intoxication. Looking through a hole or aperture in the wall, the MacNabs perceived one solitary individual seated beside a few expiring embers of firewood. This person was old Neish,

the leader of the caterans. Smooth John MacNab immediately struck the door with his fist, and the unexpected noise made the heart of him within quake. Starting to his feet, he exclaimed—"Who knocks at the door?" "One whom you have no wish to be here," was the reply. Neish at once recognised the voice—"Smooth John MacNab?" he uttered. "If he has hitherto been *smooth*," replied MacNab, "you will find him *rough* for this one night."

No sooner had MacNab uttered these words than he struck the door of the hovel in such a manner as to break it in several pieces, and rushing in, followed by his brothers, he seized the old man by his few remaining grey hairs, twisted him below his knee, and deliberately severed his head from his body with his claymore. While thus employed, his brothers were busily slaughtering the drunken caterans, who were lying sound asleep in different parts of the hovel. The only one who escaped was a little boy, who contrived to conceal himself under a bed till the slaughter was over. This boy when he grew up settled peaceably in the neighbourhood, and from him, it is said, are descended the Neishes of the present time inhabiting Strathearn and Strathallan, who are known in Gaelic by the name of *MacIlduie*, or *sons of the black man*.

The MacNabs having completed their bloody work, and satisfied their revenge in this cruel manner, threw the dead bodies into Loch Tay, and left the islet in their own boat, carrying with them the head of the old cateran to present to their father. They resolved to carry back the boat on their shoulders, but when about half way to their own residence they felt fatigued, as well as retarded by the cumbersome load, and they threw it down on the hill side, where its mouldering planks were long visible, and regarded with superstitious dread by the people. When they appeared in their father's hall, and threw before him the head of the

old cateran, who had deprived him of his Christmas supper, the savage chieftain exultingly exclaimed—"Dread Nought," which is supposed to be the origin of the motto and of the crest of MacNab of MacNab, the former being *Dread Nought*, and the crest a bushy head with a beard. The family piper struck up a pibroch of victory; friendly cups of whisky were freely circulated among the domestics, with as many congratulations as if the most important victory had been gained, or as if the sons of MacNab had achieved a most praiseworthy, noble, and generous action, instead of having perpetrated a series of barbarous and cowardly murders on intoxicated robbers in their sleep. The old chief of MacNab made himself drunk with joy, as did also Smooth John and his brothers, and as long as he lived the Laird always referred to this exploit with peculiar satisfaction, using the expression, which was long proverbial in the district—"Aye! Aye! the night *was* the night, and the lads *were* the lads!"

FEUD BETWEEN THE MONTGOMERIES AND CUNNINGHAMES.*

A.D. 1598

THE domestic history of Scotland is remarkable for feuds between rival families of distinction, which invariably were accompanied by conflicts and bloodshed. In all parts of the country those feuds prevailed, and were often attended with the most unhappy consequences. Such, for example,

* Pitcairn's Criminal Trials; Moyse's Memoirs of the Affairs of Scotland; Historie of King James the Sext, printed for the Bannatyne Club.

was the feud between the Montgomeries and Cunninghames, two powerful rival families in the west of Scotland, in which Hugh fourth Earl of Eglinton, chief of the former family, was unhappily slain.

This feud had existed for several years previous to the time when the conflict occurred in which the Earl of Eglinton was killed, and it had been carried on with much rapine and bloodshed on both sides. In the time of the third Earl of Eglinton, father of Earl Hugh, a kind of accommodation had been effected to the apparent satisfaction of both parties, and certainly to the Montgomeries, who considered their mutual grievances as finally adjusted. But the voice of the Cunninghames was "still for war." On a Sunday, when the Montgomeries were assembled in a church at divine service, altogether unsuspecting of any violence, they were attacked by a large party of the Cunninghames. The Montgomeries demanded an explanation of this hostile invasion, but they were answered by the discharge of a pistol, and one of them, named Montgomery, was wounded. This individual turned suddenly to defend himself, and having a loaded pistol, he fired at and killed the man who had wounded him. The Cunninghames fled, leaving their dead companion in the churchyard.

Montgomery was prosecuted for the slaughter of his assailant in the criminal court, and acquitted on the ground that he had acted in self-defence. The Cunninghames were furious at this result of the trial, and confederated together under an oath that they would be revenged on the *fattest* of the Montgomeries for the death of their companion. They accordingly subscribed a bond to slay the eldest son of the then Earl of Eglinton, not probably as being literally the *fattest* of his family, but as being the person of greatest consequence next to the Earl himself, of whom they stood in considerable awe. They also stipulated that whosoever undertook to perpetrate this outrage

would not only be maintained at the common expense, but that he would be defended from all "skaith."

A gentleman named Cunninghame, the proprietor of Robertland in the parish of Stewarton, offered his services, which were willingly accepted. He laid his plans in the most treacherous manner. Two years before he accomplished his purpose, he insinuated himself into the friendship and confidence of Lord Montgomery, the destined victim, who easily fell into the snare, and showed the Laird of Robertland "sa great favor that he preferred him to his awin bed-fallow." His father suspected Cunninghame, and often admonished him to beware of the individual, as that extraordinary intimacy might yet be the cause of his ruin; "for," says our quaint authority rather severely, "he knew weil the nature of these Cunninghames to be subtle and false, and therefore willit him to give them nae traist, but to avoid their company altogether, even as he loved his awin life, or wald deserve his fatherly blessing." Lord Montgomery, however, chose to disregard this parental caution, and continued his intimacy with the mortal enemies of his family.

Cunninghame of Robertland was too cautious to attempt any thing during the life of the Earl, but when he died, and Lord Montgomery succeeded his father, he resolved that the young Earl should enjoy his dignity as short time as possible. He had scarcely been one *year* in possession of the earldom, when riding on one occasion from his mansion called Polnoon towards Stirling, to attend a particular meeting in that town, with very few attendants, and very indifferently mounted, his former friend appeared in hostile array against him with sixty armed men on horseback, and prepared to attack him. His servants fled and the Earl, recalling to his recollection his father's admonitions, spurred his horse to make his escape, but his retreat was cut off, and he was completely surrounded by the

Cunninghames. After upbraiding him, and abusing his family, they murdered him in the most barbarous and atrocious manner, "with shots of guns and strokes of swords."

When the tidings of this barbarous murder reached the Government, the most summary proceedings were instituted against the perpetrators, but the ringleaders consulted their safety by flight. As none of them could be apprehended, the King ordered all their houses and mansions to be given up to the murdered Earl's brother, to be demolished or otherwise appropriated at his discretion, and we are farther told that James *swore by the great oath* that he would never pardon any one concerned in the crime. But the King's recollection of the *great oath* was very brief, or he suited it according to his own convenience. Cunninghame of Robertland fled to Denmark, where he contrived to ingratiate himself with the Court, and when the negotiations were in progress for the marriage of James and the Princess Anne, he was particularly active in proffering his services to the future queen consort of Scotland and of Great Britain. He secured the influence of the Princess to obtain a pardon, and when James went in person to Denmark to bring over the Queen, the very first request which the Princess made, as a personal favour, was the pardon of the Laird of Robertland. It is almost unnecessary to add that James, who sincerely loved his royal consort, readily acceded to her request, and Cunninghame was received into favour in presence of the Danish Court. He returned to Scotland in the retinue of her Majesty, and was appointed one of her Masters of the Royal Stables.

The Earl of Eglinton was succeeded by his only son Hugh, an infant, whose mother was a daughter of Lord Boyd. A few years after the murder of the Earl, while the feud was still raging between the Montgomeries and the Cunninghames, a complaint was entered by the "Countess

of Eglinton, Hugh Earl of Eglinton, only lawful son of the deceased Earl of Eglinton, Robert Master of Eglinton, his tutor, and the kin and friends of the late Earl," on February 12, 1595-6, that whereas the said "umquhile Earl, being maist shamefully and cruelly slane by John Cunninghame of Ross (and Robertland), brother to James Earl of Glencairn," several other persons of the name of Cunninghame, and their associates, "and they taking the crime upon them, absented themselves from trial, and were therefore denounced and registered at the horn, whereat they remained divers years thereafter, until of late, as the complainers are informed, the said persons have purchased a remission or respite for the said slaughter, whereby they intend to deprive the complainers of their lawful suit, so that instead of justice, which they ever looked for conform to his Majesty's *solemn vow and promise* made to that effect, they are now moved to lament to his Highness the want of justice, through the said respite or remission." The complainers farther state, that there has been no "assithment or satisfaction made to them for the said slaughter," and they are of opinion that the "respite or remission is *ipso facto* null." The Tutor of Eglinton appeared for the complainers, and the Earl of Glencairn and William Cunninghame of Caprington for the defenders. The King and Council remitted "this mater, to be decydit befor the Justice or his deputis as accordis to law." The result of the case is not recorded, but the feud continued till 1606, when the Privy Council wrote a letter to the King, dated 27th August, on the subject. Several years before this the Sempills were involved in it, and that once powerful family, with the mutual disputes of the Montgomeries and Cunninghames, long kept the counties of Ayr and Renfrew in continual disorder.

THE EARL OF GLENCAIRN'S EXPEDITION
TO THE HIGHLANDS.*

A.D. 1653, 1654.

AFTER the English Republican army under Cromwell had to all appearance subdued Scotland, and before the arrival of the celebrated General Monk, a new and formidable enemy to the Protectorate arose in William, ninth Earl of Glencairn, who received a commission from Charles II. to command all the forces he could raise in the kingdom for the royal service. An account of the expedition is preserved, written by an eye-witness, Graham of Duchray, and it is chiefly remarkable for a duel between the Earl and Sir George Munro of Foulis, occasioned by a dispute at a dinner party respecting the personal qualities of some of the men who composed the Scottish army.

The Earl left his seat of Finlayston in Renfrewshire, on the banks of the Clyde, in the beginning of August 1653, and proceeded to Lochearn, where he was met by several Highland noblemen and chiefs of clans whose loyalty originated from very different principles. Some were determined Presbyterians, and in arms for the King chiefly to overthrow the domination of the English sectarians, while others were Cavaliers, some in religion attached to Protestant Episcopacy, and others to Popery, who were resolved to take the field from their hereditary attachment to the exiled Royal Family, and not from any wish to defend Presbyterianism. The personages who met Glencairn at Lochearn were the Earl of Athole, the well known

* Nicoll's Diary, printed for the Bannatyne Club; Graham of Duchray's Account of the Earl of Glencairn's Expedition, in Appendix to Robertson's Topographical Description of Ayrshire.

Marquis of Argyle, Macdonald of Glengarry, Cameron of Lochiel, Graham of Duchray, Macgregor, tutor of Macgregor, the Lairds of Inverurie and MacNaughton, Robertson of Strowan, and Colonel John Blackadder of Tulliallan on the Forth. It could hardly be expected that such discordant elements—men who hated each other on account of their religious principles, and only agreeing in the sentiment of loyalty, would act harmoniously together, yet their first meeting passed off with some degree of harmony. After consulting some days with Glencairn they separated, and proceeded, according to agreement, to raise their clans and dependants without delay. The Earl in the meantime resided among the mountain fastnesses of Perthshire six weeks, attended only by Graham of Duchray and three domestics.

The first who joined Glencairn were forty foot, raised by the influence of the Laird of Duchray, and a few days afterwards Donald Macgregor, tutor of Macgregor, made his appearance with eighty Highlanders. Having united this small force the Earl proceeded to the house of Duchray, where he was joined by the Viscount of Kenmure, who was also in arms for the King, with forty cavalry from Lanarkshire. Some curious notices are recorded of Kenmure's proceedings in several parts of the Lowland and Western counties by a contemporary diarist. "Great numbers of people," says Nicoll, "resorted unto him from all parts of the country, especially the North and West, yea some out of Edinburgh and the neighbourhood, who came to the south loch of Edinburgh, [now the Meadows, or Hope Park,] and when horses were brought to the water, they took them forcibly from their owners; also in many parts of Lothian they took horses by force, and carried them to their army. Likewise he caused people to pay cess in many parts of the country, and in sundry sheriffdoms and parishes caused to put out the fourth man, espe-

cially within the lordship of Cowal, Argyle, Kintyre, and Lorn. Some of his people were so bold that they came close to the gates of Edinburgh, the English being then in their garrisons, which caused an order to be issued by the latter, that all the ports (or gates) of Edinburgh should be closed and made fast immediately after the setting of the sun, which was put in execution, and began the 21st of November 1653.—Kenmure's party increased daily, and fell on the Lowlands to procure horses, wherein they had good success, many in the country being their friends. They plundered, wherever they came, all those who were English or their favourites. In this month of November it was thought they had five thousand horses, their number daily increased by desperate people, sequestrated, sequestrable, and much in debt. At a late meeting of the Presbytery of Hamilton a question was moved, whether Kenmure or the English were greater enemies. It was resolved that the English were the greater, *for Kenmure had done little hurt, but the English much evil !*"

Colonel Blackadder joined Glencairn with about fifty horsemen whom he had raised in Fife, and the Laird of MacNaughton brought twelve troopers. There was between sixty and eighty Lowlanders without horses, but well provided with arms, under the conduct of Captain James Hamilton, brother of the Laird of Milnburn. Those Lowlanders, on account of some peculiarity in their dress, were known by the soubriquet of the *Cravats*.

Such was the nucleus of the royal forces, which were daily increasing in numbers. When Colonel Kidd, Cromwell's governor of Stirling Castle, was informed that the royalists were at no great distance from him, he marched the greater part of his regiment and a troop of horse to Aberfoyle, and advanced within three miles of the Earl of Glencairn's station. His Lordship resolved to give the Colonel battle, and marched with the few forces he had as

yet mustered to the Pass of Aberfoyle, where he drew up his foot with great judgment, the cavalry, commanded by Lord Kenmure, forming the wings. A conflict ensued at this romantic entry to the Highlands which was disastrous to the English republicans. Captain Hamilton's Cravats and the Laird of Duchray's men received the first fire of the enemy with great gallantry, and soon made them retire. Glencairn immediately ordered Kenmure's troopers and the Highlanders to press upon the retreating English, who began to run in earnest. They lost about sixty men on the spot, and nearly eighty in the pursuit. No prisoners were taken on either side.

Glencairn's enforcements daily increased. Shortly after this skirmish he marched to Lochearn, and thence to Loch Rannoch, where he was met by several chieftains. The chief of Glengarry brought three hundred men, Lochiel four hundred, the Tutor of Macgregor mustered two hundred; the Earl of Athole brought one hundred cavalry, and a regiment of foot, consisting of twelve hundred men, commanded by Andrew Drummond, his lieutenant-colonel, a brother of Sir James Drummond of Mahany; Sir Arthur Forbes and several officers came with eighty men on horseback. Several of these gentlemen gave commissions to their private friends to proceed to the Lowlands and levy forces, and also to seize all the horses and arms they could find.

The army of Glencairn now mustered nearly two thousand four hundred men, and was daily expected to be increased by Lieutenant-General Middleton, who was to land in the north with a considerable supply of arms. The Earl marched his forces towards the Marquis of Huntly's country, where he was joined by several gentlemen. Meanwhile the English general Morgan, who then lay at Aberdeen, determined to oppose the royalists at the head of one thousand cavalry and two

thousand foot. Making forced marches by day and night he came up unexpectedly to Glencairn's outer guards, none of the royalist leaders having any intelligence of his movements. He pursued the guards so hotly that it was with the utmost difficulty they could keep their ground, but Graham of Duchray, with forty of his men, gave the English a smart fire, and the officer who commanded their party was killed. This disaster checked their career, and prevented them from entering a mountain pass before the royalists.

It was impossible to avoid a skirmish, and the Viscount of Kenmure hastened to the relief of the foot soldiers. General Morgan ordered his infantry to march up the glen after the Scots, while he charged at the mouth of the Pass. Glencairn still kept the rear, wretchedly mounted on a horse not worth one hundred merks Scots money, which, however, he refused to change. He was attended by several gentlemen, among whom are mentioned the Laird of MacNaughton, Sir Mungo Murray, who killed one of the English officers as they entered the Pass, Major Ogilvy, Captain Campbell, a son of Sir Nathaniel Gordon, Captain Rutherford, *who wanted a leg*, Colonel Blackadder, and the chief of Glengarry. The glen was exceedingly narrow, and the English pressed hotly upon the royalists; but night came on, and the English general deemed it prudent not to proceed farther. He encamped in the glen during the night, and on the next day marched back to Aberdeen.

The only defection from Glencairn's army was the Marquis of Argyle, who had mustered one thousand foot and fifty horse. He joined the royal forces in Badenoch, but he had become dissatisfied in a fortnight, and chose to withdraw with his followers. Glencairn sent the chiefs of Glengarry and Lochiel with as many men as he could spare to pursue Argyle, and compel him to return or fight him. The chieftains overtook the Marquis within half a mile of

the Castle of Ruthven in Badenoch, belonging to the Earl of Huntly, in which there was an English garrison. Argyle was not inclined to hazard an interview with the chieftains, but slipped off with his horsemen, and left his foot soldiers to shift for themselves. Glengarry ordered a party of troopers to pursue the recreant nobleman, who brought back twenty of his horsemen, but the Earl and the others escaped by flight.

The foot soldiers of the Marquis drew up on a hill, and offered to return to the King's service. Glengarry was by no means satisfied with this, and having an old grudge against them since the wars of the great Marquis of Montrose, he was preparing to fall upon them, when he was prevented by the arrival of Glencairn. The Earl, notwithstanding their offer, intimated to them that he would not treat with them till they laid down their arms, which they immediately did. He then went to them, accompanied by several of his officers, and they all declared that they were willing to re-enter the service, and would not again desert. He caused an oath to be taken to this effect, both from the officers and the privates; but such were their convenient notions of it, that within less than a fortnight not one of them were to be seen in the army.

Nevertheless, the royalist army continued to increase by the new levies which were daily joining them, and Glencairn resolved to march into the lowland districts of Aberdeenshire. We are told that *they ate up the whole country wherever they lived in the Highlands*. General Morgan offered no molestation, and the Earl proceeded to Elgin in Morayshire, which he made his head-quarters. While there he received official information of the landing of General Middleton in the county of Sutherland—a circumstance which, when known to Cromwell's government, brought General Monk to Scotland as commander-in-chief of all the English forces. Glencairn, who was su-

perseded in the chief command by Middleton, now pushed forward to the county of Sutherland, followed by General Morgan, with whom he had several skirmishes in the march. He was, however, able to pass the Ness some miles above Inverness, and as the English had no garrisons north of that river, General Morgan gave up the pursuit.

Glencairn sent to General Middleton, who was at Dornoch, to receive his commands. A general rendezvous of the whole army was ordered, and after a minute calculation and inspection the army was found to consist of 3500 foot and 1600 horse, but of the latter three hundred were neither well mounted nor properly armed. The whole force being drawn out, Glencairn went through every regiment, and informed them that he had now no other command except as a colonel, and hoped that they would be all happy to serve under such a brave commander as General Middleton. It is said that the men were very dissatisfied with the change, and indeed the Earl, during the whole of the expedition, had exhibited considerable prudence and military skill. After this inspection Middleton entertained the officers at Dornoch, the head-quarters.

The Earl invited the new commander-in-chief and the general officers to dine with him at the house he occupied a few miles from Dornoch, when the following scene occurred—his Lordship, it is carefully stated, having given them “as good cheer as the country could afford, and made them all *very hearty*.” Calling for a bumper in wine, the Earl addressed Middleton—“You see, my Lord, what a gallant army I and these noble gentlemen have raised out of nothing. They have hazarded life and fortune to serve his Majesty. Your Excellency ought, therefore, to give them all the encouragement you can.” Sir George Monro immediately started from his seat, and interrupting the Earl exclaimed—“By God, the men you speak of are no other than a pack of thieves and robbers. In a short time I will

show you other sort of men." The chief of Glengarry instantly rose, thinking the insult was levelled at his Highlanders, and was about to speak, when Glencairn stopped him, saying, "Forbear, Glengarry; I am the person insulted." Then directing himself to Sir George Monro, he said—"You are a base liar, for they are neither thieves nor rogues, but much better men than you could raise."

This courteous retort on the part of the Earl was not likely to be passed unnoticed, and a personal encounter would have at the moment taken place if Middleton had not commanded them to keep the peace, and addressing them individually, he said—"My Lord, and you, Sir George, this is not the way to do the King service by failing out among yourselves; I will have you both to be friends." Calling for a glass of wine, he continued—"My Lord Glencairn, you did the greatest wrong in calling Sir George a liar. You shall drink to him, and he shall pledge you." The Earl readily complied, but Sir George uttered some words not distinctly heard, and would not pledge him in return.

Nothing farther is stated of what passed on the occasion, and Middleton returned to his head-quarters. Glencairn accompanied him a mile on the way, having with him Graham of Duchray and Colonel Blackadder. They parted, and Glencairn with his friends went back to his residence, where he spent the evening in music and dancing with the family and domestics. But when about to sit down to supper, Alexander Monro, brother of Sir George, called at the mansion with a message, the nature of which may be easily inferred. The Earl received him very courteously, placing him near the head of the table, next the lady of the house. After supper dancing was resumed, and during the amusement his Lordship stepped aside to a window followed by Monro. They scarcely spoke a dozen of words together. The Earl called for a glass of wine,

and drank to him, observing, to allay any suspicion, that it would be too late to go to head-quarters, and he immediately asked for candles, as if intending to retire.

It was agreed, as the nights were short at that season of the year, that the Earl and Sir George should meet half way between Dornoch and his Lordship's residence at the morning dawn. No one was acquainted with the affair except the Earl's trumpeter. He went to bed, but he had scarcely slept two hours when he rose, dressed himself, and set out for the place of meeting, without awakening Graham of Duchray and Colonel Blackadder, both of whom slept in the same room, and unperceived by any of the family, accompanied only by the trumpeter.

The Earl found Sir George waiting for him attended by his brother. Both the combatants were on horseback, and it was arranged that each was to discharge one pistol, and then fight with broadswords. The pistols were fired without injuring either of them, and they then drew their swords. After a few thrusts and passes Sir George got a sore stroke on the bridle-hand, which induced him to call out that he was not able to guide his horse—"And I hope," he added, "you will fight me on foot." "You carle," replied Glencairn, "I will let you know that I am a match for you either on foot or on horseback." At the first onset Sir George received a severe cut on the brow, which bled so profusely that he could not see. He was now completely at the mercy of the Earl, who was on the point of thrusting him through the body, when his trumpeter, who also acted as his valet, pushed his sword aside, saying—"You have enough of him, my Lord." His master gave him a slap on the shoulders, and rode back to his lodgings, leaving Sir George to reach his quarters in whatever way he pleased, which he did with great difficulty, and in a very weak state.

When General Middleton was informed of this encounter, he ordered the Earl of Glencairn to be placed under arrest, from which he was in a few days released on giving his parole not to disobey. Not long afterwards two officers, the one named Lindsay and the other named Livingstone, the former a partisan of Glencairn and the other of Sir George Monro, quarrelled respecting their several leaders, and came to blows in imitation of their superiors, but this affair ended fatally. Lindsay killed his antagonist on the spot, for which he was tried by a court-martial, and, notwithstanding the exertions of the Earl of Glencairn to save him, he was found guilty, and ordered to be shot. This rendered the breach wider between Glencairn and Sir George Monro, and the former at length came to the resolution of retiring from Middleton altogether. On the day fortnight after the duel was fought, his Lordship left the royal army and proceeded homewards, taking with him only his own troop of horsemen, accompanied by some gentlemen who acted as volunteers, and were attached to no particular corps, in all about one hundred horse. Middleton sent a strong party after the Earl to bring him back or to fight him, but the Laird of Assynt secured the passes in such a manner that no one could approach him. He next day proceeded to Kintail, where he was hospitably received by the gentlemen of Lord Seaforth's name and family, and he remained with them a few days to refresh his men and horses. From Kintail the Earl journeyed successively to Loch Bruin, Lochaber, Loch Rannoch, and to Killin at the head of Loch Tay, where he rested eight days, till he was joined by Sir George Maxwell, his own lieutenant-colonel, who brought one hundred mounted troopers. Several noblemen and gentlemen also joined him with new levies, but his Lordship sent them all to General Middleton, and proceeded homewards by easy

journeys, as his health was very indifferent, till he came to Lochleven in Dumbartonshire, where he resided some days at Rosedoe with Colquhoun of Luss.

In the meanwhile General Monk, who had arrived in Scotland, commenced the most active measures to put down the enterprise. Calling out all the troops he could spare from the garrisons, he gave the command of part of his army to General Morgan, and both marched by different roads, though still near each other, in search of General Middleton. The royalist leader had marched to Lochgarry, where he meant to encamp at a village, but General Morgan, who had the same intention, arrived there before him, the one having no information of the other's movements. The vanguards of the opposing forces got immediately into action, and Middleton commenced a retreat, on account of the impossibility of drawing up his men on unfavourable ground. Morgan closely pursued, and succeeded in obtaining possession of Middleton's sumptuary, in which were his commission and all his papers. The royal army was at length compelled to flee as fast as possible, and in great confusion, though with trifling loss, as night came on shortly after they were engaged. We are told that every man shifted for himself, wherever he could find a place of safety. A few remained with Middleton, but he no more appeared in arms after this skirmish, and soon after retired to the Continent.

Many soldiers attached to the royal cause waited on the Earl of Glencairn at Rosedoe, and offered their services, but he told them that the King's interest was for the time ruined in Scotland by the flight at Lochgarry, and that he now intended to obtain terms for himself and those who were with him, offering also to include them. After some deliberation they agreed to this proposal, and though Glencairn was one of those persons who were not included in Cromwell's Act of Grace, one of the most notable memo-

rials of democratical arbitrary power which relates to the history of these times, yet his Lordship made a successful negotiation with General Monk, which was signed on the last day of August, or, according to the Laird of Duchray, on the 4th September 1654. "It was concluded," says a contemporary diarist, "that the Earl of Glencairn and all the Scots party following him should go to Dumbarton, and lay down their arms, and live peaceably under the Commonwealth of England; the Earl to have his lands restored to him and his son." Glencairn returned to his family seat of Finlaystone, where he resided peaceably till the Restoration. The Earl of Athole and several other noblemen and gentlemen were also forced to submit.

Several officers were executed for being concerned in this attempt, among whom is mentioned Captain Gordon, "ane pretty gentleman, and weill apparelled," who was hanged at the Cross of Edinburgh. It appears that having been taken prisoner by the English, he served with them, but took the first opportunity to return to his former friends. He was again apprehended and condemned, and executed on the 26th of February 1655—"a pretty gentleman," adds the diarist, "of much worth."

BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.*

A.D. 1314.

THIS memorable battle, fought on Monday, the 24th of June 1314, which secured the independence of the Scottish crown,

* Lord Hailes' Annals of Scotland; Nimmo's History of Stirlingshire; Ridpath's Border History; Sir Walter Scott's Lord of the



BANNOKBURN.

and seated the great King Robert Bruce firmly on the throne—a battle the greatest of his triumphs, and the reward of his valour and perseverance—is perhaps the most celebrated event in the national annals. It is remembered, after a lapse of five centuries, with fond enthusiasm throughout the country; it is the theme of popular ballads and lyrical effusions; numerous traditions are connected with it; the ground on which it was fought is still surveyed with an intense interest, and it has conferred a kind of immortality on the tributary stream of the Forth which witnessed the most severe defeat which the English ever sustained from the Scots, from the Conquest till the Union of the Crowns.

Edward II. of England, who still kept up the same claim upon Scotland which was begun by his father, resolved at one blow to reduce a nation, whose determined resistance to the English authority had cost both his father and himself an infinitude of trouble. In addition to his own resources he borrowed considerable sums from the monasteries to defray the expenses of this important expedition, and in the spring of 1314 he assembled a most numerous army on the Borders, amounting, it is generally stated, to above 100,000 men, besides a multitude of attendants, who followed the army in the hope of sharing the plunder. This prodigious host was composed not only of all the crown vassals in England, Ireland, and Wales, who

Isles; Statistical Account of Scotland; Buchanan's History of Scotland; Abercrombie's Martial Achievements of the Scottish Nation; Leland's Collectanea; Walsingham's History of England; Tytler's History of Scotland; Sir James Balfour's Annals; General Stewart's Sketches of the Highlanders; Barbour's Bruce; The Bruce and Wallace; Bellenden's Translation of Boece's Chronicles; Hume's History of England; Douglas' Peerage of Scotland; Scots Magazine; Home's History of the Douglasses. A variety of other authorities are cited, the enumeration of which would make the list of references too long.

with the military tenants were obliged to attend their sovereign, but numbers of foreign troops were transported from Flanders and the then English provinces in France, besides many of the Scots who were disaffected to Bruce. Some writers, with a fondness for exaggeration truly wonderful, have not scrupled to make the whole host amount to 300,000 men. Ships were ordered to be in readiness for the projected invasion; Eth O'Connor, chief of the Irish of Connaught, and twenty-five Irish chiefs, were invited by Edward to his assistance; and after summoning his barons to meet him in arms at Berwick on the 11th of June, he appointed the army to rendezvous at Wark Castle. The Irish auxiliaries were to be under the command of Richard De Burgh Earl of Ulster.

Edward was roused to exertion by the state of affairs in Scotland. Bruce had made himself master of almost the whole country except Stirling Castle, the blockade of which he had committed to his brother Edward. The governor of the fortress was Sir Philip Mowbray, and that knight had concluded a treaty with Edward Bruce, stipulating to surrender the castle, if it was not succoured by his sovereign, on the day of the festival of St John the Baptist, which is celebrated on the 24th of June. King Robert was highly displeased with his brother for the impolicy of a treaty which allowed the King of England time to advance with his collected forces, and which compelled him either to hazard a battle, or to raise the siege with dishonour. "Let all England come," answered Edward Bruce, "we will fight them were they more." Robert Bruce, however, consented to the treaty, and resolved to meet the English on the appointed day. Each kingdom mustered its strength for the expected battle, preparations for which were making from Lent to Midsummer-day.

These preparations and Edward's muster-roll have re-

ceived a poetical charm in the poem entitled the LORD OF THE ISLES.

Of all the Scottish conquests made
 By the first Edward's ruthless blade,
 His son retained no more,
 Northward of Tweed, but Stirling's towers,
 Beleaguer'd by King Robert's powers ;
 And they took term of truce,
 If England's King should not relieve
 The siege ere John the Baptist's eve,
 To yield them to the Bruce.
 England was moved—on every side—
 Courier, and post, and herald hied
 To summon prince and peer,
 At Berwick bounds to meet their Liege,
 Prepared to raise fair Stirling's siege,
 With buckler, brand, and spear.
 The term was nigh—they mustered fast,
 By beacon and by bugle blast
 Forth marshalled for the field ;
 There rode each knight of noble name,
 There England's hardy archers came,
 The land they trode seemed all on flame,
 With banner, blade, and shield.
 And not famed England's powers alone,
 Renowned in arms, the summons own ;
 For Neustria's knights obeyed,
 Gascogne hath lent her horsemen good,
 And Cambria, but of late subdued,
 Sent forth her mountain multitude,
 And Connoght poured from waste and wood
 Her hundred tribes, whose sceptre rude
 Dark Eth O'Connor swayed.

Some idea may be formed of the extent of the English King's preparations from the summons still preserved, issued to the sheriffs of York, Northumberland, Durham, Lancashire, Cheshire, Leicestershire, Derbyshire, Lincolnshire, Shropshire, Nottingham, Stafford, and Warwick shires, to the Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, and the Earl of Hereford and Essex, and to six or seven barons, requiring them to permit certain quotas of infantry, amounting in all to 26,540

men. The sheriff of York was commanded to equip and send forth a body of 4000 infantry, to assemble at Wark on the 10th of June, and a similar summons would doubtless be sent to all the counties in England, exclusive of the above. The writ states—"We have understood that our Scottish enemies and rebels are endeavouring to collect as strong a force as possible of infantry, in strong and marshy grounds where the approach of cavalry would be difficult, between us and the Castle of Stirling." After mentioning Sir Philip Mowbray's agreement to surrender the fortress if not relieved on St John the Baptist's day, and the King's determination with respect to the siege, the summons states that, "to remove our said enemies and rebels from such places as above mentioned, it is necessary for us to have a strong force of infantry fit for arms." The Welsh auxiliaries were under the command of Sir Maurice de Berkeley. Edward I., after conquering Wales, had employed the subjugated Welsh to assist him in his Scottish wars, for which their habits as mountaineers peculiarly fitted them. "But this policy," observes Sir Walter Scott, "was not without its risks. Previous to the battle of Falkirk the Welsh quarrelled with the English men-at-arms, and, after bloodshed on both sides, separated themselves from his army; and the feud between them at so dangerous and critical a juncture was reconciled with difficulty. Edward II. followed his father's example in this particular, and with no better success. They could not be brought to exert themselves in the cause of their conquerors. But they had an indifferent reward for their forbearance. Without arms, and clad only in scanty dresses of linen cloth, they appeared naked even in the eyes of the Scottish peasantry, and after the rout of Bannockburn were massacred by them in great numbers, as they retired in confusion towards their own country."

King Robert exerted himself to meet the mighty host of

the invaders. He ordered his forces to muster on a certain day at the Torwood, then literally a wood or forest, between Falkirk and Stirling.

Right to devoted Caledon
The storm of war rolls slowly on,
With menace deep and dread ;
So the dark clouds, with gathering power,
Suspend a while the threatened shower,
Till every peak and summit lower
Round the pale pilgrim's head.
Not with such pilgrim's startled eye
King Robert mark'd the tempest nigh !
Resolved the brunt to bide,
His royal summons warned the land
That all who owned the King's command
Should instant take the spear and brand,
To combat at his side.
O who may tell the sons of fame
That at King Robert's bidding came,
To battle for the right !
From Cheviot to the shores of Ross,
From Solway Sands to Marshall's MOES,
All bound them for the fight.

It is generally admitted that the Scots mustered altogether upwards of 30,000 men, and, according to the custom of those times, there were also more than 15,000 individuals of all ages, an unarmed and undisciplined rabble, who followed the camp. Twenty-one Highland chieftains fought under Bruce on this occasion, and it is worthy of notice that the heirs of eighteen of them are at this day in possession of their estates. As General Stewart truly observes—" When we consider the state of turbulence and misrule which prevailed in the Highlands, an unbroken succession, for five hundred years, of so great a proportion of the chief agitators and leaders is the more remarkable, as there has been a greater change of property within the last forty years of tranquillity, abundance, and wealth, than in the preceding two hundred years of feuds,

rapine, and comparative poverty." The chief of the Sutherlands distinguished himself at Bannockburn, and the other chiefs who mustered at the command of Bruce were Stewart, MacDonald, Mackay, Macpherson, Cameron, Sinclair, Drummond, Campbell, Menzies, Maclean, Robertson, Grant, Fraser, Macfarlane, Ross, Macgregor, Monro, Mackenzie, and Macquarrie. There were other chieftains present, among whom were MacDougall of Lorn, Cumming, and MacNab, all the inveterate enemies of Bruce, and consequently in the ranks of the English. It is said, that in consequence of the distinguished conduct of the chief of the Drummonds in the battle, Bruce added the *calthrops*, afterwards mentioned, to his armorial bearings, and gave him an extensive grant of lands in Perthshire. It is farther alleged as the reason, that the calthrops in the pits or ditches, which proved so destructive to the English cavalry, were adopted on that day at the recommendation of Sir Malcolm Drummond. In allusion to this, the supporters of the arms of the Family of Drummond are two naked men with huge clubs in their hands, standing on ground studded with sharp pointed iron spikes, and the motto is, *Gang Warily*. The Highlanders must have been numerous in proportion to the other forces, for Bruce had made, with a very few exceptions, a reconciliation with all the chiefs. The chief of Macgregor, who fought bravely in the battle, protected an *invincible relic*, a pretended arm of a holy man called St Fillan, who gave his name to the district in Perthshire called Strathfillan. Bruce had a particular veneration for St Fillan, and it was entrusted to the Abbot of Inchaffray.

While Bruce mustered his forces at the Torwood, he laid the plan of his operations in concert with his chosen officers, who were his brother Edward, his nephew Randolph Earl of Moray, Walter the High Steward, and Sir James Douglas, the last mentioned being the same who was

afterwards employed to carry Bruce's heart to the Holy Land, in the discharge of which romantic duty he was killed on the way. The English army reached Edinburgh without opposition, commanded by Edward II. in person, and from that city they marched to Falkirk in one day. Bruce, who was well informed of their motions, despatched Sir James Douglas and Sir Robert Keith to reconnoitre them upon their march, and those knights at their return informed the King that the army was the most numerous and pompous they had ever beheld. King Robert considered it expedient to conceal this intelligence from his forces, and ordered it to be given out that the English army was indeed numerous, but that it was wretchedly marshalled. The English meanwhile came in sight, and encamped on the north of the Torwood. Previous to this Bruce had retired towards Stirling, and posted his forces to wait for the English.

The field of battle had been selected two days before the action by King Robert, and it is now necessary to glance at the localities. The scene of the contest lies between the villages of Bannockburn and St Ninian's, and the ground was then known as the New Park of Stirling. It was partly open, and partly broken by copses of wood and marshes. Stirling was on the right of the Scots, and the rivulet of Bannockburn on the left. The banks of that stream were steep in many places, and the space between it and Stirling was partially covered with wood. As Bruce particularly dreaded the English cavalry, he commanded many pits to be dug in every quarter where cavalry could have access, of a foot in breadth, and from two to three feet in length. These long narrow pits formed so many rows with limited intervals, and at the suggestion, as already noticed, of Sir Malcolm Drummond, sharp stakes were fixed, and iron calthrops, or spikes, which always present one or two of their points upwards, were thrown, and, as

the result proved, these were most destructive to the cavalry. All those narrow pits were ingeniously covered with turf and brushwood. This device of Bruce has been disputed, but the fact is proved beyond a doubt, from the circumstance that very recently some of these sharp pointed instruments were found when digging on the site of the battle.

The order in which Bruce disposed his army has been variously stated. Buchanan and others allege that the Scots were drawn up east and west, having their front to the south, and the town and castle of Stirling to their rear. On this subject Lord Hailes observes—"After having examined the ground, I am positively certain that Barbour, whom I follow, has justly described the position of the Scots on that memorable day. Their front appears to have extended from the brook called Bannockburn to the neighbourhood of St Ninian's, pretty nearly upon the line of the present turnpike road from Stirling to Kilsyth." This must have been the actual position, for, if Buchanan's statement be correct, the eminence called the *Gillies' Hill* must have been situated, not in the rear, as is admitted by all historians, but upon the left flank of Bruce's army. The only objection to it is, that by this disposition Bruce exposed his left flank to a sally from the garrison of Stirling, but the inconsiderable number of soldiers in that fortress could have caused little annoyance to the Scots, even if they had made such an attempt. There is, however, another circumstance which ought not to be omitted; Sir Philip Mowbray, the governor, had consented to a truce, which was to expire on the very day of the battle, and if he had broken it before the fate of the castle was determined, he would have been deemed a *felon knight*—an odious reproach which would have disgraced him during life. Lord Hailes justly observes, that "in those days the point of honour was the only tie which bound men, for

dispensations and absolutions had effaced the reverence for oaths." Besides, if Bruce had disposed his army east and west, and fronting the south, with Stirling on his rear, there was nothing to prevent the English approaching to the relief of the castle, which was their grand object, upon the carse or level ground from Falkirk; and this they could have done either by turning the Scottish left flank, or if they preferred it, from passing their position altogether without coming to an action, and marching directly to the relief of Stirling. It was not likely that Bruce would allow an enemy so far superior in point of numbers to his own army such an advantage, which he was certain they would secure.

King Robert arranged his army into four divisions, three of which occupied a front line, separated from each other, but sufficiently near to maintain a communication. The fourth division was stationed as the reserve. The right wing was entrusted to Edward Bruce, and was strengthened by a strong body of cavalry under Sir Robert Keith, the Marischal of Scotland and Justiciary beyond the Forth, to whom was committed the important charge of attacking the English archers, which he did so effectually in the battle by making a circuit to the right, and assailing them in flank, that he threw them into disorder, completely vanquished them, and contributed greatly to the success of the day. Douglas and the High Steward of Scotland led the central wing; the left was commanded by Randolph Earl of Moray. Bruce commanded the reserve, or fourth division, in person. This division consisted of his own vassals of Carrick, the Argyleshire Highlanders, and the men of the Isles, the latter of whom must have been numerous, for Bruce had reconciled himself with almost all their chieftains except his inveterate enemy MacDougall of Lorn. In a valley to the rear of this reserve division, to the west of the rising ground called the *Gillies' Hill*, he

placed the baggage of his army. Having thus disposed his main body, Bruce sent the followers of the camp, upwards of fifteen thousand in number, to the eminence now mentioned, the *Gillies' Hill*, or the hill on which the *gillies* or *servants* were stationed to attend the army, and which received its name from being occupied by those feudal retainers. The royal standard was fixed in a stone having a round hole for its reception, still pointed out, and called the *Bore Stone*. The disposition of the Scots showed the consummate skill of Bruce. The left flank of the Scots, protected by the stream of Bannockburn, could not be turned, or if such an attempt should be made, it could easily be supported by the reserve; and it was impossible for the English to pass the Scottish army, and move towards Stirling, without exposing their flank to attack while on the march.

In this manner Bruce waited for the approach of the English host, resolved to conquer or to die. He saw that this was the last and the decisive action, and he resolved, as his descendant Prince Charles Edward declared in 1745, to have a crown or a grave. It was true that his army bore a small proportion to the armament of England, but it was composed of men inured to war, who were animated by one common feeling of enthusiasm. Nor would he survey his warriors, gathered to achieve the independence of their country, without intense feelings.

The men of Carrick and of Ayr,
Lennox and Lanark, too, were there,
And all the western land :
With these the valiant of the Isles
Beneath their chieftains rank'd their files,
In many a plaided band.
There, in the centre, proudly raised,
The Bruce's royal standard blazed,
And there Lord Ronald's banners bore
A galley driven by sail and oar.

A wild yet pleasing contrast made,
Warriors in mail and plate arrayed,
With the plumed and the plaid.

By these Hebrideans worn—
To centre of the vaward line
Fitz-Louis guided Amadine.
Arm'd all on foot, that host appears
A serried mass of glimmering spears.
There stood the Marchers' warlike band,
The warriors there of Lodon's land ;
Ettrick and Liddell bent the yew,
A band of archers fierce, though few :
The men of Nith and Annan's vale,
And the bold spears of Teviotdale—
The dauntless Douglas these obey,
And the young Stuart's gentle sway.
North-eastward by St Ninian's shrine,
Beneath fierce Randolph's charge, combine
The warriors from the hardy north,
From Tay to Sutherland sent forth.
The rest of Scotland's war-array
With Edward Bruce to westward lay,
Where Bannock, with his broken bank,
And deep ravine, protects their flank.
Behind them, screen'd by sheltering wood,
The gallant Keith Lord Marshal stood :
His men-at-arms bear mace and lance,
And plumes that wave, and helms that glance.
Thus fair divided by the King,
Centre, and right, and leftward wing,
Compos'd his front ; nor distant far
Was strong reserve to aid the war.

The English vanguard, commanded by the Earls of Gloucester and Hereford, came in sight of the Scottish army on the evening of Sunday, the 23d of June. Previous to the appearance of the English army, they had detached eight hundred horsemen, under the command of Sir Robert Clifford, to render assistance to the garrison of Stirling Castle. They made a circuit by the low grounds bordering on the Forth to the east and north of the town, and passed the Scottish army on their left before they were observed on their way to the castle. Bruce had entrusted

• Earl Randolph with the duty of preventing any advanced parties of the enemy from throwing succours into the fortress. Lord Hailes gives an interesting account of this manœuvre of the English and the result. “The King perceived their motions, and coming up to Randolph, angrily exclaimed, ‘Thoughtless man! you have suffered the enemy to pass.’ Randolph hastened to repair his fault, or perish. As he advanced, the English cavalry wheeled to attack him. Randolph drew up his troops in a circular form, with their spears resting on the ground, and protruded on every side. At the first onset Sir William D'Eynecourt, an English commander of distinguished valour, was slain. The enemy, far superior in numbers to Randolph, environed him, and pressed hard on his little band; Douglas saw his jeopardy, and requested the King's permission to go and succour him. ‘You shall not move from your ground,’ cried the King; ‘let Randolph extricate himself as he best may. I will not alter my order of battle, and lose the advantage of my position.’ ‘In truth,’ replied Douglas, ‘I cannot stand by, and see Randolph perish; and, therefore, with your leave, I *must* aid him.’ The King unwillingly consented, and Douglas flew to the assistance of his friend. While approaching, he perceived that the English were falling into disorder, and that the perseverance of Randolph had prevailed over their impetuous courage. ‘Halt,’ cried Douglas, ‘these brave men have repulsed the enemy, let us not diminish their glory by sharing it.’” King Robert, attended by some of his officers, was a spectator of this encounter from a rising ground, which is supposed to be the round hill immediately west of St Ninian's, now called Cockshothill. Earl Randolph's party consisted of five hundred foot, and in the conflict he lost only one man, while the English sustained a considerable slaughter, including Sir William D'Eynecourt their leader. Sir Walter Scott observes—“Two

large stones erected at the north end of the village of Newhouse, about a quarter of a mile from the south part of Stirling, ascertain the place of this memorable skirmish. The circumstance tends, were confirmation necessary, to support the opinion of Lord Hailes, that the Scottish King had Stirling on his left flank. It will be remembered that Randolph commanded infantry, D'Eynecourt cavalry. Supposing, therefore, according to the vulgar hypothesis, that the Scottish line was drawn up facing to the south in the line of the brook of Bannock, and consequently that Randolph was stationed with his left flank resting upon Milntown Bog, it is morally impossible that his infantry, removing from that position with whatever celerity, could cut off from Stirling a body of cavalry who had already passed St Ninian's, (Barbour says expressly they avoided the New Park, where Bruce's army lay, and held *well neath the kirk*, which can only mean St Ninian's); or, in other words, were already between them and the town, whereas, supposing Randolph's left to have approached St Ninian's, the short movement to Newhouse could easily be executed, so as to intercept the English in the manner described."

This achievement of Earl Randolph is thus described by Sir Walter Scott in the following spirited passage:—

"What train of dust, with trumpet sound
And glimmering spears, is wheeling round
Our leftward flank?"—the monarch cried
To Moray's Earl, who rode beside.
"Lo! round thy station pass the foes!
Randolph! thy wreath has lost a rose!"
The Earl his visor closed, and said,
"My wreath shall bloom, or life shall fade.
Follow, my household!" and they go
Like lightning on the advancing foe.
"My Liege," said noble Douglas then,
"Earl Randolph has but one to ten;
Let me go forth his band to aid!"
"Stir not. The error he hath made,

Let him amend it as he may :
I will not weaken mine array."
Then loudly rose the conflict-cry,
And Douglas's brave heart swell'd high—
" My Liege," he said, " with patient ear,
I must not Moray's death-knell hear!"
" Then go—but speed thee back again."
Forth sprung the Douglas with his train ;
But when they won a rising hill,
He bade his followers hold them still.
" See, see ! the routed Southern fly !
The Earl hath won the victory.
Lo ! where yon steed runs masterless,
His banner towers above the press.
Rein up ; our presence would impair
The fame we come too late to share."

While this conflict was terminated successfully in favour of the Scots, who sustained little loss in comparison to the enemy, the vanguard of the English army appeared. The English are accused by one of their own writers of spending the night before the battle in riot and drunkenness, flattering themselves that victory was certain. Their vanguard, consisting of archers and lancemen, was commanded by the Earls of Gloucester and Hereford, the former the nephew of the English King, the latter the High Constable of England. When they came in sight King Robert was in the front of his line, mounted on a small palfrey, having a battle-axe in his hand, and a crown above his helmet. The Scots gazed at their enemies in silence, who were busily employed in taking up their position, and it was soon apparent, on account of the narrow limits of the ground, that the English army had not sufficient space to extend. During these operations an English knight, named Henry de Bohun, completely armed, rode from the ranks of the vanguard directly forward to encounter King Robert, who stood to receive him. A personal combat was the result, and both armies looked on with intense anxiety. The

King and De Bohun met, when the former cleft his skull with one stroke of his battle-axe, and laid him dead at his feet. The Scots rent the air with acclamations, while the English vanguard retreated in confusion. When Bruce returned to his army, the Scots, though they were enthusiastically excited by the personal prowess and the valour of their Sovereign, blamed him for his temerity in encountering De Bohun, and reminded him that their very existence depended on his preservation. He only answered—"I have broken my good battle-axe." The greater number of writers mention this incident as having occurred immediately before the grand battle, in presence of the two armies; but Barbour, who could have his information from those who were present at the battle, which happened only twenty years before he was born, positively assures us that it took place on the evening of the previous day.

This interesting incident is the theme of a splendid passage in the *LORD OF THE ISLES*.

—————In advance

As far as one might pitch a lance,
The monarch rode along the van,
The foe's approaching force to scan,
His line to marshal and to range,
And ranks to square, and fronts to change.
Alone he rode—from head to heel
Sheath'd in his ready arms of steel.
Nor mounted yet on war-horse wight,
But, till more near the shock of fight,
Reining a palfrey low and light.
A diadem of gold was set
Above his bright steel bassinet,
And clasp'd within its glittering twine
Was seen the glove of Argentine;
Truncheon or leading staff he lacks,
Bearing instead a battle-axe.
He ranged his soldiers for the fight,
Accoutred thus, in open sight
Of either host. Three bowshots far
Paused the deep front of England's war,

And rested on their arms awhile,
 To close and rank their warlike file;
 And hold high council, if that night
 Should view the strife, or dawning light.

O gay, yet fearful to behold,
 Flashing with steel and rough with gold,
 And bristled o'er with bills and spears,
 With plumes and pennons waving fair,
 Was that bright battle front! for there
 Rode England's King and Peers.
 And who, that saw that monarch ride,
 His kingdom battled by his side,
 Could then his direful doom foretell!
 Fair was his seat in knightly selle,
 And in his sprightly eye was set
 Some spark of the Plantagenet,
 Though light and wandering was his glance,
 It flashed at sight of shield and lance.
 "Knowest thou," he said, "De Argentine,
 Yon knight who marshals thus their line?"
 "The tokens on his helmet tell
 The Bruce, my Liege; I know him well."
 "And shall the audacious traitor brave
 The presence where our banners wave?"
 "So please, my Liege," said Argentine,
 "Were he but horsed on steed like mine,
 To give him fair and knightly chance
 I would adventure forth my lance."
 "In battle-day," the King replied,
 "Since tourney rules are set aside,
 Still must the rebel dare our wrath?
 Set on him—sweep him from the path!"
 And, at King Edward's signal, soon
 Dash'd from the ranks Sir Henry Boune.

Of Hereford's high blood he came,
 A race renowned for knightly fame,
 He burned before his monarch's eye
 To do some deed of chivalry.
 He spurred his steed, he couched his lance,
 And darted on the Bruce at once.
 —As motionless as rocks that bide
 The wrath of the advancing tide,
 The Bruce stood fast.—Each heart beat high,
 And dazzled was each gazing eye.—

The heart had hardly time to think,
The eyelid scarce had time to wink.
While on the King, like flash of flame,
Spurred to full speed, the war horse came.—
The partridge may the falcon mock,
If that slight palfrey stand the shock ;
But swerving from the knight's career,
Just as they met Bruce shunned the spear.
Onward the baffled warrior bore
His course—but soon his course was o'er !
High in his stirrups stood the King,
And gave his battle-axe the swing,
Right on De Boune, the whiles he passed,
Fell that stern dint—the first—the last !
Such strength upon the blow was put,
The helmet cracked like hazel nut !
The axe-shaft, with its brazen clasp,
Was shivered to the gauntlet grasp.
Springs from the blow the startled horse,
Drops to the plain the lifeless corpse,
First of that fatal field, how soon,
How sudden, fell the fierce De Boune !

One pitying glance the monarch sped,
Where on the field his foe lay dead :
Then gently turned his palfrey's head,
And, pacing back his sober way,
Slowly he gained his own array.
There round their King their leaders crowd,
And blame his recklessness aloud,
That risk'd 'gainst each adventurous spear
A life so valued and so dear.
His broken weapon's shaft surveyed
The King, and careless answer made—
“ My loss may pay my folly's tax ;
I've broke my trusty battle-axe !”

This Sir Henry de Boune, or Bohun, was the cousin of Humphrey Earl of Hereford. Besides this knight, it is said that Bruce with his “ owne handes killed Piers Montfort, an English knight, in the woodes of Strivelin.” The knight named Argentine, who is introduced as conversing with King Edward, was Sir Giles D'Argentine, whose renown was great in Scotland. It is said that he was the

son of a Lord Chancellor Argentine, whose family derived the name from Argentine in France—and that he was an ancestor of the Dukes of Gordon. He appears to have been a hero of romance in real life. It was the common belief that the three most eminent worthies of that age were the Emperor Henry of Luxemburg, King Robert Bruce, and Sir Giles D'Argentine, but Sir Giles carried his chivalrous enthusiasm a little farther than his royal rivals, and he was the very personification of a true knight, having the three chief requisites—noble birth, valour, and courteousness. It is recorded of him that in the wars of Palestine he thrice encountered the Saracens, and in each conflict slew two of their warriors. “It was no mighty feat,” he exclaimed, “for one Christian knight to overcome and slay two Pagan dogs.” There is no proof, however, that King Edward witnessed the personal combat between Bruce and De Bohun. It took place on Sunday evening the 23d of June, before the main body of the English army, in which Edward was in person, was brought up.

King Robert used every means to excite and prepare his army for the impending battle. On the Sunday evening he made a speech to his soldiers, representing the necessity of courage and manly behaviour, showing them the calamities which would result from defeat, and the mighty consequences which victory would produce. Meanwhile Edward in person brought up the main body of the English army, attended by Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, and Sir Giles D'Argentine—the Earls of Lancaster, Warrenne, Arundel, and Warwick, having thought proper to absent themselves on the pretence that Edward had failed to perform certain conditions promised to them. The manner in which King Robert spent this memorable Sunday night is related by Boece, in the translation of the “*Croniklis of Scotland*” by John Bellenden, Archdean of Moray and Canon of Ross. “All the night before the battle,

King Robert was right weary, having great solicitude for the welfare of his army, and could take no rest, revolving in his mind all jeopardies and chances of fortune. Sometimes he went to his devout contemplation, making his orisons to God and St Fillan, whose arm, as he believed, set in silver, was inclosed in a case within his pavilion, trusting that good fortune would follow the same. In the meantime the case *chakkit suddenly, without any motion or work of mortal creatures*. The priest, astonished by this wonder, went to the altar, where the case lay, and when he found the arm in the case, he cried—‘Here is ane great miracle.’ Incontinent he confessed that he brought the case empty into the field, fearing that the relick would be lost. The King, rejoicing at this miracle, passed the remainder of the night in prayer, with good hope of victory.”

The kindness of St Fillan was not forgotten by King Robert, who was devotedly attached to the Roman Catholic Church, and one of its most considerable benefactors in Scotland. He founded a priory in the district called Strathfillan, and a cell at Inchaffray, which he dedicated to the saint. It is probable, however, that Bruce was indebted to other and more rational suggestions. It is related that a Scotsman named Alexander Seton, who was in King Edward’s army, came privately over to Bruce during the night, and told him that if he began the attack early in the morning the victory over the English was certain. This illustrates the recorded statement of the English writer (Thomas de la More, cited by Camden) that the troops of Edward passed the night before the battle in riot and intemperance.

Early on the morning of Monday the 24th, King Robert prepared for battle. His first public act was the celebration of mass, which was done by Maurice Drummond, Abbot of Inchaffray, on an eminence in sight of the whole army. The sacrament was administered to the King and

his principal officers by the abbot, while inferior priests did the same to the rest of the army. The abbot passed along the front barefooted, and bearing a crucifix in his hands, exhorting the Scots in a few but forcible words to conduct themselves like men, and vindicate their rights and liberty. The whole army knelt down in token of their resolution. This solemn scene was witnessed by the King of England. "See," he exclaimed to Sir Ingram Umfraville, "they yield; they implore mercy." "They do," answered the knight, "but not our mercy. On that field they will be victorious, or die." The whole then partook of a repast, after which Bruce addressed a speech to the army, which, whether genuine or not, is thus given by Boece, and translated by Bellenden:—"I believe, noble and brave companions, that every one among you is convinced of the necessity of fighting this day against our enemies. You see an army gathered against you not only of Englishmen, but of sundry other neighbouring nations, and coming against us with their wives and children, not only to dwell in our bounds, but also to banish us out of the same, intending to cultivate our lands, to occupy our churches and houses, and to bring us to such utter ruin as to extirpate our nation. Our enemies having taken long consultation as to the cruel and horrible torments they are to inflict upon us, before we are vanquished, or fall into their hands, not knowing your invincible courage and manhood, so long exercised in chivalry, which is well known to me by long experience." After some similar observations, King Robert concluded by reminding his soldiers of the wonderful miracle of St Fillan's arm, which he appears to have sincerely believed. "God has now shown to us his favour," he said, "by the miracle of St Fillan, which I have no doubt you all know. I pray you, therefore, to be of good courage. Set on yon confused multitude of people, and trust that when God protects no numbers of enemies will pre-

vail, while the spoil and the prey will be the more valuable."

It is impossible not to feel deeply interested in this memorable battle, the whole locality of which is immortalized by Scotland's illustrious minstrel. Referring to the night of Sunday the 23d, and the preliminary incident of the following morning, we are thus transported to the enchanting scene.

It was a night of lovely June,
High rode in cloudless blue the moon ;
Dumiot smiled beneath her ray ;
Old Stirling's towers arose in light,
And, turned in links of silver bright,
Her winding river lay.
Ah, gentle planet ! other sight
Shall greet the next returning night,
Of broken arms and banners tore,
And marshes dark with human gore,
And piles of slaughtered men and horse,
And Forth that floats the frequent corse,
And many a wounded wretch to 'plain
Beneath thy silver light in vain.
But now, from England's host, the cry
Thou hear'st of wassail revelry ;
While from the Scottish legions pass—
The murmur'd prayer, the early mass !
Here, numbers had presumption given ;
There, bands o'ermatched sought aid from Heaven.

Now on the Ochils gleams the sun,
And glistens now Dumiot dun :
Is it the lark that carols shrill,
Is it the bittern's early hum ?
No !—distant, but increasing still,
The trumpet's sound swells up the hill,
With the deep murmur of the drum.
Responsive from the Scottish host
Pipe clang and bugle sound were toss'd,
His breast and brow each soldier cross'd,
And darted from the ground ;
Armed and arranged for instant fight,
Rose archer, spearman, squire, and knight,

And in the pomp of battle bright
The dread battalion frowned.

Now onward, and in open view,
The countless ranks of England drew,
Dark rolling like the ocean tide
When the rough west hath chafed his pride,
And his deep roar sends challenge wide
To all that bars his way.

In front the gallant archers trode,
The men-at-arms behind them rode,
And hindmost of the phalanx broad
The monarch held his sway.

Beside him many a war horse fumes,
Around him waves a sea of plumes,
Where many a knight in battle known,
And some who spurs had first braced on,
And deem'd that fight should see them won,

King Edward's hosts obey.

De Argentine attends his side,
With stout De Valence, Pembroke's pride,
Selected champions from the train,
To wait upon his bridle-rein.

Upon the Scottish foe he gazed—
At once, before his sight amazed,

Sunk banner, spear, and shield :
Each weapon point is downward sent ;
Each warrior to the ground is bent.

"The rebels, Argentine, repent !

For pardon they have kneeled."

"Aye ! but they bend to other powers,
And other pardon sue than ours !

See where yon barefoot abbot stands,
And blesses them with lifted hands !
Upon the spot where they have kneeled,
These men will die, or won the field."

"Then prove we if they die or win,
Bid Gloster's Earl the fight begin."

It appears that the English divided their army into nine battles, or large bodies, but from the nature of the ground the intervals were very small between the several detachments. Edward was in the third division, attended by bishops, and several ecclesiastics of rank. The more ex-

perienced of the English commanders urged the propriety of delaying the battle till the following day, as Monday was a festival of the church, but the King overruled this prudent suggestion, irritated by the result of the encounter between Earl Randolph and D'Eynecourt.

The Scots were drawn up on a tract of ground now called Nether Touchadam, which lies along the declivity of a gently rising hill about a mile south from Stirling Castle. The baggage men had retired on their right to a range of steep rocks called from this circumstance the Gillies' or Servants' Hill. In their front were the banks of the Bannock, and on their left extended a morass called Miltown Bog, from its vicinity to a village of that name. It was in this morass that King Robert ordered the ditches to be formed, filled with iron spikes and covered over with turf; and as it was the middle of summer, the dryness of the morass favoured his purpose. Barbour mentions a park with trees through which the English had to pass, before they could attack the Scots, and intimates that King Robert chose this situation that the trees might prove an impediment to the operations of the English cavalry. The improvements of agriculture have during the lapse of upwards of five centuries greatly altered the aspect of the country: there is even sufficient evidence that the greater part of both the Carse of Stirling and Falkirk were unpassable morasses during wet weather in the reign of Robert Bruce; but vestiges of this park still remain, and many stumps of trees are seen all around the scene of the battle. A farmhouse is still known by the name of *the Park*, and we are told that a mill built upon the south bank of the stream of the Bannock, nearly opposite to where the centre of King Robert's army stood, is called *Park Mill*.

The front line of the Scots extended about a mile in length, and they stood patiently waiting the approach of the English. There is a tradition that the well known

Scotish tune, *Hey, tutti tatti*, was Bruce's march at the battle. Sir Walter Scott observes—"The late Mr Ritson, no granter of propositions, doubts whether the Scots had any martial music, and quotes Froissart's account of each soldier in the host bearing a little horn, on which at the onset they would make such a horrible noise, as if all the devils of hell had been among them. He observes that these horns are the only music mentioned by Barbour, and concludes that it must remain a moot point whether Bruce's army were cheered by the sound even of a solitary bagpipe. But the tradition, true or false, has been the means of securing to Scotland one of the finest lyrics in the language, the celebrated war song of Bruce by Burns—*Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled*." To these remarks, however, it may be urged that the bagpipe was well known in Scotland at the time.

On the 24th of June the English army advanced to the attack, led on by Edward in person, and by the Earls of Gloucester and Hereford. The narrowness of the Scotch front, and the nature of the ground, prevented them from having the full advantage of their vast superiority of numbers, and it is not easy to discover their prepared order of battle. It appears that their centre was formed of infantry, and the cavalry, many of whom were armed from head to foot, composed their wings, to strengthen which, battalions of archers were also flanked, and at certain distances along the front. The English King was attended by Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, and that flower of chivalry Sir Giles d'Argentine, who, as was customary in those days, rode at his bridle. Edward, who never imagined that the Scots would face his formidable host, was astonished when he beheld their determined resolution to offer battle. When he was expressing his surprise to Sir Ingram Umfraville, that knight suggested a plan not unlikely, if the Scots had been drawn into the snare, of securing a certain and almost

bloodless victory. This was to pretend a retreat with the whole army till they got behind their tents, and as this might tempt the Scots from their ranks for the sake of plunder, it would then be easy to turn suddenly and fall upon them. Edward rejected this advice, probably thinking that there was no need of stratagem to defeat a force so greatly inferior to him in numbers.

The English began the battle by a vigorous charge upon the left wing of the Scots, commanded by Earl Randolph, near the spot where a bridge is now thrown over Bannockburn at a village called Charterhall. It is said that the Earls of Gloucester and Hereford contended for the honour of leading the van, when the former sprung forth from the English army, but not being timely followed and supported by his knights, he was overwhelmed and slain. Barbour says of Gloucester—

He was the third best knight persay
That men knew living in his day.

An early writer utters his maledictions against the Earl's knights for giving such ineffectual assistance to their master. He says that they were in number five hundred, and only twenty of them might have saved the Earl. He was killed on a valuable horse presented to him as he marched northwards by Richard Bishop of Durham.

There are other accounts of the commencement of the action. Barbour, who does not mention the stations of the different generals, nor the precise manner in which the army was arranged, states that the first attack was made on the division commanded by Edward Bruce, who was immediately supported by Earl Randolph—that the High Steward and Douglas next led the charge—and that, last of all, King Robert, after making his observations and issuing the necessary orders, came forward with his reserve, when the battle became general. The English archers commenced the attack

with their usual bravery and dexterity, when Bruce perceiving his troops grievously annoyed, ordered Sir Robert Keith the Marischal to detach with a small and select body of cavalry, and by making a circuit attack the archers in flank. It is probable that they rounded the Miltown Bog, and by keeping the firm ground, they were enabled to charge the left flank and rear of the archers, who, having no spears or long weapons of defence, were thrown into disorder, and created a confusion from which the whole army never recovered. Bruce in the meantime advanced with the reserve. The Earl of Gloucester, in his attempt to rally the fugitives, was surrounded and hewn to pieces. Some of his knights shared the fate of their master. Similar was the fate of Robert Clifford, Edmund Manley, and other distinguished warriors. Sir Giles d'Argentine made a bold attempt to rescue Gloucester, but he was unsuccessful. When the Earl of Pembroke saw the field irretrievably lost, he urged King Edward to quit the field. Sir Giles said—"It is not my wont to fly;" and spurring on his horse, and exclaiming, *An Argentine! An Argentine!* he rushed into the battle, and was numbered among the slain. The Scots would have saved Gloucester if they had known him, but on that occasion he had neglected to put on the usual upper garment on which his arms, or *crest armorial*, were depicted. About a mile from the field of battle is a place called the *Bloody Folds*. Here the gallant Gloucester made his last stand, and died bravely at the head of such of his military vassals as were with him. His death was much regretted by both sides.

The battle had now become general, but before they could all come to a close engagement the movements of the Scottish cavalry compelled the English to fall into the snare laid for them. They became entangled in the long narrow and carefully concealed pits; their horses were soon disabled by the sharp iron spikes running into their hoofs;

others stumbled and threw their riders. This dreadful discovery of the uncertain nature of the ground increased the confusion of the English. Earl Randolph knew well how to improve this accident, for which he was prepared, and taking advantage of the disorder and surprise into which the English were thrown, he charged with vigour. It is worthy of notice that pieces of harness, broken spears, and other armour, are still occasionally dug up in Miltown Bog.

To rightward of the wild affray,
The field showed fair and level way ;
But in mid-space the Bruce's care
Had bored the ground with many a pit,
With turf and brushwood hidden yet,
That form'd a ghastly snare.
Rushing ten thousand horsemen came,
With spears in rest, and hearts on flame,
That panted for the shock !
With blazing crests and banners spread,
And trumpet clang and clamour dread,
The wild plain thundered to their tread,
As far as Stirling rock.
Down ! down ! in headlong overthrow
Horseman and horse, the foremost go,
Wild floundering on the field !
The first are in destruction's gorge,
Their followers wildly o'er them urge ;
The knightly arm and shield,
The mail, the acton, and the spear,
Strong hand, high heart, are useless here ;
Loud from the mass confused the cry
Of dying warriors swell on high,
And steeds that shriek in agony !

Barbour makes no mention of the pits, and the fact has been doubted by recent writers, but it is now placed beyond a doubt. The old metrical historian simply states that Randolph, seeing the slaughter made by the cavalry on the right wing among the archers, advanced boldly against the main body of the English, and entered into

close combat with them. The High Steward and Douglas, who commanded the Scottish centre, also led their division to the charge, and the battle, thus becoming general, was maintained on both sides with great obstinacy several hours. He farther adds that the Scots did great mischief among the English men-at-arms, after the bowmen had been dispersed. The battle was still at the hottest, the English continued to charge with unabated vigour, and though the Scots continued to receive them with unabated intrepidity, each individual fighting as if victory depended on his single arm, it was yet uncertain what would be the result of the day. The English King showed on the field of Bannockburn a personal gallantry worthy of his great father Edward I. Buchanan asserts that he was the first who fled, but all historians allege that he was among the last on the field; and the fact that he was pursued by Douglas with sixty horsemen on the spur confirms the statement.

The English, who never recovered from the confusion into which the select body of Scottish cavalry had thrown their archers, and which had been communicated to the whole army, were now, however, considerably exhausted, when an occurrence, represented by some as an accidental rally of enthusiasm, and by others as an organized stratagem of Bruce, completely altered the aspect of the battle, and secured the victory to the Scots. This was the sudden and unexpected appearance of the fifteen thousand *gillies*, or servants and retainers of the army, on the hill since called the Gillies' Hill. They had been ordered before the battle to retire behind the hill with the baggage, but during the engagement they formed themselves into martial order, some on foot, others on the baggage horses, and marched to the summit of the hill, displaying fastened sheets to tent poles and lances instead of banners; and they descended towards the field with hideous yells, as if

they had been a new army advancing to battle. This unexpected apparition of a fresh body of troops completely struck the already dispirited English with terror. They fled in all directions, and an immense slaughter ensued. The gillies, or servants, fell upon the fugitives, and added to the confusion, and the number of the slain. The Bannockburn was so choked with dead bodies of men and horses that it might have been passed dryshod. Many were driven into the Forth, and perished in its deep and still waters. The slaughter was immense, and the ground for miles round was covered with dead bodies. The exact number of killed and wounded has never been accurately ascertained, and it is well known that in the battles of those times it was invariably the custom for each side to lessen their own loss and augment that of the enemy. The English historians do not give any minute particulars, but they all acknowledge that their loss was immense, and that the nation never received such an overthrow. According to some Scottish writers, the English lost fifty thousand in the battle and pursuit—that of the Scots being limited to only four thousand—a proportion utterly incredible. It rather appears that the loss of the Scots was most severe—though only two persons of distinction are mentioned among the slain—Sir William Vipont and Sir Walter Ross, the latter the favourite of Edward Bruce, who when he was informed that his friend had fallen, exclaimed in anguish, “O that this day’s work were undone, so that Ross had not died.”

The Earl of Hereford retreated with a large body of troops towards Bothwell, and threw himself into the castle with a few officers, that old massive edifice being then garrisoned by the English. He was soon, however, compelled to surrender, and was subsequently exchanged for King Robert’s Queen and daughter, and others of his friends who had been some years captives in England.

Edward escaped with the greatest difficulty. He could not be persuaded to retire till Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, took hold of his bridle, and forced him off when all was lost. It was at this crisis that the gallant Sir Giles d'Argentine rushed into the field, shouting, *An Argentine!* and was soon overwhelmed and slain. Retreating from the field of battle, the English King galloped to the Castle of Stirling and demanded admittance, but Sir Philip Mowbray pointed out to him the folly of shutting himself up in that fortress, which must soon surrender, as it was impossible now to defend it against the victors, and his knightly honour was pledged to give it up by the result of the day. Convening round his person a few noblemen, knights, and about five hundred men-at-arms, he avoided the field of battle and the victorious army by a circuit, and fled towards Linlithgow, pursued by Douglas with sixty horsemen, who was often very near him. While passing the Torwood, Douglas met Sir Laurence Abernethy attended by twenty cavalry on their way to join the English army, but Sir Laurence was easily persuaded to desert the defeated monarch, and to assist in the pursuit. Douglas hung upon Edward's flight as far as Dunbar, his horsemen too few in number to assail him successively, but powerful enough to harass him in his retreat so constantly, that whoever fell an instant behind was immediately slain. The English monarch's flight terminated at Dunbar, and he was just on the point of being made prisoner, when he was received into the Castle of Dunbar by Patrick ninth Earl of Dunbar and March, who, although the cousin of Bruce, still professed allegiance to England, and treated Edward with great hospitality. He remained in Dunbar Castle three days, whence he escaped to Bamborough in a fishing vessel.

Roger de Northburg, keeper of the royal signet, was made prisoner, with his two clerks, Roger Wakenfield and

Thomas Surton. Edward issued a proclamation from Berwick, after landing in the fishing boat, announcing the loss of his seal, and prohibiting all persons to obey any order proceeding from it without evidence that the order was his. He also caused a seal to be made which he called the *Privy Seal*, to distinguish it from the lost signet. It was afterwards restored to England through the intercession of Roger de Monthermer, an ancestor of the Marquis of Hastings, who was intimately acquainted with King Robert.

The Castle of Stirling was surrendered on the day after the battle, and the garrison were allowed to pass unmolested to England in terms of the stipulations. Sir Philip Mowbray entered the service of Bruce, to whom he ever continued faithful. Perhaps from him descended the Mowbrays of Barnboul Castle on the shore of the Frith of Forth near Cramond.

The death of the Earl of Gloucester and Sir Giles d'Argentine is already mentioned. The body of the former was conveyed to St Ninian's, deposited in the religious edifice there, and received with that respect due to the high rank and noble character of the Earl. It was afterwards sent by Bruce to the King of England, with the dead body of Lord Clifford, and both were interred with all the honours due to their birth and valour. Besides those noblemen and the renowned Sir Giles, there fell representatives of the noblest and most ancient houses in England. Barbour says that two hundred pairs of gilded spurs were taken from the field of battle, and some have occasionally been dug up in more recent times. According to a well authenticated record, no fewer than forty-three English noblemen and bannerets or knights, twenty-two earls barons, and bannerets, and sixty-eight knights, were taken prisoners, exclusive of many ecclesiastics and esquires who were either slain or made captive. The spoils of the Eng-

lish camp, and the ransoms paid for the prisoners, enriched the Scots, and caused a more general circulation of money throughout the country than had ever been before known. The effects soon became every where apparent. Many large mansions were erected after this battle ; the people began to study some degree of elegance in their houses and gardens, and to bestow some attention upon agriculture.

King Robert displayed great moderation after the victory. He treated his prisoners with the most marked respect and hospitality, and by alleviating the misfortunes of the captives he secured their affections. He set at liberty Sir Ralph de Morthermer and Sir Marmaduke Twenge without ransom. It is related of the latter that he contrived to conceal himself during the fury of the pursuit, and when it had relaxed he approached King Robert, who knew him well :—" Whose prisoner are you, Sir Marmaduke ?" cried Bruce to the knight. " Yours, Sir," answered Sir Marmaduke. " I receive you," replied the King with the utmost courtesy, and loaded him with presents.

Bruce, with a feeling which accords with his high chivalrous character, deeply regretted the death of Sir Giles d'Argentine. So great was his grief at the fate of this gallant knight, with whom he was intimately acquainted, that it is said several of the Scottish nobles remonstrated with him on the subject. Sir Giles is finely introduced in the *LORD OF THE ISLES*, though the incidents there related of him are rather poetical licences than matters of fact. He takes leave of Edward, who was in the act of being hurried off the field by the Earl of Pembroke.

" In yonder field a gage I left,
I must not live of fame bereft ;
I needs must turn again.
Speed hence, my Liege, for on your trace
The fiery Douglas takes the chase.
I know his banner well.

God send my Sovereign joy and bliss,
And many a happier field than this !
Once more, my Liege, farewell."

Again he faced the battle field—
Wildly they fly, are slain, or yield.
" Now then," he said, and couch'd his spear,
" My course is run, the goal is near ;
" One effort more, one brave career,
" Must close this race of mine."
Then in his stirrups rising high,
He shouted loud his battle-cry,
" Saint James for Argentine !"
And, of the bold pursuers, four
The gallant knight from saddle bore ;
But not unharm'd—a lance's point
Has found his breast-plate's loosen'd joint,
An axe has razed his crest ;
Yet still on Colonsay's fierce lord,
Who press'd the chase with gory sword,
He rode with spear in rest,
And through his bloody tartans bored,
And through his gallant breast.
Nailed to the earth, the mountaineer
Yet writhed him up against the spear,
And swung his broadsword round !
Stirrup, steel-boot, and cuish gave way,
Beneath that blow's tremendous sway
The blood gush'd from the wound ;
And the grim Lord of Colonsay
Hath turn'd him on the ground,
And laughs in death-pang that his blade
The mortal thrust so well repaid.

Now toil'd the Bruce, the battle done,
To use his conquest boldly won :
And gave command for horse and spear
To press the Southern's scatter'd rear,
Nor let his broken force combine,
When the war-cry of Argentine
Fell faintly on his ear !
" Save, save his life," he cried. " O save
" The kind, the noble, and the brave !"
The squadrons round free passage gave,
The wounded knight drew near.

He raised his red cross shield no more,
Helm, cuish, and breast-plate stream'd with gore,
Yet, as he saw the King advance,
He strove even then to couch his lance—

The effort was in vain !
The spur-stroke fail'd to rouse the horse ;
Wounded and weary, in mid course
He tumbled on the plain.

Then foremost was the generous Bruce
To raise his head, his helm to loose :—

“ Lord Earl, the day is thine !
My Sovereign's charge, and adverse fate,
Have made our meeting all too late ;

Yet this may Argentine,
As boon from ancient comrade, crave—
A Christian's mass, a soldier's grave.”

Bruce pressed his dying hand—its grasp
Kindly replied ; but, in his clasp

It stiffen'd and grew cold—
And, “ O farewell !” the victor cried,
“ Of chivalry the flower and pride,

The arm in battle bold,
The courteous mien, the noble race,
The stainless faith, the manly face !
Bid Ninian's convent light their shrine
For late-wake of De Argentine.
O'er better knight on death-bier laid,
Torch never gleam'd, nor mass was said !”

It is said that Sir Giles d'Argentine was brought to Edinburgh, and interred with great solemnity in St Giles' church in that city.

One Baston, a Carmelite friar, and superior of a monastery in Scarborough, was found among the prisoners. He was reputed one of the best poets of that age, and Edward had commanded his attendance in the army to celebrate his anticipated victory. When presented to King Robert, he was promised his liberty if he composed a poem in praise of the conquerors. He did this in Monkish Latin rhyme *on the Scottish victory at Bannockburn*, which is well known, and the authenticity of which has never been called in

question. The poem is tolerable, considering the uncultivated age in which its author lived, but it is chiefly valuable for its confirmation of several historical facts, such as the pits and ditches, the stakes and the spikes placed in them, the intemperance of the English soldiers, and a list of the most distinguished of the slain in the battle on the side of the English. "I suspect," observes Lord Hailes, "that this unhappy poet had great part of the description of the battle ready made when he was taken prisoner. His poem is a most extraordinary performance, and must have cost him infinite labour."

Bernard de Lynton, parson of Mordington at the time, afterwards Abbot of Arbroath and Chancellor of Scotland, composed a Latin poem on the battle of Bannockburn, a fragment of which is preserved by Fordun. It is a performance superior to that of Baston, and a little more intelligible. Fordun himself invoked the muse on the occasion, and has interspersed his verses throughout his history. Several ballads were composed, both in England and Scotland, on the occasion, of one of which the following lines are fragments :—

" Maydens of England, sore may ye mourne
For zour lemmans zou have lost at Bonockborne,
With hevalo."

The scene of the encounter on the evening before the battle between Earl Randolph and Lord Clifford is still called Randolph Field. Perhaps some exploit of Sir Ingram Umfraville gave his christian name to the locality called Ingram's Crook, but he was not slain in the battle, as the name of *Ingelram de Umfraville* is among the list of prisoners. But the most interesting memorial of the engagement is the Bore Stone on Brook's Brae, a large piece of granite, in a round hole on the surface of which the standard of Bruce was placed. This stone bears the marks of

many a ruthless pilgrimage, and in many parts it has been chipped off by thousands of persons who wished to possess a piece of it as a relic. So alarming were these attacks on the Bore Stone becoming every year, that it was found necessary to surround it with a strong iron rail, in which condition it is now presented to the visitor who wishes to indulge in historical associations when surveying the ever memorable field of Bannockburn.

In a work entitled the "Naval History of Britain from the Earliest Period to 1756," there is the following notice respecting Edward II. "In his private affairs no King was ever more miserable. While the Scots were beating his troops with terrible slaughter in 1314, the son of a tanner of Exeter assumed his name and title. The story was too romantic to gain credit, and all the effect it took was bringing the wretch to the gallows."

SEIGNEUR DE LA BEAUTE.*

A.D. 1517

DURING the Regency of the Duke of Albany, who chose to retire for a season to France, leaving the government in the hands of the Earls of Arran, Huntly, and Argyle, there was in Scotland a French gentleman of noble birth, whose real name was Anthony D'Arcie, but whose handsome person and manly accomplishments procured for him

* Pitcairn's Criminal Trials; Home's History of the Douglasses; Pinkerton's History of Scotland; Lindsay of Pitscottie's History; Ridpath's History of the Borders; Carr's History of Coldingham Priory, and of the Eastern Portion of Berwickshire anciently termed Coldinghamshire; Sir Walter Scott's Border Antiquities.

the soubriquet of *Seigneur de la Beauté*, or, as the common people pronounced the latter word, *Seigneur Bawtie*. Of the early history of this gentleman little is known. He came to Scotland with the Duke of Albany, with whom he was in terms of intimate friendship, and on the occasion of the temporary absence of that prince in France he was entrusted with the government of the Eastern and Middle Marches of Merse and Teviotdale, and with the command of the important castles of Home and Dunbar. The circumstance of a foreigner being elevated to these important offices was certain to move the indignation of the irascible and turbulent Borderers, and the Homes in particular were exasperated at the intrusion into an office of a Frenchman in the room of their own acknowledged chief Lord Home. The *Seigneur de la Beauté*, moreover, made the castle of Home his chief residence, and he is accused of looking down from that stronghold as from a watch-tower "upon the Homes, showing them his triumph at the slaughter of the chief of their clan, and reproaching them for submitting to his yoke."

The country was at the period now specified in a dreadful state of insubordination, and like the ancient Israelites, when they were without a king, or before the adoption of monarchical government by them, "every man did that which was right in his own eyes." There was indeed this difference that there was a king in Scotland, but James V. was a mere infant; the Regent Albany was a personage whose manners and inclinations were altogether foreign; the Scottish nation were groaning at the severe defeat and calamity of Flodden Field; the executive government, in a word, was inactive, and the people were turbulent, ferocious, and easily excited.

Lord Home, the same nobleman who was at the battle of Flodden, and who is very unjustly, or at least unwarrantably, accused of having acted as a coward and a traitor on

that memorable occasion, although it is indisputable that he assisted to vanquish the right wing of the English army, was deprived in 1515 of his office of Warden of the Eastern Marches, and a considerable portion of his estates was assigned to the Regent. The whole clan of the Homes were furious at this insult offered to their chief, whose power and influence had been long unbounded, and Lord Home made an alliance with the Earl of Angus, who had won the hand of the Queen Dowager, sister of Henry VIII., to rescue the young King from the hands of his keepers. The vigilance of Albany defeated this design, and the parties connected with it were compelled to seek shelter on the Borders. Angus and his royal consort fled first to Lamberton, and then to the Nunnery of Coldstream, where he remained a few days, till he received permission from Henry VIII. to take refuge in England.

Albany prepared to take the most summary vengeance on Lord Home, and the latter had induced all his kinsmen and vassals to put their fortalices in such a condition as would enable them to withstand the power of the Regent. An army, mustering 10,000 men, assembled on the Boroughmuir of Edinburgh, and marched into the territorial possessions of the Homes. The fortress of Fastcastle was surprised, and proceeding into the interior of the country, the Regent thought proper to mark his course by the ravages of fire and sword. The fortalices of Renton and Blackadder were destroyed, and those of Wedderburn, Buncle, Home, and Billy, were compelled to surrender.

Lord Home, accompanied by his brothers William and David, the latter of whom was Prior of Coldingham, fled to England, and solicited the assistance of Henry VIII., which he had been induced to expect. The English monarch, however, disappointed him, and his Lordship returned to the Scottish frontier. Here a snare was laid for him by the Regent. An offer of amnesty was made, and Albany

sent an invitation to meet Lord Home in his Lordship's own castle of Dunglass, which was readily accepted; but no sooner did Home arrive, unsuspecting of any evil intentions, than he was arrested, hurried off to Edinburgh, and committed a close prisoner to the castle. Fortunately for Lord Home, his brother-in-law the Earl of Arran was the person to whose custody he was committed, and that nobleman not only allowed him to escape, but fled with him to the western counties, where he summoned his vassals, and Albany was once more set at defiance. But, although reinforced by Angus and his followers, the Regent compelled them to disperse, and Lord Home again sought shelter on the Borders, where he lurked till, by the intercession of the English monarch, he and Angus were permitted to return to their estates.

Albany made this show of deference to the request of Henry VIII., but he was resolved to inflict his long meditated vengeance against Lord Home. A parliament was summoned to meet at Edinburgh in September 1516, and the most anxious solicitations were sent to Lord Home to attend, holding out to him flattering promises of reward, while it was in the most courteous language hinted that if he failed to appear, it would be construed into an act of contempt of the Regent's authority. Having already experienced Albany's bad faith in the meeting at Dunglass, Lord Home hesitated to put himself again in his power, but the Regent's artifices prevailed, and his Lordship, accompanied by his brother William, proceeded to Edinburgh. Leaving his brother in the town, Lord Home repaired to the monastery of Holyrood, where the Regent was then residing, and met with the most flattering reception. His brother was invited to the monastery, and at first all suspicions of treachery were dissipated; but both of them had not been long together within the precincts of Holyrood when the gates were ordered to be closed, all means of escape or res-

cue were cut off, and Home and his brother were arrested as traitors. The crimes alleged against Home are unknown, and it is clear that he must have been pardoned for all former transgressions, otherwise he could not have sat in the Parliament. Ridpath, in his *Border History*, enumerates the *supposed* charges, the chief of which are, Lord Home's alleged assassination of James IV. after the battle of Flodden, and some gross and unknown crime imputed to him by Albany, probably the same, over which it was necessary to draw a veil. The first is alleged by Buchanan, who to confirm his fable adds, that the Earl of Moray, an illegitimate son of James IV. by a daughter of Lord Kennedy, appeared in evidence; forgetting or ignorant that in 1519, when that nobleman returned from France, he was only twenty years of age, as appears from a letter of Lord Dacre to Cardinal Wolsey, and was not in Scotland at the time. The second charge is set forth by Drummond of Hawthornden, and is altogether improbable, as Albany, who had recently arrived in the country, could only know what must have been known to others, and as he was Regent, he could hardly appear as the accuser. Probably James Hepburn, *Bishop of Moray*, is meant, who, although a kinsman of Lord Home, had been opposed in his endeavours to procure the archbishopric of St Andrews by his Lordship's father, who had successfully advanced the interest of Andrew Forman, in revenge for which the Laird of Hailes, and other desperadoes of the name of Hepburn, soon afterwards assassinated David Home, Prior of Coldingham.

Albany had influence to cause Lord Home to be tried by a jury of his peers, and both he and his brother were condemned. Lord Home was beheaded at Edinburgh on the 8th and his brother on the 9th of October 1516, and their heads were affixed on the Tolbooth, where they remained till the 21st of July 1520, when George Home, brother to the "umquhile Alexander Lord Home," came to Edin-

burgh with a great company of followers, and in presence of the Provost took down the heads of his two brothers from the "Tolbuith gavell, quhair they were fixt with iron." They returned on the 25th, having caused great "solemn funeralls and obsequies be maid in the Black Fryars, for the soulis of the saidis Lord Home and his brother, whereat there were great offerings and banquets, and returned to their awin dwellings."

It is now time to return to Seigneur de la Beauté, who figures considerably in the affairs of Scotland at this period. It is already stated that he was appointed to be Lord Warden of the East and Middle Marches, and that he commanded the castles of Dunbar and Home. This greatly irritated the Homes, who spent nearly a year in meditating the revenge of their kinsmen. The appointment also gave great offence to the Scottish nobility, who naturally felt jealous at the promotion of foreigners to such offices of distinction. The Scottish writers, it may be here observed, strangely disfigure the name of this distinguished French knight. He is called *Bastie*, *Labasty*, *Bawty*, and *Bautie*, but Lindsay of Pit-scottie distances them all by designating him *Tillibatie*!

The Seigneur de la Beauté was not long allowed to enjoy his newly acquired honours, though he is admitted to have acted with great vigour in repressing Border maraudings. During the temporary absence of the Regent in France in 1517, the Homes got up a *mock siege* of the Castle of Langton, merely for the purpose of drawing out the Warden. Their plan succeeded, and De la Beauté left Dunbar with a pretty strong force, believing that the siege was a serious one. This was on the 19th of September. He was waylaid by David Home of Wedderburn, with whom he had a quarrel, in the neighbourhood of Langton, who surprised and killed him and other four Frenchmen. Lindsay of Pit-scottie quaintly says that "being ane stranger, and not knowing the ground weill, he laired his

horse in ane moss, and there his enemies came upon him, and slew and murdered him very unhonestlie, and cut off his heid, and carried it with them. It was said that he had long plett hair in his neck, quhilk David Home of Wedderburn knitt to his saidle-bow and kept it." His head was affixed on the Tolbooth of Dunse.

Master David Home of Godscroft enters into a minute detail of this atrocious murder, and labours to exculpate Home of Wedderburn from the charge of premeditating the assassination of Seigneur de la Beauté. His story of the circumstances which originated the murder is to this effect. Cockburn of Langton died, leaving Cockburn of Clerkington in Mid-Lothian, and Chirnside of East Nisbet in Berwickshire, curators to his son then a youth. The brother of the deceased Laird of Langton, who was married to a sister of Home of Wedderburn, a *brisk man*, was enraged at being deprived of an office which he considered to belong to himself by relationship and the custom of the country. With the assistance of Home of Wedderburn he besieged the Castle of Langton, which the tutors of the young laird had seized. The Warden D'Arcie, or De la Beauté, happened to be at Kelso when he heard of these violent proceedings, which tended to disturb the peace of the district over which he presided, and summoned Home of Wedderburn to meet him on the road between Kelso and Dunbar, which the latter agreed to do on the condition that he was to be allowed the entire liberty of departing when he thought proper. They met a few miles north from Kelso, and for some time conversed amicably, but at length the Warden insisted on Home using his influence with Cockburn and his associates to induce them to abandon the siege, which he positively refused to do. A long altercation ensued, during which both became greatly irritated, and the Warden in a towering passion, with a threatening voice and countenance, told Home that it was his imperative

command to him to force them to raise the siege, and if he did not do so it would bring ruin both on himself and them. Home replied that he had met him on that particular occasion solely on the promise of being allowed a safe return, and that he would now proceed home, where he would do what he pleased. He immediately stopped, and while the Warden's attendants were passing, he considered what was proper to be done. He feared that if Seigneur de la Beauté reached Dunbar, he would easily draw together a sufficient force to crush his friends. They had already come up to a place which lies to the north of the village of Fogo, near the rivulet of that name, and not a mile distant from Langton Tower, then besieged by Cockburn, Home of Wedderburn's brother-in-law. The latter sent a messenger to the besiegers, acquainting them with the whole affair, requesting them to order their men to be up in good time mounted on their best horses, and advising them to make a feint, with all possible noise and tumult, as if they intended to attack Seigneur Beauté with drawn swords. These proposals were readily entertained by the besiegers, a select party of whom mounted their choicest horses, and rode to the place where the Warden and Home were disputing, bawling out the name of the Knight of Wedderburn, flourishing their swords, and endeavouring, by their noise and their ferocious looks, to strike terror into the hearts of their opponents, who, including French, were in number five hundred horsemen, while the reinforcement of the Homes from the siege of Langton Castle amounted to only eighteen, being all servants and ordinary attendants. When the Warden saw the Scots who were with him slipping off, until he was left with the few of his own countrymen, he began to flatter Home of Wedderburn, excused his anger, and proposed a mutual agreement. Home, who thought that he had

already gone too far to be safe under any treaty, acted on the offensive, and reproached the Warden for being accessory to the murder of Lord Home. When Seigneur Beauté saw the turn of the conversation, and that he was deserted by his Scottish followers, who were attached to him merely on mercenary principles, and would on no account assist him against their own countrymen, he took to flight. The quaint writer, who sets forth the preceding story, as his version of a very atrocious murder, says:—"He rode on an extraordinary fine horse, which had been formerly the property of Alexander of Home [Lord Home], and it is generally believed, that if he had been saddled in the Scots fashion, he would have been carried off; but being weighed down with his trappings, which were extremely weighty, and unaccustomed to French furniture, his running was thereby obstructed. Yet he sprang away, and passed the Corney Ford, which is just half way between Dunse and Langton, before those who came from Langton could come up to him. When the rest of the pursuers were at a considerable distance, one Dickson, or as some say Trotter, who was very young, and one of Home of Wedderburn's pages, was not far from him. This boy had been left at home, but hearing the tumult he flew to it on one of his master's horses, and with his sword drawn he kept pace with Beauté step for step, every now and then making a thrust at him. Beauté threatening, ordered the boy to keep back, and bravely defended himself by flying, till he came to the stoney ground between Dunse and Preston, where being more intent on his pursuer than the road, his horse stumbled and threw him. Starting to his feet, he was very roughly handled by the young man, till John and Patrick Home, Wedderburn's brothers, coming up, slew him, and cutting off his head, it was brought to Dunse, there exposed to public view, and afterwards carried to the castle

of Home. His body was buried in the place where he fell, and *Beauté's grave* is at this day shown by the country people in the neighbourhood."

A writer on the local history of that district informs us that the spot where the unfortunate Seigneur was killed is on the farm of Swallowdean, a very few miles east of Dunse, and is still distinguished by a moss-covered stone, and "his fate seems to have excited a very general sympathy among the common people; the tragic catastrophe is still narrated in their cottages, dressed up of course with many wonderful embellishments. The hoary peasant tells his grandchildren the tale he heard in his boyhood, that a supernatural being appeared to the Chevalier, warning him as he valued his life to avoid crossing the Corney Ford—a passage across a streamlet which flows between Dunse and Langton, and his death is usually ascribed to his having neglected this friendly advice of the weird." The following ballad, founded on the fate of *Seigneur de la Beauté*, or *Bawtie*, as he is commonly termed, is worthy of insertion in this narrative, more especially as it is not generally known.

As Bawtie fled frae the Langton tower
Wi' his troop along the way,
By the Corney Ford ane auld man stood,
And to him did Bawtie say—

"Pry thee tell unto me, thou weird auld man,
Whilk name this foord doth bear."
"'Tis the Corney Foord," quoth the weird auld man,
"And thou'lt cross it alive nae mair."

"Gin this be the Corney Foord indeed,
The Lord's grace bide wi' me,
For I'll ne'er get hame to mine ain dear land,
That lies sweet owre the sea:

"For I was told by a seer auld,
That when I did cross this foord,
My hours were numbered ilka ane,
And I'd fa' aneath the sword."

“ Then ride thee fast, thou knight sae braw,”
The auld man now did say,
“ Thou’rt safe if thou canst reach Dunbar
Afore the gloamin’s grey.”

Then Bawtie fled wi’ furious speed
Away like the wintry wind ;
But the fiery Home and his savage band
Hard pressed on him behind.

’Mang the lang green broom on the Slaney muir,
Some fell, and some were slain ;
But Bawtie spurred on wi’ hot speed
The Lammermuir hills to gain.

Syne doon the hill to the east o’ Dunse
He rode right furiouslie,
Till near the home o’ auld Cramecrook
Deep lair’d in a bog was he.

Then fiery Home, wi’ a shout and yell,
Cried, “ Bawtie, I’ll hae ye now !”
As his steed sank deep in the yielding marsh,
Where the white bog rashes grow.

And the men of the Merse around him ran,
Wi’ their lang spears glentin’ gay ;
Grim Wedderburn, wi’ fury wild,
Rush’d on to the bluidy fray.

The fray was sharp and soon was past,
And some faces there lay pale,
And the herd boy stood on the hill aghast
At the slaughter in the dale.

Then weapons guid were stain’d wi’ the bluid
O’ the Warden and his men ;
Grim Home hewed off young Bawtie’s head,
And left his bouk i’ the fen.

They stripped the knight of his broidered vest,
Eke his helmet and his mail :
Syne they shroudless laid him doon to his rest,
Where strife shall nae mair assail.

Then light and gay the Homes return'd
Wi' Bawtie's head on a spear,
Whilk their chieftain tied to his saddle bow
By its lang flowing hair.

And they've set his head on the towerin' wa's
O' the castle of Home sae high,
To moulder there i' the sun and the wind,
Till mony lang years gae by.

The leddies o' France may wail and mourn,
May wail and mourn fu' sair,
For the bonnie Bawtie's lang brown locks
They'll ne'er see waving mair!

Home of Wedderburn, his brothers John and Patrick, Cockburn, and other Borderers, concerned in the slaughter of the Warden, were cited to appear at Edinburgh before the Court of Justiciary in the month of February following, and it is almost unnecessary to add that none of them obeyed a summons which would be in reality a warrant for execution. They were accordingly declared to be traitors and rebels, and their estates were confiscated. The Earl of Arran, at the head of a powerful force, and well provided with engines for demolishing the strongholds of the proscribed and outlawed Borderers, entered Berwickshire, to put into execution the decrees of Parliament. Home of Wedderburn took refuge in the Castle of Edington on the banks of the Whiteadder, a few miles from Berwick, where he defied all the attempts of the Earl to apprehend him. Arran, after placing garrisons in the castles of Home, Langton, and Wedderburn, having obtained the keys of the last named fortalice from a person unknown while he was at Lauder, returned towards Edinburgh. Yet Home, though his castle and estate were in the custody of the government, possessed great influence over the inhabitants of the Merse while in his retreat at Edington. Such was his authority, that we are told "none almost pretended to

go to Edinburgh, or any where else out of the country, without first asking and obtaining his liberty." The only person of distinction who resented this *surveillance* was Blackadder, the recently installed Prior of Coldingham, but his refusal to submit cost him his life. Having accidentally met with the imperious Border chief while engaged in hunting, an obstinate encounter took place between their respective followers, which only terminated by the slaughter of the Prior and six of his attendants.

Sir David Home also soon recovered all his fortalices held by the Regent's soldiers. His castle of Wedderburn was recovered by him in the most characteristic manner of a Border chief. Some of the garrison, who had gone to Dunse for provisions, were taken prisoners by Home's followers. Sir David led them before the battlements of his castle, and threatened to put them and the whole garrison to the sword if they did not instantly surrender. They at first refused, but seeing him making serious preparations to hang his prisoners, they surrendered on the condition that they would be allowed to depart undisturbed.

SIEGE OF LEITH.*

A.D. 1559-60.

THE years intimated in the title of this narrative were the years of the Reformation of religion in Scotland, and were

* Lindsay's (of Pitscottie) History; Chalmers' Life of Queen Mary; Knox's Historie of the Reformation in Scotland; Life of the Regent Moray; Spottiswoode's History of the Church of Scotland; Campbell's History of Leith; Buchanan's History of Scotland; Sir James Balfour's Annals; Maitland's History of Edinburgh; and Local Traditions still remembered in Leith, obtained from private sources.

characterized by a more than ordinary share of strife, turbulence, and sedition. Mary of Lorraine, or of Guise, as she is variously designated, the widow of James V. and mother of the young Queen Mary, was Regent of the kingdom, and her well-known adherence to the Roman Catholic system contrasted strangely with the bold, energetic, and occasionally not over civil conduct and sentiments of the association of Protestant noblemen who called themselves the Lords of the Congregation. After the violent and disgraceful demolition of the cathedral churches and monasteries by lawless mobs, stimulated by incendiaries, the Queen Regent came to an open rupture with the insurgent noblemen, and both parties prepared to settle the contest by an appeal to arms. Several threatening movements ensued, which were more serious in appearance than in reality, yet each side was in arms, and ready to join issue in battle.

The Queen Regent had been compelled to retreat from Fife to Dunbar, and while in that town her deputies held several ineffectual conferences with the leaders of the confederated noblemen, both in that town and at the village of Preston, about half a mile inland from the village of Prestonpans. In the meanwhile Henry II. of France died, and his son Francis, the Dauphin, the husband of Queen Mary, ascended the throne. Powerful reinforcements were now expected from France; and on the 30th of July 1559, the Queen Regent suddenly left Dunbar, and encamped on the well known common called Leith Links.

Several of the chief leaders of the Congregation were then in Edinburgh, but they had relaxed their authority, and were by no means unanimous among themselves. The Queen's unexpected movement from Leith to Dunbar threw them into great perplexity. They had little time to assemble their adherents, but they marched to Leith with such a force as they could muster under the command of the Prior of St Andrews, afterwards the celebrated Earl

of Moray. Before the Prior arrived, however, short as the distance is from Edinburgh, the Queen Regent moved her troops quietly into Leith and took possession of the town, which she ordered to be fortified, as there was no other place of safety to which she could then retire.

The Queen Regent had now the advantage of the insurgents. She was advised to attempt a negotiation, and a treaty was concluded not unfavourable to her opponents, but her mildness was returned by them with ingratitude; the desire of peace was evidently neither mutual nor sincere, and they issued manifestos in open defiance of the government. The treaty was broken, and the Regent prepared to meet her enemies. They publicly declared that they would seek the assistance of the English, because they were of the same religion as themselves; and they went the length of depriving the Queen Regent of the government, refusing to obey her as the representative of their sovereign.

This unconstitutional procedure was of course treated with contempt. The Queen Regent continued in Leith, the inhabitants of which she is accused of duping of L.3000, which they never afterwards recovered, but this accusation rests on very questionable authority. She commenced a thorough repair of the ramparts, assisted by a French force under her command—operations which greatly alarmed the Congregation, and materially widened the rupture between both parties. Accordingly, they dispatched to her a remonstrance, dated at Hamilton, 29th September 1559, of which the following is a modernized passage:—"Madam, We are credibly informed that your army of Frenchmen have instantly begun to plant Leith, and to fortify the same, with the intention of expelling the ancient inhabitants, our brethren of the Congregation, therefrom, wherefore we marvel not a little that your Majesty should so manifestly break the appointment made at Leith, without any provoca

tion given by us and our brethren : And seeing the same is done without any manner of consent of the nobility and council of the realm, we esteem the same not only oppressive of our poor brethren and indwellers of the said town, but also very prejudicial to the commonweal, and contrary to our ancient laws and liberties. We therefore desire your Majesty to cause the same work enterprised to be stayed, and not to attempt so rashly and so manifestly against your Majesty's promise to the commonwealth, the ancient laws and liberties thereof, which things, besides the glory of God, are most dear and tender to us, and our only pretence ; otherwise assuring your Majesty we will complain to the whole nobility and commonalty of this realm, and most earnestly seek for redress thereof."

The "appointment made in Leith," which the Queen Regent is in the above unceremonious manner accused of having broken, was a contract between her Majesty and the Lords of the Congregation, dated the 24th of July, on Leith Links, six days before she marched from Dunbar, and occupied the town of Leith. This conference was managed on the part of the Queen by the Duke of Chatelherault, at that time in her interest, the Earl of Huntly, and the French commander D'Ossel ; and the Earls of Argyle, Glencairn, and others, in behalf of the Lords of the Congregation. The substance of this negotiation was, that the Queen Regent was not to molest the Protestant preachers ; while the Lords of the Congregation bound themselves to be dutiful and obedient subjects, and to observe all the laws and customs of the realm. It appears, however, that among other causes of offence the Queen Regent thought proper, while she occupied Leith, to order the Roman Catholic ritual to be celebrated in South Leith parish church, and the minister's pulpit to be turned out of the edifice—no great infringement of the treaty, when we consider that the Regent was in possession of the town

in the name of the sovereign, and that very probably the Protestant minister had fled. The Protestant religion had not yet been established by law—the Roman Catholic system was still the authorised ecclesiastical ritual, and besides these considerations, the Queen Regent acted in a constitutional manner as long as the law existed, whereas those very noblemen and gentlemen who now abused her for infringing the treaty, with which she had not in the least interfered, for she merely bound herself *not to molest* the preachers of the Reformed religion, had themselves been recently guilty of the greatest enormities, the grossest violence, and the most outrageous and wanton destruction of valuable and sacred property, having perambulated the country followed by mobs of excited enthusiasts, and pulling down and dilapidating cathedrals, churches, monasteries, and other religious buildings.

Mary of Lorraine was too sagacious not to see through the flimsiness of this remonstrance, not to say its unreasonableness, and among other arguments which she urged in reply to her *particular friends*, the Lords of the Congregation, in defending her conduct, she adduces one in which she puts herself in the situation of a feeble and harmless bullfinch or linnet, surrounded by a crowd of most ferocious hawks, as if she were in constant danger of being clutched by the talons of Arran and Argyle, or gored with the beaks of Ruthven and others of a similar stamp. In answer to the charge of fortifying Leith her Majesty says:—"And like as a small bird, being pursued, will provide some nest, so her Majesty could do no less, in case of pursuit, but provide some sure retreat for herself and her company; and to that effect chose the town of Leith, a place convenient for that purpose, because it was her dearest daughter's property, and no other person could claim title or interest thereto; and also because in former times it had been fortified"—probably alluding to the fortifications raised by

Monsieur D'Essé ten years previously, for it does not appear that there were any military works in Leith before the arrival of that commander. The Queen Regent concluded by urging her said *particular friends*, the Lords of the Congregation, as they styled themselves, to submit to her constitutional authority as loyal subjects, and to trust to her generosity and clemency.

But it was no part of the policy of the Lords of the Congregation to comply with the modest recommendation of the Queen Regent. On the contrary, they sent her a reply, in which they took the liberty of favouring her with their opinion of the French troops with her in Leith, and complimented them by saying that "no honest men durst commit themselves to the mercy of such *throat-cutters*." As all hope of an amicable adjustment of their differences with the Queen Regent was now at an end, they resolved to adopt summary measures, and prepared to attack Leith. They mustered their forces, and sat down before the town in October 1559. Before proceeding to extremities they sent a messenger to the walls, with a long winded summons in the name of their "sovereign lord and lady" Francis and Mary, demanding that all "Scots and Frenchmen, of whatever estate and degree, depart out of the town of Leith within the space of twelve hours," alleging at the same time that they entertained "no hatred at either the one or the other"—a statement a little inconsistent with the endearing appellation of *throat-cutters*, by which, in their reply to the Queen Regent, they had very charitably designated her French troops. No answer was returned to this summons, and the assailants prepared for the attack, when upon applying their scaling ladders to the walls, those necessary instruments were found to be too short. It ought to be mentioned that those scaling ladders had been made in St Giles' church, Edinburgh, which greatly irritated the preachers, who publicly declared that God would not allow such

wickedness and irreverence to pass unpunished, as it betokened contempt for the place where the people assembled for divine service. This view of the proceeding was both rational and commendable, and it had the desired effect. The forces of the Congregation, imagining that the vengeance of Heaven was impended over them, and ready to burst upon them on the first opportunity, for their sins in general, and for the iniquity of constructing the ladders in a church in particular, and, what was probably as effectual and convincing a consideration as the other, having become mutinous for want of pay, showed no inclination to fight. "The men of war, who," says Knox, "were men without God or honesty, made a mutiny, because they lacked a part of their wages. They had done the same in Linlithgow before, where they made a proclamation they would serve any man, to suppress the Congregation, and set up the mass again."

The sinews of war being thus wanting, their coffers empty, and the soldiers mutinous, the Lords of the Congregation were not a little puzzled about their procedure. It was first proposed to make a collection, and this shift was actually tried, but it would not do, and little or nothing was raised, there being either a scantiness of cash on the part of the friends of the Congregation, or an unwillingness to part with it. The "Rob Roy" plan of raising subsidies was too dangerous to be attempted by men engaged in a religious warfare, and it would have done immense injury to their cause. In the midst of their difficulties they resorted to the extraordinary and treasonable measure of erecting a coining-house or mint, and it was proposed that every nobleman and gentleman should produce such gold and silver plate as he possessed to be converted into money. The management of this bold measure, it was agreed, was committed to two persons, named David Forrest and John Hart, but here another disappointment awaited them,

for when matters were ready for commencing operations, it was found that Mr John had decamped with the instruments of coining, and doubtless he would not disappear empty-handed in other respects. Whither he had fled no one knew, but he carried off with him every article and tool belonging to the mint, to the no small annoyance and exasperation of his employers.

Thus foiled by Mr John Hart's proceedings, there was no other resource than to apply to England for a temporary supply to silence the clamours of their soldiers. They sent Cockburn of Ormiston in East-Lothian, a devoted adherent of the Congregation, to Sir Ralph Sadler and Sir James Crofts, who both commanded jointly at Berwick, to implore assistance. Queen Elizabeth had anticipated some demand like this, and, glad of an opportunity to interfere, she had placed a sum of money at the disposal of these gentlemen. To prevent accidents, as far as possible, he was sent upon his errand with the greatest secrecy and expedition. It appeared, however, from the result, that the ban of the preachers, on account of the scaling ladders made in St Giles' church, was more potent than the Lords of the Congregation supposed, and it was evident that nothing would succeed with which those unfortunate implements had, or were likely to have, any connection. Notwithstanding all his precaution the Laird of Ormiston did not set out to Berwick so quietly as to prevent the Queen Regent getting notice of his departure, and of the object of his mission. When he arrived at Berwick he was presented by Sir Ralph Sadler and Sir James Crofts with four thousand crowns, and was, as he thought, securely and secretly on his way to Leith, when he was waylaid by the Earl of Bothwell, the same who was afterwards notorious as the husband of Queen Mary. The Laird made all the resistance he could offer, but it was of no avail against such a personage as Bothwell. The Earl severely wounded him,

and robbed him of the whole sum, which he contrived to appropriate to his own use, for none of it ever reached the Queen Regent ; but as her Majesty was in no want of money, this was probably the acknowledged reward of his adventure. The Laird of Ormiston was in consequence obliged to appear among his friends without a coin in his pocket, and the loss was peculiarly mortifying in the state of their affairs.

The Lords of the Congregation were greatly exasperated against Bothwell, who had deceived them for some time with professions of regard ; and the Earl of Arran, accompanied by the Prior of St Andrews, afterwards Earl of Moray, set out in pursuit of him. But the Earl was nowhere to be found—literally *non inventus*—and they could only revenge themselves by pillaging his castle of Hales, in the parish of Morham, near Haddington, where, in anticipation of such a visit, he had taken care to leave very little of any thing valuable. Arran and the Prior did not choose to extend their excursions to Bothwell's castle of Dunbar.

The forces of the Congregation were now completely disheartened, irresolute, and disorderly. They positively refused to obey their leaders, despising alike the threats of the noblemen and the spiritual denunciations uttered against them by the preachers ; but, to do the latter justice, the construction of the scaling ladders in St Giles' seems to have made them on the whole somewhat lukewarm. When the Earl of Arran and the Prior of St Andrews returned from their very foolish and unnecessary pursuit of such an unscrupulous personage as Bothwell, they were told that the French intended to intercept some provisions destined for the use of their soldiers, which were in the act of being forwarded along the shore from Dalkeith and Musselburgh. The French, who were assiduous in their look-out, soon recognised the expected carts, and putting out of the harbour in boats, landed a chosen body of men on the ground

between Leith and Portobello, anciently known as the Figgate Whins. Arran and the Prior advanced with a party to protect the carts, but the French fell upon them with such fury that they narrowly escaped with their lives. They were driven from the shore into the narrow irrigated defile between Restalrig and the Palace of Holyroodhouse behind the present Piershill Barracks, and it was with the utmost difficulty that they found shelter from the fire of the French. This conflict ended in a total flight on the part of the Scots, the Prior and Arran in vain endeavouring to rally their men, although they dismounted, and fought in the thickest of the conflict with the greatest intrepidity.

Misfortunes, according to the proverb, never come single, and the Lords of the Congregation experienced the truth of the adage on this occasion. The French seizing a favourable opportunity, when the horsemen of the besiegers were absent on a foray to raise provisions, and while the foot soldiers were for the most part at dinner, such as it was, made a furious and desperate sally from the town. Instantly the rout of the army of the Congregation, unprepared for this unexpected attack, became general and bloody. They fled across the fields between Leith and the Calton Hill towards Edinburgh in the utmost confusion and disorder, without offering the least resistance. Resolved to complete, as far as they could with safety to themselves, what they had successfully begun, the French pursued the fugitives to the Watergate in the Canongate and the foot of the steep street called Leith Wynd, then the chief entrances to the city on the north and east, putting every man whom they overtook to the sword. Hallyburton, provost and constable of Dundee, attempted at the head of a party of his own townsmen to make something like a stand against the assailants, and even threatened an attack on Leith, but he met with no better success, and he was quickly compelled to consult his safety by flight. The

French returned from this assault in triumph to Leith, where they were joyfully welcomed by the Queen Regent, who ascended the ramparts for this purpose. Observing several of them carrying such plunder as they had picked up, chiefly pots, pans, and, it is said, *kirtles and petticoats*, which, however, may intimate the plaids and kilts of Argyle's Highlanders, her Majesty jocularly inquired *where they had bought their ware*.

Completely disunited and discomfited, and the men clamorous for pay, the Congregation evacuated Edinburgh, and marched to the more genial region of the west. So great was their alarm that they scarcely halted till they reached Stirling, accompanied by John Knox, and on their arrival in that town he convened them to be edified with a sermon on the 80th Psalm. They here appointed a special deputation to Queen Elizabeth for assistance, and then divided into two parties. As plunder was now the order of the day, and as they were by no means scrupulous as to the manner in which it was obtained, the one division marched to Glasgow under the Duke of Chatelherault, where they demolished the religious fabrics, the cathedral narrowly escaping their fury. The other division, under the Prior of St Andrews, honoured the county of Fife with a visitation, and among other exploits harassed some French troops in the towns along the south coast by their skilful manœuvres.

The Queen Regent now obtained possession of Edinburgh, accompanied by her friends and the French troops, and took up her residence in the Castle. Her Majesty is accused by Lindsay of Pitscottie of restoring "all the altars and images, erecting the mass in the kirks, and blotting out the Lord's Prayer, the Belief, and the Ten Commandments, which were patent upon the kirk walls." It appears from a letter of Sir James Crofts and Sir Ralph Sadler to Cecil, dated 5th November 1559, that the Queen Regent's army

at this period amounted to no more than 3000 men. "As far as we can learn," say Cecil's correspondents, "there be no Scots of any note with her in Leith but the Lord Seton and the Lord Borthwick, with the inhabitants of the town. For the rest, the Earl of Bothwell, who is on her side, and such others as seem to favour her party, do remain at home by her consent, until she require their aid."

While the deputation from the Congregation were engaged at the English court procuring assistance from Elizabeth, and the Queen Regent was in possession of the Scottish capital, the country was in a state of great disorder, as the following notices abundantly prove. The French marched from Edinburgh, and ravaged the towns and neighbouring country of Linlithgow and Stirling. Crossing the celebrated bridge, they proceeded down the north side of the Forth, making similar havoc. They entered Fife at Torryburn, the western extremity of the county, and plundered the towns of Kinghorn, Dysart, and Wemyss, killing all the cattle, spoiling several villages, and blowing up the house of the Laird of Grange with gunpowder.

In this marauding expedition a French officer was detached with fifty men to plunder Dunnikier near Kirkaldy. He was opposed by the Master of Lindsay and the Laird of Craighall, at the head of a select party of their retainers. The French intrenched themselves within the ruins of an old house, and their commander bravely defended himself for a considerable time with a halbert. The Master of Lindsay encountered him sword in hand, and after a severe conflict killed him by a stroke on the forehead with a broadsword. Many of the French were slain, and the rest were carried prisoners to Dundee.

While these disorders were in progress, the Scottish deputation at the English court were successful, and Elizabeth from motives of policy readily complied with their

request. The Prior of St Andrews and some of his associates met the Duke of Norfolk at Berwick, where a treaty was concluded between the Lords of the Congregation and the English Queen. This was soon known to the Queen Regent, but the French felt little alarm, as they daily expected reinforcements by sea from France. Before again directing our attention to the second siege of Leith in 1660, which is intimately connected with the unsuccessful attempt already narrated, it will not be out of place, before the arrival of the English army, to glance at what was going on in the "kingdom of Fife."

While the French detachments were in Wemyss, which seems to have been their head-quarters, they were informed that vessels were daily expected from France with supplies, and being stimulated by this announcement they resolved to march to the county town of Cupar, where there was a gathering of the adherents of the Congregation. After consulting whether they should proceed thither by the nearest road, or go round the coast by Pittenweem, Anstruther, Crail, and St Andrews, they chose the latter road on account of the depth of the snow, which would retard the march of their horsemen. They accordingly set out eastward, keeping as close as possible to the shore of the Frith, passing the village of Methel, Leven, and Lower Largo. Rounding Largo Bay they came to Kinraig Point, which forms the eastern boundary of the bay. Here, while refreshing themselves, they descried some English vessels bearing gallantly up the Frith, which so terrified them that they speedily retreated, some to Kinghorn, others to Burntisland, where they had a garrison, and not a few of them as far west as Dunfermline, the Abbot of which, like the Laird of Wemyss, was a devoted adherent of the Queen Regent. In this disorderly retreat the Laird of Grange revenged himself for the explosion of his house by killing several. The French were opposed in their attempt to

pass the Forth above Alloa by a party of the Congregation from Stirling, and many of them were killed before they could effect a crossing of the river near Tulliebody.

Fortune had now declared against the French, and disaster followed disaster in quick succession before they could again concentrate themselves in Leith, after sustaining very considerable loss in several skirmishes on the way. The Lords of the Congregation issued a proclamation, ordering a general muster at Leith on the 30th of March 1660, with provisions for thirty days. Lord Grey of Wilton entered Scotland with a force variously stated at 6000 and 8000 men, and on the 1st of April this army, protected by an English fleet under Admiral Winter in the Frith, encamped at Restalrig, a now decayed little village between Edinburgh and Leith on the east, and at that time the property of the family of Logan, a fragment of whose ruined castle is still perched upon a rock overlooking the sheet of water called Lochend in the vicinity. Here the English were joined by the Earls of Argyle, Montrose, and Glencairn, Lords Boyd and Ochiltree, the Prior of St Andrews, the Master of Maxwell, and several other influential persons, with 2000 men. On this occasion the Town-Council of Edinburgh, in the plenitude of their wisdom, contributed from the funds of the Corporation L.1600 Scots money as a month's pay for four hundred men to assist in the reduction of Leith—a sum which enabled each of those warriors to live at the rate of *twopence halfpenny* a-day.

The Queen Regent, whose health was greatly impaired, did not choose to expose herself to the hazard of a siege in Leith, and remained in the Castle of Edinburgh, from the ramparts of which she daily and anxiously watched the operations of her adversaries and their English allies. As soon as the French garrison of Leith were informed of the approach of the English army, and before the latter could complete their encampment at Restalrig, they despatched

nine hundred harquebussiers against the enemy. This detachment, regardless of the vastly superior numbers which they were well aware they would have to encounter, crossed Leith Links, and took possession of a now wooded eminence which gives its name to a modern mansion near it called Hawkhill, where a severe and bloody contest with "hagbuts, pistolets," and other weapons, almost immediately ensued. The French gallantly maintained this unequal contest for several hours, but were at length compelled to retire, and were driven back to the town with great slaughter. The English took possession of Hawkhill, on which they planted their artillery, and they occupied the rising ground extending to Hermitage Hill, which completely overlooks the town and the Links on the east.

Soon after the repulse of the French at Hawkhill, they attempted another *ruse* as unsuccessful as the open attack. They sent a special messenger to Lord Grey of Wilton, requesting a short cessation of hostilities, which his Lordship readily granted. Taking advantage of this truce, numbers of the French soldiers flocked about the English encampments at Restalrig, Hawkhill, and Hermitage, pretending to be attracted thither by mere curiosity, while many concealed themselves in the neighbourhood. When they thought their numbers sufficient, while still affecting to be mere loungers, they purposely approached the English camp so near as to give offence to the sentinels, their object being to pick a quarrel, that an excuse might be furnished for breaking the truce. When Lord Grey was informed of this conduct he ordered them instantly to retire, but the reply of the French was that they would like to know his right to order them off the ground of their mistress, meaning the Queen Regent. They were told that if it were not for the cessation of hostilities granted at their own request, they would have been compelled to keep at a respectful distance. This answer irritated the

French, who, after defying the English to do their worst, deliberately discharged their pieces in the faces of those nearest them. A volley of oaths followed this unceremonious compliment, which was the signal for a general attack, and it commenced in right earnest. Those who were in concealment rushed to join the *melée*, assisted by those who were lounging about the camp. The English, thus taken by surprise, were thrown into confusion; their whole army resounded with the noise of a sudden and desperate affray; soldiers were seen running to arms in all directions, and yet no one could tell what was the cause of this dreadful uproar. At every turn they were met and slaughtered by the exasperated French, and the shouts of the assailants were mingled with the incessant discharge of fire-arms. At length the English recovered from their panic, and succeeded in driving their assailants to the town, to which the latter retired in excellent order. The French lost one hundred and forty men in this bold affray, besides twelve gentlemen and five soldiers taken prisoners. The loss of the English is not recorded, but it may be reasonably concluded, as they were taken unawares, that it would exceed that of their assailants.

There is an old poem still extant, by Thomas Churchyard, who accompanied the English in this expedition, and who was present during the whole of the siege, entitled *The Siege of Leith*, or, according to the quaint opinion of the author, *more aptlie called the Schole of Warre*. In the following stanzas he thus celebrates this uproarious affray:

Among our men might Scottish vitlers haunt,
Who with the French a treasoun tooke in hand;
A wyfe, a queane, did make the French a graunt,
Upon this rock in sight of Leith to stand,
And there to make a signe to Dozis band,
When that the wards were careless, and at rest,
Which she did kepe—herself the same confest.

The French came on, as they thus warned were ;
Lyke men of war they chose their tyme full well ;
Our men start up, amazed with sudden fear,
But what was best to do they could not tell.
Some loving fame, his lyfe did dearly sell ;
Some hating death, did sone from danger shun,
Some, past all shame, full fast away did run.

Some made defence, but still they strove in vain,
Once order broke, farewell the fight that hour.
So in this heat was many a souldier slain,
There was no help, they were o'erlayed with power.
Thus have you heard how fortune 'gan to lour
Upon our men. The chance of war is such,
A man may not, at no tyme, trust it much.

The position occupied by the English on the rising ground extending to Hermitage Hill was sufficiently commanding and well chosen, but it was soon found to be too far distant to enable the artillery, such as it was in those times, to do any injury to the town or fortification. They remained in this position several days, digging trenches and throwing up bulwarks to protect themselves from the frequent sallies of the French, who were nothing undaunted either by the frequent and sanguinary repulses they experienced, or by the superior numbers of their opponents. The English, instead of waiting patiently within their intrenchments to repel the assaults of the French, now resolved to become aggressors, and whenever they perceived any detachments of the besieged advancing from the town, they immediately sent an equal force to meet them. These parties generally met about midway on Leith Links, which thus became the scene of repeated encounters. These conflicts, occurring between the town and the English encampment, were often of a sanguinary nature, both parties being conscious that their conduct was witnessed by their respective commanders and fellow-soldiers.

But the English soon began to tire of this desultory warfare, which was attended with no advantages, and was

rather more likely to weaken their army. Finding that their cannon did no execution from the high grounds near Hawk-hill and Hermitage, they descended to the Links, where they threw up mounds of earth on which they placed their artillery. It is interesting to observe that two of these mounds still remain on Leith Links, covered with verdant turf, and are memorials of Elizabeth's soldiers at the siege of Leith. One is close to a well on the south-east side of the Links bordering on the road from the Easter Road to Seafield Baths, near the toll-bar leading to Summerfield and Restalrig, called *Lady Fife's Well*, which was probably the first thrown up by the English; the second is of considerable elevation about two hundred paces east from the Grammar School, and is familiarly known to the children of Leith by the soubriquet of the *Giant's Brae*. There are still some traces on the side of this mound opposite the town of a broad path or way, leading obliquely to the summit, by which it is probable the besiegers dragged their artillery to the top, where there is a slight excavation apparently formed for the operation of cannon. This mound was, it is conjectured, the second thrown up by the English. A third mound was thrown up about two hundred and fifty feet south-east of the new stone bridge at Leith Mills, and was evidently formed by the besiegers when they removed their encampment to the west side of the town. This mound was levelled when the ground was converted into a timber-yard. It appears from the relative positions of the mounds on the Links that the English made regular approaches to the walls.

In a narrative connected with Leith in the present work, the opinion of the valiant Captain Colepepper in the *FOR-TUNES OF NIGEL* is quoted, and he speaks with ridicule and contempt of the whole fortifications, alleging that the town was a mere hamlet, "with a plain wall or rampart, and a pigeon-house or two at every angle." With all due respect

for the opinion of the gallant Captain, the defences of any place could not be paltry which kept at bay 6000 English and 2000 Scotch soldiers, who were also in possession of the adjacent heights, and had a powerful fleet in the Frith of Forth. This is proved from the unsuccessful attempts on several occasions to carry the town by storm. It appears that the rampart of Leith was of an octangular form, with eight bastions, one at each angle. An intelligent writer on the history and localities of this ancient sea-port thus describes the fortification and bastions:—"The first of these, called *Ramsay's Fort*, was for the defence of the harbour, and was situated a little north of the foot of Bernard Street, to which the houses on the shore did not then extend, there being none lower down than the old palace called the *King's Wark*, which stood between the foot of the street and the Broad Wynd. From this fort the wall took a south-east direction towards the Exchange Buildings, where stood the second bastion;* hence it continued its course south-south-west, and nearly on the line of Constitution Street, but considerably to the east of it, and was intersected by the third bastion, nearly opposite the junction of Coatfield Lane with Constitution Street, or about three hundred feet north-east of South Leith Church. From this point the wall proceeded in a south-west direction, or with an angle, towards the top of the Kirkgate, where it joined the fourth bastion, near to which stood also the gate or port of St Anthony, so called from its vicinity to the Preceptory

* "Where the Exchange Buildings now stand, there was a narrow mound of earth, of considerable height, and probably about one hundred yards long, which used to be much frequented as a promenade, on account of the view which it afforded, by the *belles* of Leith, from which circumstance it obtained the name of the *Ladies' Walk*. This mound, to which there was an ascent by stone steps, was the remains of the bastion spoken of in the text, and part of the wall."

of that name. The rampart now ran nearly in a straight line to the Water of Leith, intersecting the fifth bastion, the site of which cannot now be pointed out with any degree of certainty. Here the wall was connected, with its continuation on the west side by the river, by a wooden bridge, which stood exactly a hundred and fifteen yards below the new stone bridge at the Saw-mills. On the west side of the Water of Leith, and a little way above its banks, the rampart joined the sixth bastion. Hence, running nearly due north, it passed through a part of the Citadel, where it was again intersected by the seventh bastion. Taking now an easterly direction, it terminated at the Sand Port, where, to correspond with Ramsay's Fort on the other side of the river, stood the eighth bastion, and which, along with the former, being intended for the defence of the harbour, was strongly built, and wholly of stone. No trace whatever of this once formidable wall now remains, although several vestiges of it existed in the time of Maitland [1753], and more lately in that of Kincaid, the latter of whom distinctly traced between the Chapel of Ease in Constitution Street [now the church of the *quoad sacra* parish of St John] and Laurie Street, and thence, with some interruption, to the west end of Cables Wynd. Before the formation of Constitution Street, the rampart intersected, and having in due course of time been reduced to a mere ridge of earth, also formed a part, of South Leith Burying-Ground. An unfortunate and unthinking wight of a ship-captain, tempted we presume by the devil, once took it into his head to ballast his ship with this sacred earth. The consequence, tradition has it, of this sacrilegious act was, that neither the wicked captain nor his ship, after putting to sea, was ever heard of again."

The English, now at a convenient distance from the town, opened a fire upon the besieged from the artificial mounds, especially from the one, popularly called the

Giant's Brae, near the Grammar School After several days' battering with eight pieces of cannon, they succeeded on the 20th of May in breaking down the steeple of St Anthony's Preceptory, on which the besieged had placed several guns, which from this commanding situation did great injury to the English. The Preceptory of St Anthony stood at the south-west corner of St Anthony's Wynd, and was founded in 1435 by Logan of Restalrig. No vestige of this ecclesiastical establishment now remains except some old vaults, and the ground which contained its church, gardens, and burying-ground, is now covered with houses. Religious zeal afterwards completed the destruction of what was left by the battering of the English cannon. This feat of beating down St Anthony's steeple, which any artilleryman of the present day with a couple of ordinary cannon would have done in less than half an hour, afforded the greatest exultation to the besiegers, who actually contemplated with wonder the effects of their prowess.

Admiral Winter's fleet now seconded the efforts of the force who invested the town, and several of the ships sailed close to the pier, where the crews commenced a most destructive fire, by which many of the inhabitants and soldiers were killed. Nevertheless the besiegers, finding all their efforts unavailing to take the town, removed their encampment to the west side of the Water of Leith, in the hope that the fortifications in that quarter would be less capable of resistance than those on the east. Here they threw up mounds, as they had done on the Links, and renewed their operations.

The siege had continued nearly a month without any prospect of a termination, and hitherto it had been attended with no other effect, exclusive of the loss of life, than of reducing the garrison to such extremity for want of provisions that they were compelled to eat their own horses. Yet the besieged endured their privations with the greatest

cheerfulness, and continued to feed upon their dead horses with a gusto which showed that they were determined to hold out as long as a horse was left, their officers exhibiting that politeness in the science of gastronomy which is recorded of the Mareschal Strozzi, whose *maitre de cuisine* during the blockade maintained his master's table with twelve covers every day, although he had nothing better to set upon it now and then except the quarter of a carrion horse, and the grass and weeds which grew on the ramparts.

The patience of the English was at length exhausted by this protracted warfare, and they resolved to try the effect of a general assault upon the town. The whole army was drawn up in order of battle, and amongst other arrangements Sir James Crofts was ordered, with what was considered a sufficient force, to assail the town on the north side at the place now called the Sand Port, where at low water there was an easy entrance to the place. But Sir James, instead of performing his important duty, thought proper to keep aloof during the whole time of the assault, and remained inactive, which caused him to be afterwards loudly accused of treachery—a charge which some thought was sufficiently proved from the circumstance that he had a few days before been seen holding a colloquy with the Queen Regent, who addressed him from the walls of Edinburgh Castle. The soldiers in this general assault marched with their scaling ladders, but these implements, like their unfortunate predecessors constructed in St Giles' church, were found too short. Old Thomas Churchyard thus records the fact :

— Our soldiers lackt no will
To clyme the walls, where they receive much ill,
For when they layd their ladders on the dyke,
They were too short the lengthe of half a pyke.

The besiegers, after many desperate and fruitless efforts, were driven back with great slaughter, and, singular as it may appear, the success of the garrison was not a little aided by the exertions of certain *ladies*, whom the French, with their usual gallantry and devotion to the fair sex, entertained in great numbers in their quarters. It is recorded that those heroines mounted the ramparts, and remained there during the whole time of the assault, employing themselves in loading the musquets of the soldiers, pelting the English with whatever missiles they could procure, throwing down, according to John Knox, whole chimneys of burning fire upon the foe, and particularly exerting themselves when the Englishmen began to turn their backs. The great Reformer's account of this singular display of female heroism is quite unique. "The Frenchmen's harlots," he says in his plain way, "of whom the maist pairt were Scotch strumpets, did no less cruelties than did the soldiers, for besides that they charged their pieces, and ministrated unto thame uther weapons, some continewally cast stones, some carried chimneys of burning fyre, some brocht timber and uther impediments of weight, quhilk with grit violence they threw over the wall upon our men, bot especially when they began to turn thair backs." A writer on the history and antiquities of Leith, which in his estimation is the most interesting place in the world, anxious to vindicate the fair Leithians of that day from the odious charge of being the Frenchmen's courtezans, ingeniously "inclines to ascribe the honours of this day to *some detachment from the Canongate of Edinburgh*, it being more probable that the Frenchmen drew the greater part of their forces from that far-famed district." He might just as well have said the Cowgate, the High Street, or the West Port, or any where else. Whoever were the Amazons in question, it is really too much to charge the Canongate of Edinburgh as in those times furnishing such female detachments.

It should be kept in mind what the Canongate *once was*, not what it *now is*, or at least what a part of it is said *to be*; and it is not too much to say that in whatever repute that old baronial suburb of Edinburgh may now be held, there have always been certain localities in Leith which are any thing than like Cæsar's wife—"above suspicion."

During the whole of this singular assault, which completely failed, it is said that the Queen Regent, although labouring under an illness which in a few days proved mortal, sat upon the walls of Edinburgh Castle, regarding with intense anxiety the vicissitudes of the fight. When her Majesty saw the English repulsed, and the French ensigns again waving triumphantly on the walls, she was unable to repress her joy, and she is accused by Knox of saying—"Now will I go to mass, and praise God for that which mine eyes have seen;" and she immediately proceeded to the Castle chapel in this pious resolution. According to the Reformer, or at least as it is stated in the "*Historie*" which is ascribed to him, when she entered the chapel she found a certain Dominican Friar named Black, probably her own chaplain, or belonging to the Castle, ready to assist in her devotions. It seems that this worthy friar's reputation for gallantry was very considerable in those times, and it is alleged that the Queen Regent had not long before detected him in a very unbecoming situation with a female paramour in the very chapel. The fame of this friar is perpetuated in a scrap of doggrel poetry, abounding with puns on his name, and the order of Dominicans or Black Friars to which he belonged—

There was a certain Black Friar, always called Black,
And this was no nickname, for black was his wark,
Of all the Black Friars he was the blackest clark,
In the Black Friars born to a black wark.

It is, however, only justice to Friar Black to notice that, remarkable though the association is, he was as much cele-

brated as a theologian as a gallant, for in 1561 he publicly disputed with Mr John Willox in defence of the Roman Catholic doctrines two successive days, and it is admitted that he gave the Protestant divine an infinitude of trouble in refuting him. But the whole story, as far as the Queen Regent is concerned, is very apocryphal. Knox remarks on it—" But whoredome and idolatrie agree weel together, and that our Court can bear witness this day, the 16th of May 1560." Now, the first edition of Knox's " Historie " has this date the 20th of May 1566, and so undoubtedly Knox wrote it, for he alludes in his own way to King Henry Darnley, against whom he charges some scandal.

The French, elated at their success in repulsing the besiegers, are accused of expressing their exultation in a very atrocious manner. As soon as the English had retired to their encampments, the French issued out, and stripped naked all the dead bodies of the assailants. They then carefully ranged and suspended the corpses along the ramparts, the under parts of which were composed of earth, and consequently sloping, and there they exhibited the dead bodies several days. When these were shown to the Queen Regent from a window in Edinburgh Castle, she is reported to have exclaimed—" Ah! yonder is the prettiest tapestry I ever beheld. Would that all the fields between me and Leith were covered with the same stuff." The Queen Regent must have had keen powers of vision indeed if she or any other person could have recognised a range of dead bodies on the ramparts of Leith from Edinburgh Castle. Whether she said it is another thing, though it is not very likely, as she was then labouring under a mortal illness, which caused her death a very few days afterwards, and it is utterly inconsistent with the authentic and undoubted account of her last moments, when she had an interview with the Earls of Argyle,

Glencairn, Marischal, and the Prior of St Andrews, her four greatest opponents; and after exhorting them to be loyal to their young Queen, and lamenting in the most feeling manner the distracted state of the kingdom, the loss of life occasioned by intestine strife, and the unhappy prospect which the future afforded, she asked forgiveness of those noblemen if she had at any time offended them, and died in the most pious and Christian manner. Yet Knox maintains that she uttered this very improbable exclamation, and says that he "openly and bouldly affirmed in the pulpit, that God would revenge that contumelie done to his image, not only on the godless and furious soul-diers, but even on such as rejoiced thereat. And the very experience declared that he was not deceived, for within few days efter, yea, some say the same day, began hir belly and loathsum legs to swell, and so continewed, till that God did execute his judgements upon hir." It is melancholy to find such a man as Knox indulging in such atrocious, revengeful, and positively false language, as historical documents prove, connected with the last illness and death of the Queen Regent, and assuming to himself at the same time prophetic powers. Her death was peaceful and affecting, and posterity has done justice to the memory of this able and illustrious princess.

The failure of the general assault on Leith, and the repulse of the English, did not materially interrupt the blockade, nor did it induce the besiegers to abandon the enterprise. On the contrary they continued to annoy the town, by keeping up an incessant cannonade from those artificial mounds of earth in the Links and elsewhere, throwing up others in the most commanding situations. One of these, it is conjectured, was situated at the east end of Chapel Street in North Leith, and the cannon on it must have been particularly destructive if skilfully managed, as it would sweep the most crowded part of the town called the

Shore, along which none could pass without running the greatest hazard of being killed. But whatever were the acts of cruelty of which the French were guilty, it ought not to be forgotten that the English rivalled them. Among other atrocities they burnt the mills of Leith, after having actually murdered every individual whom they found therein.

The length of the siege, which had now continued upwards of two months, either shows that the English artillery was of comparatively little use, or that the besiegers were very ignorant of ordinary military operations. Every attempt to take the place by storm had failed; the loss of men they had sustained in their repeated assaults was immense; and the besieged, in the midst of famine and privations of every kind, not only remained unshaken, but continued with unremitting activity to harass their enemies by frequent sallies, engaging them even in their new trenches. The French were chiefly induced to hold out in the hope of receiving succours from their own country, which were indeed promised, but never arrived. At length both parties became weary of a contest which promised little advantage to either, and in this frame of mind an amicable arrangement was readily entertained. A treaty was concluded between the Bishop of Valence on the part of his countrymen, who came from France for the purpose, and Lord Burleigh on the part of Queen Elizabeth. This treaty was probably the more willingly entered into by the French from a circumstance recorded by Knox. He says that during the continuance of the siege, there broke out a fire in the town, which "devoured many houses and meikle victual; and so began God to fecht for us, as the Lord Erskine said to the Queen Regent in plaine words—'Madame, I can say no more, but seeing that men cannot expell unjust possessors forth of this land, God himself will do it, for yon fire is not kindled by man.'" This observa-

tion gave great offence to the Queen Regent, but she had now become too ill to attend to public affairs. She requested particularly to have an interview with Monsieur D'Ossell, and to bid him farewell, as he had been long one of her intimate friends, but this was not permitted. She wrote to him, telling him of her illness, and requesting some medicines. This letter was intercepted, and presented to Lord Grey of Wilton, the English commander, who quietly observed—"Medicines are more abundant and fresher in Edinburgh than they can be in Leith; there lurketh here some mystery." He then held the paper before a fire, and some secret writing appeared which he read. He threw the letter into the flames, saying to the messenger—"Albeit I have been her secretary, yet tell her I shall keep her counsel; but say to her that such wares will not sell till there is a new market."

The Queen Regent did not live to see the termination of an affair in which she had all along taken a deep interest. She died on the 10th of June 1560 in Edinburgh Castle, and the treaty was not concluded till nearly a month afterwards. By this treaty it was agreed that the French should be allowed to embark unmolested for France in English ships, and it was stipulated that the English should commence their march homewards on the day the French evacuated the town. On the 16th day of July the French embarked, and the English army began its route southwards. The French, before they embarked, plundered the town, and safely deposited their trunks and haversacks, well filled with whatever spoil on which they could lay their hands, on board the vessels in which they were to sail. Thus ended the siege of Leith, an event which was attended with much effusion of blood, and which almost ruined the trade of the port.

Immediately after the conclusion of the treaty it was re-

solved to demolish the walls of Leith, and accordingly an order was issued by the Privy Council to the Provost, Magistrates, and Town-Council of Edinburgh, peremptorily enjoining them to “appoint ane sufficient number to cast down and demolish the south pairt of the said town wall of Leith, beginning at Sanct Anthonie’s Port, and passing westward to the Water of Leith, making the *block-house* and *courteine* equal with the ground.” This block-house, or Gate of St Anthony’s, was the principal entrance into the town, and was the scene of the greatest carnage at the general assault. As this order at the same time only enjoined the demolition of a part of the wall, that on the east remained tolerably entire long afterwards. In an old chart of Leith published about the middle of the 17th century, that part of the wall is distinctly laid down which began with Ramsay’s Fort, and terminated at the top of the Kirkgate, near the spot where St Anthony’s Gate stood. All, however, has long since disappeared, and the chief if not the only memorials of Elizabeth’s soldiers and those of the Lords of the Congregation are now the artificial green mounds on Leith Links, which remind the spectator of the days of other years, and tell him of events which afford a striking contrast to the present state of the ancient sea-port of Edinburgh and its former denizens. The contests of which Leith was occasionally the scene in the olden time were more recently succeeded by those of a very different description, now happily adjusted, namely, an incessant warfare between the inhabitants with their superiors, and very often their oppressors, the Corporation of Edinburgh, the details of which, as given by the indignant historian of Leith, are of the most amusing and ludicrous description. If all the facts and statements of Mr Campbell are authentic, he may well complain of the “ruin and subjection of that *most unfortunate of all people*, the unhappy Leithers,” who were ruled in the reigns of Mary and James VI., and

their successors, on the most approved principles of despotism.

Little more than thirteen months after the evacuation of Leith by the French, and the death of her mother the Queen Regent, Queen Mary, the lovely and the unfortunate, landed at Leith from France, on the 20th of August 1561, and the town presented a very different aspect than it did on the previous year, when Elizabeth's artillery thundered against its fortifications. In the admirable lines of the Ettrick Shepherd—

Slowly she ambled on her way,
Amid her lords and ladies gay;
Priest, Abbot, Layman, all were there,
And Presbyter with look severe.
There rode the Lords of France and Spain,
Of England, Flanders, and Lorraine;
While serried thousands round them stood
From shore of Leith to Holyrood.

BATTLE OF FALKIRK.*

A.D. 1298.

THE defeat of the English at Stirling Bridge by Sir William Wallace, on the 13th of September 1297, was heard by Edward I. with the utmost exasperation, and he was induced to listen readily to proposals of a truce with France,

* Biographica Britannica; Lord Hailes' Annals of Scotland; Dr Jamieson's edition of the Bruce and Wallace; Carrick's Life of Sir William Wallace in Constable's Miscellany; Nimmo's History of Stirlingshire; Hemmingford's Historia de Rebus Gestis Edwardi I., &c. edited by Hearne; Walsingham's Historia Regum Angliæ ab initio Edwardi I. &c.; Chronicles of Scotland.

that he might devote his whole energies to reduce Scotland, and either annex the kingdom to the English crown, or govern it by a viceroy of his own appointment. Edward was in France at the time of the battle of Stirling, but he hastened to England in the spring of 1298, and soon assembled a numerous and well disciplined army, amounting, it is said, to above eighty thousand foot, besides a powerful body of cavalry brought over from the French war, and most of them veteran troops. This body of cavalry consisted of three thousand horsemen, armed at all points, and upwards of four thousand horsemen in armour, but whose horses were not armed.

Edward entered Scotland in the month of June by the eastern Borders, and no place resisted him except the Castle of Dirleton in East-Lothian, then a large and strong fabric, which, after a brave defence, surrendered to Anthony Beck, the celebrated military Bishop of Durham. The Bishop was at first driven from the walls of Dirleton with considerable loss, and the force under his command was in want of provisions, as well as of a sufficient battering train. He sent Sir John Fitz-Marmaduke to represent his situation to Edward, but the King would listen to no remonstrance. "Go back," he said, "and tell Anthony that he is right to be pacific in his episcopal capacity, but in the present business he must forget his calling; and as for you, Marmaduke, you are known to be a relentless soldier. I have often been compelled to reprove you for too cruel exultation over the death of your enemies, but return now whence you came, and be as relentless as you choose. You will deserve my thanks, and not my censure, but you see not my face again till that castle is destroyed." It is stated that the English soldiers at the siege of Dirleton were reduced to such scarcity of provisions as to subsist on the pease and beans which they picked up in the fields. "This circumstance," Lord Hailes appropriately observes, "pre-

sents us with a favourable view of the state of agriculture in East-Lothian as far back as the thirteenth century."

The grand design of the English monarch was to penetrate to the western counties, and terminate the *rebellion*, as he designated the resistance of the Scots to his authority. He ordered a fleet with provisions to proceed to the Frith of Clyde and await his arrival. Meanwhile he continued his march at the head of his army, having under him the Earl of Hereford, High Constable of England, the Earl of Norfolk, Chief Marshal, the Earl of Lincoln, and other persons of distinction. Waiting for tidings of the arrival of his fleet, he established his head-quarters at Kirkliston, then known by the name of Temple-Liston, from its being the property of the Knights Templars, who had obtained it in the twelfth century, and which afterwards belonged to their military successors the Knights of St John till the Reformation. Here the English army encamped nearly a month.

While encamped at Kirkliston, and also at Torphichen, a dangerous insurrection arose in Edward's camp. In the army was a numerous body of Welsh, whom he had recently deprived of their independence, and subjugated to the crown of England. It could hardly be supposed that the conquered mountaineers of the south would be particularly zealous in the service of their new master, and it would require only some trivial incidents to excite long cherished and deeply rooted animosities. Edward had ordered a liberal portion of wine to be distributed among the soldiers, and many of the English and Welsh became intoxicated. A national quarrel ensued, and the irritated mountaineers slew eighteen English ecclesiastics in the tumult. The cavalry rode in among them, and revenged this outrage with the slaughter of eighteen of their number. The Welsh, enraged at this retaliation, left the English army in disgust, and made the best of their way to their

own country. When it was reported to Edward that they had mutinied, and gone over to the Scots, he thought it prudent to dissemble the danger. "I care not," he exclaimed: "Let my enemies go and join my enemies; I trust that in one day I shall chastise them all."

The Scots were in the meanwhile assembling all their forces to oppose the march of the King of England, but few barons of any distinction repaired to the national standard. Those whose names are recorded were the younger Comyn of Badenoch, Sir John Stewart of Bonhill, brother of the High Steward, Sir John Graham of Abercorn, and Macduff, the grand-uncle of the Earl of Fife. Robert Bruce, the father, as some allege, of the great King Robert Bruce, had again acceded to the Scottish party, but he and his followers guarded the Castle of Ayr, which preserved the communication with Galloway, Argyleshire, and the Isles.

By the prudence of the Scottish leaders their forces were kept at a distance from the English, and the genius of the brave Sir William Wallace, the commander, would in all probability have been crowned with success, if two of his pretended adherents had not frustrated his plans by treachery. It does not correctly appear who they were, but it is certain that two individuals of great influence communicated to the Bishop of Durham the exact position of the Scottish army, their intention to surprise the English by a night attack, and afterwards to harass them in their retreat by hanging on their rear. The military prelate instantly informed his sovereign of those important projects of the Scots, and Edward received the intelligence with delight. "Thanks be to God," he exclaimed, "who hath hitherto extricated me from every danger. They shall not need to follow me, for I shall go and meet them." He countermanded the order for retreat, which the want of provisions and the detention of his fleet by contrary winds

had compelled him to issue, and prepared to go in search of the Scottish army.

The English monarch advanced to Linlithgow, and encamped on an extensive heath east of the town, where his soldiers rested that night in their armour. At midnight an alarm was circulated that the Scots were at hand, and an accident which occurred to Edward increased the uproar. While he was sleeping on the ground beside his war-horse, the animal struck him, and broke two of his ribs. Immediately the cry was raised in the camp, which was repeated by those who knew not the cause—"The King is wounded! There is treason in the camp! The enemy is upon us!" Edward, however, mounted his horse, and by his presence dispelled the fears of his troops. By the assiduity and skill of Philip de Belvey his surgeon, the apprehensions of the English army were soon removed, and Edward led on his soldiers. Early on the morning of the 22d of July 1298, being St Magdalene's Day, the Scottish army was descried on a stony field near a small eminence in the neighbourhood of Falkirk. The English had previously seen several bodies of armed men on the hills of Muiravonside, and detachments were sent against them, but those scouting parties deemed it prudent to avoid any encounter, and fell back on the main body, thirty thousand in number, at Falkirk.

When the English reached the summit of the rising grounds overlooking the fine and extensive plain on which Falkirk is situated, they beheld the Scots under Wallace encamped on the ground half-way between the town and the tributary river Carron. The view which opened to the English from these heights was, as it still is, magnificent, varied, and extensive, and is with justice declared by Bruce of Kinnaird to be surpassed by none he had at any time seen in any country. Below is the fertile plain or carse of Falkirk, stretching to the grey towers of Stirling;

in the middle of the scene is the Forth, its placid waters assuming the aspect of a lake ; and in the back-ground the lofty Ochils, part of the mighty Grampian range, rise in majesty behind the green and wooded banks of the northern shore of the river, studded with country mansions, towns, and villages. The whole view was indeed different then from what it is at the present day, and commerce, agriculture, and enterprise, have called manufactures into existence, or have increased in size, and added to the prosperity, of sea-port towns, villages, and hamlets. Many a stately vessel now navigates that noble river, which in the days of Wallace and of Bruce was enlivened by merely rowing boats ; and towering masts covered with canvass, wafting the produce of other lands, have succeeded the warlike galley fleets of England. Still it was a lovely scene, when in the long summer day of the 22d of July 1298, the English army under one of the greatest and most ambitious of England's monarchs surveyed from these heights with intense interest the mass of warriors beneath. Immense forests of natural wood stretched before their eyes clothed in the richest foliage, and the mingled wood and water displayed a thousand charms, while both armies were preparing for the work of death.

The whole English army halted on the summit of the hills overlooking the plain of Falkirk, while a solemn mass was said by the military Bishop of Durham. The Scots, who had doubtless performed their devotions also, were little more than two miles distant, forming in order of battle. When mass was ended, Edward proposed that the army should take some refreshment, but the soldiers would listen to no delay, and insisted on being led to action. The King consented in the name of the Holy Trinity.

The Scottish infantry were ranged by Wallace into four bodies of a circular form ; the archers, commanded by Sir John Stewart, were stationed in the intervals, while the

cavalry, amounting to little more than a thousand, were disposed in the rear. Having drawn up his troops, Wallace laconically exclaimed to them—"Now I have brought you to the ring; dance according to your skill!" The English advanced to the charge in three bodies. The first was led by the Earl Marshal of England, and the Earls of Hereford and Lincoln the second by the Bishop of Durham, having under him Sir Ralph Basset of Drayton; the third, intended as the reserve, was led by Edward in person.

The Earl Marshal at the head of the first line rushed on to the charge, but his progress was considerably checked by an extensive morass which covered the front of the Scots, and compelled him to seek the solid ground on his left towards the right flank of the Scottish army. The Bishop of Durham managed to turn the morass on the right, and advanced towards the left flank of the Scottish army. He here proposed to halt till the reserve should come up, "Stick to the mass, my Lord of Durham," cried Sir Ralph Basset, "and do not teach us what to do in the face of an enemy." "On, then," exclaimed the warlike prelate, "on, in your own way. To-day we are all soldiers, and bound to do our duty."

The shock of the English cavalry on each side was tremendous, yet it was gallantly sustained by the Scots, when, to the surprise of all, the Scottish cavalry, and the vassals of John Comyn, immediately wheeled about and left the field, thus leaving the Scots *minus* of ten thousand men. The cause of this extraordinary conduct is easily explained. Up to the morning of the battle, the Scottish leaders had acted with apparent harmony, but an obstinate dispute now arose about the chief command, which each of the leaders claimed as his right—Wallace, as guardian of the kingdom; Comyn, because he was allied to the crown, and was at the head of a numerous vassalage; and Stewart, as repre-

senting his brother the High Steward. It is not stated, beyond the fact of Comyn withdrawing with his followers, in what manner the dispute was concluded; but it appears that each leader exercised an independent control over the force he brought into the field.

So brave, nevertheless, was the resistance made by the Scots, that the English cavalry, their chief assailants, could not at first make any impression upon their ranks; till, supported by the infantry, and especially by the archers, who poured showers of destructive arrows among them while the cavalry assailed them with their lances, the Scots were at length thrown into disorder. During the confusion the division commanded by the brother of the High Steward was surrounded, while he was giving orders to his bowmen, and he was thrown from his horse, and mortally wounded. The division was almost cut to pieces. Wallace stood his ground bravely for some time, but he was at length compelled to retreat, which he did with great valour and skill, to the Carron, and he crossed that stream in view of the English army at a ford near the site of the far famed memorial of the olden time, which has now disappeared, commonly called Arthur's Oven. The defeat of the Scots and the victory of the English were now complete. Of the former it is said—"Deserted by their own cavalry, they now stood helplessly exposed to a storm of missiles which assailed them in all directions, for, though those in the centre bravely pressed forward to fill up the chasms in front, cloud after cloud of arrows, mingled with stones, continued to descend among their ranks with increasing and deadly effect, till the ground was encumbered with them; while their former heroes sat with their horses on the rein, ready to burst in upon them at the first opening. The Scots at last became unsteady, and the cavalry then dashed forward, broke in upon their ranks, and completed the confusion."

The loss of the English in this battle was very inconsi-

derable, and the only persons of distinction who fell were Sir Brian Le Jay, Grand Master of the English Templars, and Sir John de Sautré, Prior of the Preceptory of Torphichen. The former was killed by Wallace in Callander Wood during the pursuit, and his fate damped the ardour of his companions. But the case was very different on the side of the Scots. It is said that no fewer than 15,000 of them were left on the field, among whom were Sir John Graham, Sir John Stewart, and Macduff, granduncle of the Earl of Fife. Graham was reckoned next to Wallace for military skill, and was commonly styled by that hero his *right hand*. At the same time, Sir John Graham's death at the battle of Falkirk, it must be stated, is only matter of tradition, though a very general tradition, and received as a fact by all historians. His grave-stone is still in the churchyard of Falkirk, having a motto to the following effect :—

MENTE MANUQUE POTENS, ET WALLÆ FIDUS ACHATES.
CONDITUR HIC GRAMUS, BELLO INTERFECTUS AB ANGLIS.
XXII JULII ANNO 1298.

And there is a translation of this simple and brief tribute to the heroic knight—

Heir lyes Sir John the Græme, baith wight and wise,
Ane of the chiefs who resewit Scotland thrise ;
Ane better knight not to the world was lent
Nor was gude Græme, of truth and hardiment.

It is said that while some of Cromwell's troops were stationed in Falkirk, an officer desired the parochial school-master to translate the Latin, which he rendered as follows :—

Of mind and courage stout,
Wallace's true Achates,
Here lies Sir John the Græme,
Felled by the English Baties.

But there is another version of it in a work published in 1657, a date consistent with the anecdote :—

Here lies the gallant Graham,
Wallace's true Achates,
Who cruelly was murdered
By the English Baties.

The word *batie*, signifying a *dog*, seems to have been contemptuously aimed at the *Roundheads*, as Cromwell's republican and sectarian soldiers of the Commonwealth commonly were called. Lord Hailes doubts if the Latin epitaph on Sir John Graham's tombstone is as ancient as the thirteenth century; and if the anecdote respecting the schoolmaster is true, the translation could not have been then subjoined.

There are now three stones on this interesting grave. When the inscription on the first had become nearly effaced by the effect of time, a second was placed with the same words; and a third has been erected by William Graham, Esq. of Airth. The patrimonial property of Sir John called Dundaff, the castle of which is in ruins, belongs to the Duke of Montrose, chief of the Noble family of Graham, one of whose titles is Viscount Dundaff. There is also in possession of His Grace an antique sword, on which is an inscription similar to the translation just cited.

At a little distance from the grave of Sir John Graham, on the left, is an unpolished stone, said to cover the long mouldering ashes of Sir John Stewart of Bonhill. It is, however, alleged by some that his body was conveyed to Bute by his tenantry in that island, and in a small ruined chapel about half a mile west of Rothsay there is still to be seen, among a number of dilapidated monuments of the *Auld Stuarts of Bute*, a stone figure said to represent the gallant knight of Bonhill.

It is already stated that the scene of this disastrous bat-

tle, though the victory was by no means glorious to the English, lies about half-way between the town of Falkirk and the Carron. The heights on which the English halted till mass had been said by the military Bishop of Durham, must be those of Madeston, and south of Callander Wood; and the rivulet which an old English writer, who had his information from eye-witnesses, mentions as intervening between the two armies, must be Westquarter Burn, which, though small, has steep and rugged banks, inconvenient for the passage of cavalry. The Scots were drawn up on the ridge of the gently rising ground east of Mongal, and were distinctly seen from the heights south of Callander. Part of the morass in front of the Scottish army is still visible, intersected by the Great Canal, and is known by the name of Mongal Bog. There is closely adjoining this morass, or ancient *peat bog*, a piece of ground called *Graham's Muir*, which is said to receive its name from Sir John Graham. At the east end of the bog, and almost in the spot where there is a drawbridge over the Great Canal, there is *Brian's Ford*, vulgarly pronounced *Brainsfoord*, supposed to have received its name from Sir Brian Le Jay, the Knight Templar, killed there.

On the summit of a hill about a mile east of Callander Wood there is a stone three feet high, eighteen inches broad, and three inches thick, which is known in the neighbourhood by the name of *Wallace's Stone*, and a little to the east there is a tract of ground called *Wallace's Ridge*. Tradition reports that the stone is erected where Wallace, incensed by the knight of Bonhill's opprobrious language in the dispute about the chief command, stood an idle spectator of the battle, and that his men were posted on the ridge which bears his name. But whatever connection these localities may have with Wallace, it is probable that he was posted here before the battle, and as the ground can be easily seen from Linlithgow, it is likely the force

under his command was that which the English descried from that town. The stone commands a full view of the field of battle, from which it is about two miles distant, and is very near the heights on which the English halted to say mass.

Wallace retired towards Perth, burning the town of Stirling, and laying the country waste in his way, to distress the English for want of provisions. At Perth he resigned his office of Guardian of the Kingdom, and dismissed his followers; and his subsequent exploits, till he fell into the hands of Edward, who put him to death in London, are scarcely of a public nature. The English King marched to Stirling four days after the battle, and found that town in ruins. He took up his residence in the convent of the Dominicans, where he remained two weeks, before the want of provisions made it necessary to return to his own kingdom with all expedition.

An incident is related by an old English writer, which, though doubtful, ought not to be omitted. About the time of the battle of Falkirk, one Thomas Bisset came over with a body of troops from Ireland to the assistance as was supposed of the Scots. He landed in the island of Arran, of which he made himself master. When he was informed of the defeat of the Scots, he notified to Edward that he had come to the assistance of the English, and had conquered the island in their name, in consequence of which services he requested a grant of it to him and his heirs. Forgetting that he had promised to the Earl of Hereford and the Earl Marshal that he would make no grants in Scotland without consulting them, Edward complied with Bisset's request. If this story is true, Mr Bisset was not allowed to enjoy long his pretended conquest of the island of Arran.

Lord Hailes denies that the acknowledged dissensions which existed among the Scottish commanders had any in-

fluence on their conduct in the day of battle, and ascribes the victory solely to the superior force of the English cavalry. “The tale of Comyn’s treachery,” says his Lordship, “and of Wallace’s ill-timed resentment, may have gained credit because it is a pretty tale, and not improbable in itself, but it amazes me that the story of the *congress* of Bruce and Wallace, after the battle of Falkirk, should have gained credit. I lay aside the full evidence which we now possess, *that Bruce was not at that time of the English party, nor present at the battle*; for it must be admitted that our historians knew nothing of these circumstances, which demonstrate the impossibility of the congress. But the wonder is, that men of sound judgment should not have seen the absurdity of a long conversation between the commander of a flying army, and one of the leaders of a victorious army. When Fordun told the story, he placed *a narrow but inaccessible glen* between the speakers. Later historians have substituted the river Carron in the place of the inaccessible glen, and they make Bruce and Wallace talk across the river like two young declaimers from the pulpits in a school of rhetoric.”

It is to be observed that the Bruce who is the hero of these observations was not the great King Robert, but his father, Robert Bruce Earl of Carrick, who was in the English interest, and who was one of those who are said to have opposed Wallace on private and personal grounds—the same Robert Bruce to whom Edward I. lent the sum of L.40 sterling—an act of such *munificence* as to be considered worthy of being recorded. Lord Hailes asserts, that at the time of the battle of Falkirk this Robert Bruce, *who had again acceded to the Scottish party*, “guarded with his followers the important castle of Ayr,” and he was consequently at least sixty miles distant from the scene of action. The same distinguished writer farther says—“The Scots in their retreat burnt the town and castle of Stirling.

Edward repaired the castle, and made it a place of arms. He then marched into the west. At his approach, Bruce burnt the castle of Ayr, and retired. Edward would have pursued him into Carrick, but the want of provisions stopped his further progress. He turned into Annandale, took Bruce's castle of Lochmaben, and then departed out of Scotland by the western Borders." It is added, that as the part of ancient Galloway, now called Carrick, was the estate of Bruce, "we have an additional evidence *that Bruce was in arms against England*. The seizing of the castle of Lochmaben is another circumstance tending to the same conclusion."

These facts prove that Bruce and Wallace had no interview after the battle of Falkirk, but, as the learned judge observes, *it is a pretty tale*, and as such it is here inserted, not as a historical fact, but as a matter of tradition. If Bruce, whose claim to the crown of Scotland was well known to Wallace, had been actually present in the battle on the side of the English, there is nothing incredible in the interview, or *congress*, as Lord Hailes ironically names it, but it is clear that he was not present, and that his property was ravaged by the English monarch for being in arms against him. The following is the tradition, as related by Mr Carrick, who is disposed to believe its authenticity, notwithstanding the historical evidence to the contrary. Wallace was riding slowly along the banks of the Carron, after the retreat, gazing "with silent and sorrowful interest on the scene of carnage, when Bruce from the opposite bank, having recognised the guardian, raised his voice and requested an interview. This was readily granted, and the warriors approached each other from opposite sides of the river, at a place narrow, deep, and rocky. When on the margin of the stream Wallace waved his hand to repress the curiosity of his followers, while he beheld his misled countryman with stern but dignified composure

Bruce felt awed by the majestic appearance and deportment of the patriot, and his voice, though loud, became tremulous as he thus addressed him :—‘ I am surprised, Sir William, that you should entertain thoughts, as it is believed you do, of attaining the crown of Scotland, and that with this chimerical object in view you should thus continue to expose yourself to so many dangers. It is not easy, you find, to resist the King of England, who is one of the greatest princes in the world ; and were you even successful in your attempts, are you so vain as to imagine that the Scots will ever suffer you to be their king ?’ The Guardian did not allow him to say more. ‘ No,’ he replied, ‘ my thoughts never aspired so high, nor do I intend to usurp a crown to which I very well know my birth can give me no right, and my services can never merit. I only mean to deliver my country from oppression and slavery, and to support a just cause which you have abandoned. You, my Lord, whose right entitles you to be king, ought to protect the kingdom ; it is because you do it not that I must and will, while I breathe, endeavour the defence of that country I was born to serve, and for which, if Providence will have it so, to die. As for you, who, in place of exerting your talents to turn the tide of battle in your country’s favour, choose rather to live a slave, if with safety to your life and fortune, than free, with the hazard of losing the latter, you may remain in possession of what you so much value, while the hollow praises of our enemies may blind you to the enormity of your conduct ; but remember, my Lord, those whom you are thus aiding to bind the yoke of slavery on the necks of your countrymen will not long consider that conduct praiseworthy in you which they condemn as infamous in themselves ; and if our enemies are successful in rivetting our chains, you will find your reward in the contempt of the oppressor, and the hearty execrations of the oppressed. Pause, therefore,

and reflect ; for if you have the heart to claim the crown, you may win it with glory, and wear it with justice. I can do neither, but what I can I shall do—live and die a freeborn man.’ These generous sentiments, uttered in a clear, manly, and determined tone of voice, came home to the heart of Bruce with all the sternness of deserved reproof, and he was about to reply, when the ringing of harness, followed by the appearance of a number of helmets, overtopping the ridge of a neighbouring hillock, made it prudent to break off the conference.”

In the metrical romance entitled, “ Wallace, or the Life and Acts of Sir William Wallace of Ellerslie, by Henry the Minstrel,” commonly called *Blind Harry*, from a MS. dated A.D. 1488, there is much to the same effect, and dialogues of a very unintelligible description are reported to have been held between Bruce and Wallace. “ During the retreat from Falkirk,” says the author of the History of Stirlingshire, “ Wallace kept in the rear with three hundred of his best cavalry, and performed many signal acts of valour in repelling the pursuers.—Wallace and Bruce once encountered. The combat was terrible, and brings to our remembrance the rencounters of Homer’s warriors. Wallace at a stroke broke the other’s spear, and at a second *cut off his horse’s head!* To apologize for the romantic appearance of such feats, we are told that the strength of this hero was equal to that of *four ordinary men*, and that nothing was proof against his sword, one blow of which, when it chanced to hit fair, never failed to cleave both head and shoulders.—Some accounts mention a second conference of Bruce with Wallace, as having taken place at the chapel of Dunipace the morning after the battle. They speak of a jest also passed upon Bruce, and co-operating with Wallace’s reasoning to alienate his affections from the English. At a repast in the evening of the battle, an English officer seeing much blood upon

Bruce's clothes, and some of it mingling with the morsel he was putting into his mouth, said—' *See the Scot eating his blood,*' which Bruce considered a *double entendre*."

These traditions, which are utterly refuted by facts, are fair specimens of the vast deal of ridiculous nonsense written about Wallace and his exploits, to gratify the national vanity of the Scots, and to depreciate the English. He who wishes to obtain an accurate knowledge of this unfortunate patriot *the Wallace wight*, must apply to other sources than the majority of the Scottish historians, whose narratives of his proceedings are about as veracious as those wrought up by sentimentalism and enthusiastic imagination in the well known romance called *The Scottish Chiefs*. It has been unwarrantably the practice to represent Edward I. as an odious and ambitious tyrant—a savage oppressor of the Scots, and a determined enemy of the nation; while Wallace is all that is perfect, chivalrous, and patriotic. Our histories literally abound in trash of this description. The one was not a tyrant, and the other was not immaculate. Edward I., who was one of the most illustrious princes of his time, or who ever wore the diadem of England, saw the folly, which experience has amply proved, of two independent kingdoms in this island, which occasioned continual distractions and bloodshed. Wallace, impartially considered, was a great man, but he acted according to the prejudices of the age in which he lived. The Scottish nation were at that time little better than savages, and Sir William of Ellerslie, the hero of many a tale and ballad, seems to have considered the very essence of patriotism to consist in a mortal hatred of the English, and the highest degree of renown to result from killing as many of them as possible. If Wallace had lived in Queen Anne's reign, there can be little doubt that he would have aided the popular prejudices of the Scots against the Union, and kept the country in a ferment against a measure which has made

Scotland prosperous and wealthy. Edward I. had political sagacity to see the necessity of uniting the two crowns, but he attempted it too soon, and he erred in endeavouring to accomplish *by force* that which, after the premature death of the young Queen Margaret, called the Maid of Norway, the grand-daughter of Alexander III., when all the progeny of that King became extinct, he might have accomplished by treaty, stratagem, or political alliances. Never had the English monarch a fairer opportunity of so doing than at that time, when there was a disputed succession.

When Edward arrived in London, after his campaign in Scotland and victory at Falkirk, the citizens received him in triumph. If we may judge of the *turn out* of the various Companies by the characteristic display which the worshipful fraternity of Fishmongers made on the occasion, the whole must have been a singular medley of extravagant absurdity and profuse magnificence. "The Fishmongers," says Stowe, "with solemn procession, passed through the citie, having, amongst other pageants and shows, four sturgeons gilted, carried on four horses, and after five and fortie knights armed, riding on horses made like lucas of the sea, and then Saint Magnus with a thousand horsemen. This they did, on St Magnus' day, in honour of the King's great victory and safe return."

SIEGE OF THE CASTLE OF ST ANDREWS.*

A. D. 1546-7.

No person who has ever carefully inspected the deserted, isolated, and quiet old archiepiscopal city of St Andrews,

* Lindsay's (of Pitcottie) History; Keith's History; Bishop Burnet's History of the Reformation; Collier's History; Knox's

the Canterbury of Scotland, and the ancient see of the Primates of the Scottish Church in Roman and in Protestant times, will soon forget the associations he must have felt, when the numerous ruins of fallen greatness and pious magnificence came under his observations. When we designate St Andrews *deserted* and *isolated*, it is not meant that the old ecclesiastical city is literally left to the bats and sea-gulls, and that no one ever goes near it, but simply that it is very different from what it once was, when it contained its magnificent Cathedral, its splendid Priory, its numerous Monasteries, its Colleges, which it still retains, and the archiepiscopal Castle, the siege of which is the subject of this narrative. St Andrews is in reality one of the most interesting of the Scottish cities, and it is rendered more so in modern times by the remains of its former grandeur, its massive ruins, its antique tenements, and the almost monastic seclusion of its streets. "The country," says Mr Robert Chambers, in his agreeable work the *Picture of Scotland*, "being quite open behind it, full effect is given everywhere around to the tall slender spires, which rising above it indicate to the most ignorant stranger that it is a place of no ordinary or common-place character. It is easy to see that its castle, its cathedral, its colleges, and religious houses, must have rendered it previous to the Reformation a much more impressive and beautiful town than Edinburgh, and indeed to place it near to some of the best cathedral towns of England. Now, like a rich brooch, from which the prominent glories have been extracted, leaving only the shattered setting behind, it presents to the eye but the carcase of its former self." St Andrews has still its University, but it has "other resources, as the

Historie of the Reformation; Leslie's *De Rebus Gestis Scotorum*; Lyon's *History of St Andrews*; Chambers' *Picture of Scotland*; *Biographia Britannica*; Lawson's *Roman Catholic Church in Scotland*; Buchanan's *History of Scotland*.

cynosure of a considerable and wealthy tract of country. It is, more than any other town in Fife, a favourite retreat for persons with small fortunes and nothing to do. In another respect it may be considered as a large jointure-house—a vast nunnery, being resorted to by all the dotarial and old maidenly part of the Fife gentry. Thus, it is altogether, to use a vulgar phrase, a highly genteel town. It has a clean, trim, pale, emaciated look; a cloistered seclusion and quiet; an appearance of decorous propriety, by which the mind of a stranger on entering it is absolutely oppressed with a kind of awe, as a rude boy is sobered down on coming into the solemn presence of some awfully austere and clean-linened grand-aunt."

But St Andrews was a very different place at the time of the siege in 1546, and the extraordinary occurrences which distinguish that event are of the most exciting interest. Every reader has heard of Cardinal Beaton, the great Primate of the Scottish Church, and Archbishop of St Andrews when the Reformation commenced, but few seem to know his real character. He is usually represented as an odious, bloodthirsty, and malignant churchman, whose sole delight was in burning, hanging, and persecuting the Protestant preachers, and certainly the Cardinal carried matters in the regular *go-through-with-it* style when he had an opportunity, as in the case of his personal enemy George Wishart, commonly called the Martyr. But the Cardinal was a great man in the proper sense of the term; he was one of the most distinguished men whom Scotland ever produced; his genius was as fertile as his talents were varied and his courage indomitable; and there can be little doubt, humanly speaking, that if he had not been basely murdered, the Reformation would have assumed a very different aspect in Scotland. It is to him and to his castle that the reader's attention is now directed.

A regular conspiracy had been long arranged to cut off

the Cardinal, organized by Henry VIII., to whose schemes and projects with regard to Scotland he was an avowed and most powerful enemy. Connected with this conspiracy were the Earls of Cassillis and Glencairn, Sir George Douglas, Kirkaldy of Grange, the Master of Rothes, Crichton of Brunstone, and others, among whom George Wishart the Martyr is not the least conspicuous. The Cardinal had managed to apprehend his intriguing enemy the Martyr at the mansion of Cockburn of Ormiston in East-Lothian, another of his opponents, whence he conveyed him to St Andrews, and consigned him to the stake in front of his archiepiscopal castle on a charge of heresy. The execution of Wishart accelerated the fate of the Scottish Primate. The noblemen and gentlemen already mentioned had been prevented by various causes from accomplishing their atrocious conspiracy against the Cardinal's life, which was neither more nor less than a cool and premeditated scheme to murder him for a sum of money to be paid by Henry VIII.; but the difficulty of binding the English monarch to a specific promise of reward, and the discernment of the Cardinal, who, although he could not wholly detect the working of some dark purpose against his life, had interrupted and balked the authors of the plot, and defeated all their preconcerted schemes. The fate of Wishart, however, their personal friend and associate in the conspiracy, afforded them an excuse for perpetrating what they had long ardently desired. In the language of Mr Tytler—"With the people Beaton formerly had been popular, but they now openly inveighed against his cruelty. John Leslie, brother of the Earl of Rothes, did not hesitate to declare in public that he would have blood for blood, and his nephew Norman Leslie, with Kirkaldy of Grange, had entered into a close correspondence with England. Of all these circumstances Brunstone and his friends were not slow to avail themselves, nor are we to forget that, if

their minds had been already made up on the necessity of ridding themselves of the Cardinal, the desire of avenging the fate of their friend, must have whetted their slumbering purpose to new activity."

The Cardinal, however, was little concerned at the odium which the execution of Wishart had excited against him. Supported by the interest of France, by almost all the Scottish nobility, having all the clergy and their dependants under his control, and still popular among the people, he appears to have felt no disquietude, and to have disregarded the murmurings of those who questioned his authority. And that he considered himself personally in no danger is evident from the fact, that he proceeded a very few weeks after the execution of George Wishart in great pomp to the county of Forfar from St Andrews, and at the castle of Findhaven he married Margaret Beaton, one of his illegitimate daughters, to the eldest son of the Earl of Crawford, who afterwards succeeded his father as the tenth Earl of that ancient family. Nevertheless he increased his influence by procuring bonds of feudal service from some leading persons who were hostile to him, and especially from Norman Leslie, for the estate of Easter Wemyss in Fife.

But while the Cardinal was employed on his daughter's marriage excursion, he was compelled to hasten back to St Andrews, by receiving intelligence that there were active preparations in England for an invasion, and that some English vessels had been seen hovering about the coast. Aware that his castle of St Andrews would be one of the first objects of Henry's attack, he commenced to fortify it in the strongest manner. The rumour of the English invasion, however, was unfounded, or at least premature, and the Cardinal, though he still continued his fortifying operations, which the aspect of the times rendered necessary, appears to have made arrangements for a voyage to

France—a circumstance which Crichton of Brunstone communicated to Lord Wharton, the agent of Henry VIII., hoping that the intended voyage would be *cut short*.

It does not appear what were the proceedings of the Cardinal's enemies south of the Frith of Forth at this particular time, but a private quarrel with Norman Leslie caused an atrocity to be perpetrated which had been years in contemplation. When the Cardinal returned to St Andrews after his daughter's marriage, he convened a number of noblemen and gentlemen connected with Fife to devise measures for the defence of the country in the event of an invasion. He made a tour round the coast, and arranged matters for the erection of defences in the most advantageous situations. Returning to St Andrews, he was attended by Norman Leslie, who had resigned the estate of Easter Wemyss on the promise of an advantageous equivalent from the Cardinal. He demanded the fulfilment of the bargain, and the Cardinal either refused, or gave him what he considered an equivocating answer, which caused some angry words to pass between them. In this disposition they separated, and Norman Leslie immediately went to the lodging of his uncle John Leslie, to whom he narrated the interview and the Primate's conduct. John Leslie needed little to rouse his enmity, and it was resolved by both of them to murder the Cardinal at all hazards. Messengers were promptly sent to Kirkaldy of Grange, Melville of Raith, and others, to hold themselves in readiness for the daring enterprise.

On the 28th of May 1546, Norman Leslie arrived in St Andrews with some followers, but not so many as to excite suspicion in a city where he was well known. The rest assembled during the evening: Kirkaldy had gone thither on the previous day; John Leslie came late at night, lest his appearance should excite alarm. On the following morning the conspirators assembled early in front of the

Cardinal's residence the archiepiscopal castle, and when the porter lowered the drawbridge to admit the workmen employed in strengthening and fortifying the massive structure, Kirkaldy of Grange contrived to enter with six men. He made a pretence of inquiring at the porter, for it was very early in the morning, when the Cardinal usually rose and could be seen, during which Norman Leslie and a small party also gained admission into the court-yard. Norman was well known to be intimately acquainted with the Cardinal, and probably the porter had heard nothing of the personal altercation between them, so that his appearance excited no suspicion; but when the ferocious John Leslie came before the gate with his attendants, the porter, who apprehended some violence, attempted to prevent him from entering by lifting the drawbridge. Leslie, however, leaped over the gap, ran the unfortunate seneschal through with his sword, threw the body into the fosse, and obtained possession of the castle.

All this was done in a very few minutes, and, on account of the early hour of the morning, none of the citizens observed the proceedings of the assassins, who dismissed the workmen by the postern gate, telling them that they had some important business to transact with the Cardinal, and that their presence was not necessary till after breakfast. Having thus obtained possession of the castle in the quietest manner possible, during which time the illustrious and unfortunate victim of the conspirators was fast asleep. Kirkaldy of Grange, who knew intimately all the passages, rooms, and internal localities of the edifice, took his station in the only passage by which escape was practicable, and the others proceeded to the apartments of the domestics, and those of the Cardinal's household, to whom they were well known. Rousing them from their slumbers, every one of them was compelled to dress, and to depart out of the castle, but they were prudent enough to retain one per-

son of importance, the eldest son of the Regent Earl of Arran and Duke of Chatelherault, who afterwards succeeded his father as third Earl of Arran. This nobleman, then a youth, had been entrusted to the care of the Cardinal for his education, but the Primate held him in a kind of *durance* for political purposes, knowing that as long as he was the custodier of the son, he could do what he pleased with the father, who was, moreover, his near relation.

Upwards of a hundred and fifty individuals were ejected from the castle of St Andrews on this eventful morning, including the workmen, and being in complete possession of the fortress before there was even an alarm in the town, the conspirators dropped the portcullis, and carefully secured the gates. The Cardinal was at last roused by the tremendous noise which they made in the edifice, so unlike that of the ordinary masons employed in repairing the fortifications. He rose, and opened the casement of his bedroom to inquire the cause. To his amazement he found the inner court of the castle, the view of which the window commanded, in possession of armed men, and not one of his domestics or workmen present. In answer to his question of who they were, and what their purpose, he was told that Norman Leslie had taken the castle. Alarmed at this intelligence, he ran along the passage or gallery of his bedroom, and descended the stairs to make a personal investigation of this extraordinary outrage, but he found the door at the bottom of the stair carefully secured. He returned to his bedroom, and proceeded to barricade the door, assisted by his page, his only weapon of defence being a sword. He soon heard the sound of heavy footsteps along the gallery, towards his bedroom, and a loud noise was made at the door, demanding admittance. The Cardinal inquired—"Who is there?" "My name is Leslie," was the answer. "Leslie!" exclaimed the Pri-

mate ; “ what Leslie ? Is your name Norman Leslie ? ” — remembering at once his recent altercation with that individual — “ I must have Norman, for he is my friend.” “ Content yourself with those who are here,” was the stern reply, “ for you will get no other.”

John Leslie was now reinforced by several others, and they insisted that the Cardinal should open the door of his apartment, which he very naturally refused to do. While they were attempting to force it, the Primate concealed a box of gold under some coals in a corner of the apartment, and sat down on a chair, exclaiming to those in the passage, “ I am a priest ! I am a priest ! ” Perceiving that they were determined to gain admittance, and that resistance was impossible, he now had too good reason to dread the event, and he asked them if they would save his life. “ It may be that we will,” replied John Leslie. “ Nay,” said the Cardinal, “ swear unto me by God’s holy word, and I will admit you.” The reply to this solemn appeal is not recorded, but John Leslie, who appears to have been in a state of great excitement, loudly vociferated for fire to burn the door, which, from its thickness and strength, resisted all their assaults. Some burning coals were brought, and they were in the act of doing what the Porteous Mob achieved on the door of the old *Heart of Mid-Lothian* little more than two hundred years afterwards, when the Cardinal opened the door, on receiving the strongest and most solemn assurances of personal safety. Being a man of fine aspect and commanding stature, he received them with his peculiar dignity, yet with tremulous anxiety, and inquired what they wanted, and what was the meaning of this extraordinary violation of his residence and privacy at such an early hour. The conspirators stood with fierce aspect before him, in a state of intense excitement, yet awed with the dignity of demeanour exhibited by their intended victim—a man the most distinguished for his rank and abilities,

and one of the most illustrious for his birth and connections in Scotland at that time. They seemed irresolute, but the Cardinal perceived from their ferocious aspect the murderous purpose on which they were bent. He reminded them of his sacred function, that he stood before them unarmed and defenceless, and that he was solely at their mercy. But he was now in the hands of men who cared little for such appeals and considerations. They simultaneously rushed on the Primate, and John Leslie, followed by another assassin named Carmichael, repeatedly struck him. They did not, however, greatly hurt him, till James Melville of Raith, who had been intimately acquainted with George Wishart, deliberately pushed his associates aside, and presenting the point of his sword, he thus addressed the wounded Primate:—"Repent thee of thy former wicked life, but especially the shedding of the blood of that notable instrument of God, Mr George Wishart, who, although the flame of fire consumed before men, yet cries for vengeance upon thee, and we are sent by God to avenge him. Remember that it is neither the hatred of thy person nor the fear of thy power which moveth me to strike thee, but it is because thou hast been an obstinate enemy of Christ and the holy gospel." The assassin then thrust his sword through the Cardinal several times, and the unfortunate prelate sunk into his chair and expired.

By the time this most atrocious and barbarous murder had been perpetrated, the alarm was given in the town, the bells were rung, and the citizens, by whom the Cardinal was greatly beloved, notwithstanding all his proceedings, came in crowds with the Provost at their head, and surrounded the wall of the castle. They clamorously exclaimed—"What have you done with my Lord Cardinal? Have you slain my Lord Cardinal? A bloody day this will be for you, ye murderous villains." They were advised by the conspirators from the battlements that it

would be well to return to their houses and be quiet, for the man whom they called the Lord Cardinal had received his reward, and would trouble them no more. This reply only exasperated them the more, and they threatened a general attack on the castle, to rescue the Primate, when they were addressed by Norman Leslie as unreasonable fools, who demanded an audience with a dead man. Dragging the bleeding body of the murdered Cardinal to the battlements, they suspended it by a sheet over the wall in the most indecent manner, exclaiming—"There is your idol; and now that you are satisfied get home to your houses." With this command they complied in horror and amazement.

It is to be observed that this infamous deed was perpetrated very early in the morning, and was the work of only a few individuals, the whole not amounting to twenty men. Of these, John and Norman Leslie, Kirkaldy, Melville, and Carmichael, were the chief leaders. John Leslie was an avowed enemy of the Cardinal. Norman had a personal and private quarrel with him, and he was moreover an old conspirator against him, an associate of the Earls of Glencairn and Cassillis, Crichton of Brunstone, Wishart, and others, and he was in the pay of the English monarch. Carmichael had disputed with the Cardinal about some property, and hated him bitterly. Kirkaldy of Grange was drawn into the conspiracy by being deprived of a lucrative situation at the court in the reign of James V. by the influence of the Primate. Melville had been long his inveterate enemy, and he appears to have been the only one of them who made the execution of Wishart an excuse for his conduct. It is thus evident that this murder originated from private resentment, although it had been several years organized, and often frustrated. The other individuals were merely the dependants or servants of the assassins, who would have acted in a similar manner

towards any person with whom their masters were at variance.

The resentment of the Cardinal's murderers was extended to his dead body. Knox thus describes the treatment it received, having previously justified the deed as a *godly fact*, and declared that he was slain *by the hand of God*. "As his funeral could not be suddenly prepared, it was thought best, to keep him from spoiling, to give him salt enough, a cope of lead, and a corner in the Sea Tower, a place where many of God's children had been imprisoned before, to wait what obsequies his brethren the bishops would prepare for him." It appears from the manuscript account of the Archbishops and Bishops of St Andrews, by Sir James Balfour, written about the year 1600, that the Cardinal was privately interred nine months after the murder in the convent of the Black Friars in St Andrews, a part of the chapel of which—a most venerable and interesting ruin—still remains in the South Street, in front of the Madras College, but the particular spot, on account of the subsequent demolition of that and other similar establishments in Scotland, has been forgotten.

The assassins now cooped themselves up in the castle of St Andrews, in defiance of the Regent and the government, carefully detaining his eldest son as an important hostage, and they held out the place for months, though in modern times it could not have been defended one hour. John Knox thought proper to testify his sanction of the murder by joining the assassins, and acting as their chaplain. With secret exultation, though he professed the utmost grief, the Regent Arran heard of the murder of the Cardinal, who was his great political opponent, and nothing was wanting to complete his satisfaction but the delivery of his son. On the 10th of June, thirteen days after the assassination of the Primate, the conspirators were cited to appear before the Parliament on the 30th of July,

and to the summons was annexed the great seal of Scotland by the Earl of Huntly, who had succeeded the Cardinal in the high office of Chancellor. On the 11th of June an order was issued forbidding all communication with the castle of St Andrews, under the penalty of death and forfeiture of goods. The conduct of the government was in this instance exceedingly impolitic, for during the interval from the 10th of June to the 30th of July, notwithstanding the prohibition of any correspondence with them, the conspirators were allowed ample time to increase their strength, aided as they undoubtedly were by Henry VIII.

When the Parliament met on the 30th of July, the two Leslies, and some others in the castle, offered to make a full discovery of all the circumstances connected with the murder of the Cardinal, and to deliver up the Regent's son, on the condition that they should receive a pardon under the great seal. Arran, who seems to have been guided by Sir David Lindsay's principle, that the Cardinal was a man *he well could want*, would have cheerfully acceded to this demand, and he would in all probability have carried the Parliament with him, but Archbishop Dunbar of Glasgow entered his solemn protest, and insisted that as the assassins had been excommunicated by the Church, no terms could be entered into with them until they received absolution from Rome. The Archbishop carried his point, and the conspirators took the alarm. They abandoned all thoughts of surrender, and resumed their former courage. They even resolved, if the Regent acceded to their proposals, to find some pretext for breaking off.

On the 14th of August the Parliament again assembled, and the affair was taken into serious consideration. The conspirators and their followers, amounting only to one hundred and fifty individuals, still kept obstinate possession of the castle, and they appear to have laid the town of St Andrews and the adjacent country under a kind of *black-*

mail tribute for existence. It was evident that the fortress could not be taken without a siege, and orders were issued to commence it without delay. The assassins were declared traitors, and their property was confiscated. To destroy all their expectations respecting the detention of the Regent's eldest son, the Parliament set aside his right of succession as long as he remained a prisoner, and substituted the other children according to their seniority. This was a strange and unheard-of procedure, and the Parliament seems to have gone on the *much-ado-about-nothing* principle, as if a hundred and fifty individuals were able to keep the Government at bay in the castle of St Andrews. On the 21st of August, writs were issued ordaining all persons capable of bearing arms to assemble at St Andrews on the 29th of the same month to commence the siege of the castle.

The Regent was stimulated to these active proceedings by his illegitimate brother, John Hamilton, the Archbishop elect of St Andrews—a prelate whose fate was equally as melancholy as that of Cardinal Beaton. On the 29th of August 1546, Arran appeared before the archiepiscopal fortalice with a considerable force, and two large pieces of artillery which appear to have been celebrated in those times, and which were known by the soubriquets of *Crook-mow* and *Deaf Meg*. The inmates of the castle refused to surrender, and Arran commenced the siege. Although the place was well fortified, and had the advantage of an open communication by sea, it could not in modern times have been held out against a proper force one hour, but the Regent lay before it till the end of December, and he was actually compelled to retire. A reason, however, which is assigned by Lindsay of Pitscottie, may have probably influenced him as much in raising the siege as his conscious inability to take the castle. “After three months siege the *pest* arising in the town, he was constrained to leave his purpose without

effect." It is also to be recollected that the eldest son of the Regent was detained in the castle by the conspirators, whose threats of vengeance against the youth, if his father proceeded to extremities, would naturally operate on his mind. Men who had perpetrated such a crime as the murder of the Cardinal were not likely to be over-scrupulous when reduced to despair.

Before Arran retired, he consented on the 17th of December to treat with the besieged, to which they were not averse. They began to feel considerable inconvenience from the difficulty of securing the supplies sent by Henry VIII. from England, and they were also heartily tired of being shut up so long in the castle. They were also uneasy at the probable result of the matter, and the certain death which awaited them if they fell by treachery or force into the Regent's hands. An armistice was concluded, the principal conditions of which were, that Arran should use his influence to procure absolution from the Pope—that hostilities should cease till the decision of the Pope was known—and that the besieged should give hostages to deliver up the castle as soon as the absolution arrived from Rome. Although neither party was sincere in this armistice, and both were only anxious to gain time, these conditions, sufficiently humiliating to the Regent, were accepted, and he dismissed his army, leaving the besieged in full possession of the castle, and his son still in their custody. He proceeded to Edinburgh, to be present at a convention of the Estates, which he had summoned to meet in February 1546–7.

The besieged still kept their treaty with Henry VIII., while the Regent, by the advice of the Queen Dowager, had applied to France for assistance, and expected soon to have them altogether in his power. In the meantime, glad of their release from *durance vile* in the castle, the conspirators now openly associated with the citizens of

St Andrews, and made excursions into the neighbouring parts of the country. This fact is one of the many proofs of the wretched state of the Government at the time. Here was a body of men, whose leaders had not eight months before committed one of the most atrocious murders on record, not on public grounds, but stimulated by private malice and resentment, and all of whom were in open rebellion against the constituted authorities, yet permitted to go at large as if they had been guilty of no crime at all. The release from the castle also induced them to commit the most scandalous excesses, and to exhibit the conduct of libertines and desperadoes, while at the same time they pretended to be the champions of the Reformation. Their shameful conduct is admitted by all writers. "Hereby," says old Pitscottie, "those that were in the castle became exceedingly insolent, and oppressed all the country about, with spoiling of goods and ravishing of women, notwithstanding the manifold admonitions of sundry godly men who were with them, and foretold them of that which came to pass thereafter." Knox bitterly laments their profligacy, and attributes to it the calamities which afterwards befell them. Buchanan declares—"Those who kept the castle, now freed from the dread of the enemy, not only wasted the neighbouring places, by frequent excursions, but, as if they had acquired a right by conquest, they indulged in every species of licentiousness which idleness and abundance produce. The exhortations of John Knox could not restrain their iniquity, though he often admonished them that God would not be mocked, but would soon inflict severe punishment upon them by those whom they least feared, on account of their profanation of his laws."

While the assassins of the Cardinal Archbishop, who were all great supporters of the Reformation, were indulging without restraint in this shameful conduct, and making themselves odious in St Andrews and the neighbourhood

by their indecent profanities, in defiance of the solemn remonstrances of the Reformed preachers, Knox and another named John Rough, a zealous promoter of the Protestant doctrines, who afterwards fell into the hands of Bishop Bonner of London, and expired at the stake, resolved to gird up their loins, and do battle against the Roman Catholic Church, still the recognised establishment of the kingdom. They sounded the trumpet of assault and controversy in the city of St Andrews, which in their opinion had been long the *capital of the kingdom of darkness* in Scotland. If the castle had been in the hands of the clergy, they would have soon silenced those two troublesome opponents, but as it was, argument was all that they could at the time employ, and John Annan, dean of the archdiocese, entered the lists against them on several publications, but he was as unfortunate in his defence of the Papal hierarchy as the Regent and his soldiers had been in their operations against the castle. Whatever arguments the doctors and ecclesiastical controversialists could bring forward in defence of their system were, if not refuted, at least completely overwhelmed by the boisterous zeal and reckless language of the two Reformers, who spared no epithet of abuse, ridicule, and invective against the Church of Rome; but their victory must have been easily obtained, if their opponents could adduce no better authorities in their own behalf than that brought forward by one of them named Arbuckle, in whose opinion the punishment of purgatory was a *bad wife*—as severe a punishment in its way as any unfortunate wight so situated can encounter, and whose authority for this novel view of the matter was the Sixth Book of Virgil's *Æneid*. The city of St Andrews was now in as great a theological ferment as it had formerly been in a military one; common politeness was altogether out of the question, and the *odium theologicum* was maintained in the most approved *drum ecclesiastic*

style. If Knox and Rough were delivered over to the devil as heretics and blasphemers by the St Andrews doctors, they returned the compliment, and included the Pope, Cardinals, Monks, and the whole fraternity, or, as it is expressed in a ballad of the time, in which *the Paip, that pagane full of pryde*, is most unmercifully *shown up*, and figures in no enviable manner—

His cardinalls have cause to mourne,
His bishops are borne a backe ;
His abbots gat an uncouth turne,
When shavellings went to sacke :
With burgess wives they led their lives,
And fare better than we.

Hay trix, trim goe trix, under the green-wood tree.

His Carmelites and Jacobins,
His Dominicks had great adoe,
His Cordeliers and Augustines,
Sanct Francis of Ordour too :
The silly friers, mony yeeris,
With babbling bleerit our e'e.

Hay trix, trim goe trix, under the green-wood tree.

While this theological warfare, which told sadly in the result against the papal authority, was carried on with extraordinary acrimony, the absolution arrived from Rome, and the insurgents were required by the Regent Arran to surrender the castle, and release his eldest son, according to their agreement. This they now refused to do, and they all collected within the castle. They discovered that the absolution contained an expression which at once excited their fears, and furnished them with a pretext, which they very probably wanted, to break off the negotiation. The Pope inserted in the document, *remittimus crimen irremissibile*, namely, that he remitted a crime which at the same time could not be pardoned. The garrison were too *knowing* to be deceived by this specimen of papal logic and

clemency. It very naturally appeared to them that, if the crime they had committed was unpardonable, the remission set forth in the absolution was altogether a farce, and would be cancelled without any scruple. They were told that this clause was inserted to express the heinous nature of their crime, and they were solemnly assured that the document was sufficiently valid. But this assurance would not satisfy them. They complained that the promise made to them had not been kept, and, like Sempronius, their "voice was still for war." They refused to listen to any farther negotiation, and prepared to act determinedly on the defensive, doubtless expecting assistance from Henry VIII.

But whatever expectations they cherished in that quarter were soon exploded by the death of the English monarch in January 1547. The assistance which the Regent Arran had long expected from France at last arrived, and before the end of June a French fleet, consisting of sixteen galleys, sailed into the bay of St Andrews, to the great horror of the insurgent garrison, under the command of *Leon*, or, as some call him, Peter Strozzi, Knight of Malta, Prior of Capua, and Captain-General of the galleys of France, who acted in the twofold character of warrior and priest. The Regent had proceeded on an expedition to the Borders, to drive the English from the castle of Langhope, but when he heard of the appearance of the French, he hastened to St Andrews at the head of a considerable force to co-operate with the Prior of Capua, whose orders from the French King were to storm the castle, and bring the garrison to him as prisoners. The siege was now commenced with great vigour; pieces of artillery were mounted upon the old steeple of St Salvador's College, and upon the walls of the abbey church, and peppered the garrison so hotly, that they dared not make their appearance even on the walls. The Prior of Capua told Arran that he was a most inexperienced warrior for not having taken possession of the

steeples during the former siege, and he wondered that the garrison had not thought of demolishing them. The besiegers were repeatedly summoned to surrender, but they answered that they would defend the castle against Scotland, Ireland, and France. They were told that they had now to do with men of war, and advised to take care of themselves, which they soon found to their cost, as not one of them could appear any where without the risk of his life. On the 30th of July a breach was made in the walls, and the besieged were at length compelled to surrender to Strozzi, only stipulating for self-preservation. They were sent to the galleys in France, John Knox sharing the same fate, but they were not long detained prisoners, as Knox soon afterwards made his escape, and the others were set at liberty.

The old archiepiscopal castle was ordered to be completely demolished on various accounts, one alleged reason being that in it the blood of a cardinal had been shed, and the order was literally obeyed. The castle of the great Cardinal was levelled with the ground, and probably all that now remains of it are some old ruins, if these indeed are parts of it, which overhang the Bay. The present ruined castle has no more to do with Cardinal Beaton's castle than it has with the Tower of London or the Pyramids of Egypt, except that probably some of the materials were used in its erection, for it was built by Archbishop Hamilton, the Cardinal's successor, some years afterwards, and his arms and initials may be traced under one of the southern windows, while his device is distinctly seen on the stones above the gateway. It is a structure more in the style of a manor house suitable to the times than of a castle. Yet, although scarcely a fragment remains of the old edifice, which answered the threefold purpose of an episcopal palace, a fortress, and a prison, in which James III. was born, and the Cardinal Archbishop was basely

murdered, it is surprising that, with a persevering obstinacy, or with an invincible credulity, the keeper of the present ruin has the impudence to assure strangers, what doubtless many of the inhabitants very foolishly believe, that the dilapidated structure of which he is the custodier is the identical castle of the Cardinal. Not only so, but a small window, which could hardly allow one portly individual to look out, is gravely declared to be the one at which the Cardinal reclined in lordly state on cushions attended by his friends to witness the execution of his intriguing enemy George Wishart. Besides the impossibility of this absurd statement being true, even if the present structure was the remains of the Cardinal's castle, there is every reason to conclude that the charge of witnessing the Martyr's execution is a piece of scandalous and false trumpery nonsense, invented by foolish and fanatical gossips years after his murder, to render his memory odious among the *profanum vulgus*. It is astonishing what a vast deal of nonsense is told and believed in St Andrews, and imposed upon strangers as facts, in a city, too, which really contains so much of interesting and true historical traditions. One would almost conjecture, as the inhabitants have little else to do, and many of them vegetate and doze away their lives in sheer idleness, that they have set their wits to work, and invented a string of fictions connected with their ruined edifices as ridiculous as Friar Arbuckle's notion that the doctrine of purgatory, the punishment of which he compared to the infliction of a bad wife, was set forth in the Sixth Book of the *Æneid*.

It is remarkable that scarcely any one of the Cardinal's murderers escaped a violent death, a circumstance which made a great impression on the people. One or two of them actually fell by the hands of the common executioner. As it respects Norman Leslie, we are told that he entered into the service of the King of France, and gained great

reputation in a battle near Cambray in 1554, between that monarch and the Emperor of Germany. He rode up a hill attended by thirty Scotsmen, having above his coat of black velvet his armour, and sleeves of mail, with two broad white crosses, the one on his breast, and the other on his back. He charged sixty of the enemy's horsemen, though armed with culverins, with only seven of his own followers, and struck five of them from their horses with his spear before it broke, then drew his sword, and rushed in among them regardless of their continual fire. He slew several of them, and seeing a company of spearmen coming against him he rode up to the Constable of France, when his horse fell dead of its wounds, and as he was himself shot in several parts of his body, he was carried to the King's own tent, and died in fifteen days afterwards. Such was the end of the fierce Norman Leslie, Master of Rothes, the principal murderer of Cardinal Beaton, one of the greatest men of his time, although one of the most unscrupulous, whose end, like that of his assassins, was truly tragical, and as Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, his enemy, confesses—

But of a truth, the sooth to say
The deed was foully done.

BATTLE OF KILSYTH.*

A.D. 1645.

THERE are few names more illustrious in Scottish history than that of James Graham, fifth Earl and first Marquis of

* Bishop Wishart's *Memoirs of the most renowned James Graham, Marquis of Montrose*, translated from the Latin; and the *Compleat History of the Wars in Scotland*, under the conduct of

Montrose. Besides being intimately conversant with all the literature, learning, and manly accomplishments of his time, he is yet remembered as one of the first commanders whom the great Civil War produced, and in the opinion of Cardinal Retz, his genius was so great and romantic that he approached the nearest to the ancient heroes of Greece and Rome. In the year 1637, when in the twenty-sixth year of his age, he joined the supporters of the famous Covenant with great zeal—a procedure which was caused by a cold and forbidding reception at court by Charles I., and which he afterwards not only repented, but made his name celebrated throughout Europe for his opposition to the supporters of the Parliamentary party, and for the successes he gained over them. One of those victories is the subject of the present narrative.

The victory of the English Parliamentary forces over King Charles I. at Naseby afforded some consolation to the Scottish Covenanting Government, after sustaining five defeats from Montrose and the Royalists, and though an epidemic was ravaging Edinburgh with relentless and mortal fury, the leaders of the Covenanters still resolved to oppose the indomitable commander who had threatened by his successes to overwhelm them. The Scottish Parliament met in Stirling instead of Edinburgh, on account of the pestilence which raged in that capital, and confirmed General Baillie in the command of their army, although some were by no means satisfied with his conduct on several occasions. With his commission thus renewed, he

James Marquess of Montrose, by the same Prelate; Principal Baillie's Letters, and General Baillie's Narrative; Chambers' History of the Rebellions in Scotland under the Marquis of Montrose and Others, from 1638 till 1660, in Constable's Miscellany; Nimmo's History of Stirlingshire; Bishop Guthrie's Memoirs; Monteith's Troubles; Sir John Sinclair's Statistical Account of Scotland; Traditions of Perth; Major-General Stewart's Sketches of the Character and Present State of the Highlanders.

was sent off to assume his duty at Perth, the head-quarters of the military Covenanters.

The citizens of the "Fair City" of St Johnston, as Perth often was and occasionally still is called, after its tutelary saint, were by no means particularly obliged to the Covenanting Government for making their city a rendezvous on this occasion, and for such a cause. The fact is, the great mass of the inhabitants were then, as it is hoped they still are, devoted royalists, and the attachment of the fair portion of their community to the Cavalier cause was quite enthusiastic. Both the ladies and gentlemen of Perth had a supreme dislike of the *sour-looking saints*, as the Covenanters were called, and which from their austere opinions and lugubrious visages very appropriately described them; whereas the Cavaliers were just the very men sure to gain the affections and the good wishes of the ladies wherever they went, being handsome, rattling, roving, frolicsome, laughing fellows, full of fun, wit, romance, and gallantry, devoted to the royal cause, and setting social parties in a roar of laughter by their successful mimicry, cutting satire, and unsparing *showing-up* and ridicule of the Covenanting leaders and their opinions and practices. Montrose was the very idol of the Cavalier gentry, while he was equally feared and hated by his Parliamentary enemies. It will be readily admitted, therefore, if the citizens of Perth had been consulted on the present occasion, they would have infinitely preferred the rendezvous of the great Marquis and his forces to the presence of General Baillie and his Covenanters.

To increase their army to ten thousand men, a force which they calculated as at least necessary to reduce Montrose, the Covenanting Government issued edicts to all the Lowland counties to raise every fourth man capable of bearing arms to Perth, on or before the 24th of July 1645. The pestilence having now made its appearance at Stirling, for it seems to have followed as a faithful attendant wher-

ever those at the helm of affairs against the King migrated, they adjourned to Perth, to the secret annoyance of the citizens, who were little ambitious of this farther honour, after having ordered the General Assembly to appoint a fast for the sins and misfortunes of the land throughout the kingdom, which was to continue no fewer than *four days*. Now, when it is considered how these most unnecessary fasts were then kept—with all the rigidity of a Jewish Sabbath, and the people allowed to do nothing from morning to night but listen to long homilies, sermons, and exhortations, delivered by one preacher after another in quick succession, it is obvious that in the circumstances of the Covenantee leaders these were just so many precious days utterly lost, while they were reducing the whole country to a state of absolute idleness, rendered more so by the influence of religious zeal.

The raising of soldiers was attended with considerable success in some counties, and especially in Fife, the common people of which, known as the *Whigs of Fife*, were then zealously attached to the Covenantee cause, particularly in the east of the county, while their superiors the lairds and gentry were very generally Cavaliers. The Fifiers paid dearly for their zeal, a tremendous havoc having been made of them in the battle of Kilsyth, the remembrance of which long continued. In the parish of Anstruther, for example, so great an antipathy did the people conceive and retain for the military life, in consequence of the loss of their friends at Kilsyth, that during the space of twenty years, from 1770 to 1790, when nearly a century and a half had elapsed since the day of carnage, *only one man* had been known to become a soldier. The recollection of the wars of Charles I. and the Covenanters still exists in Fife, and it is remarkable that even at the present day the British army gets fewer recruits from that county

in proportion to its population, than almost any other in Scotland.

The Marquis of Montrose, after gaining the battles of Auldearn and Alford, had marched to Aberdeen to bury his lamented friend Lord Gordon, who had fallen in the latter encounter. While lying in that city he despatched a party to the district of Buchan, which had never yet been inspected or passed through on account of its good fortune in lying far out of the way, and it was now despoiled of every horse worth carrying off, as the Marquis was anxious to form a body of cavalry. An expedition was also planned against the Covenanting garrison of Inverness, but the tidings of the preparations making against him at Perth induced him to give up for the time all thoughts of that enterprise. Leaving Aberdeen he marched to the small town of Fordoun in the county of Kincardine, where he encamped till his zealous friend and lieutenant-general MacCol, who had been absent on a recruiting employment nearly two months, should arrive with his newly raised supplies. This MacCol was, properly speaking, Allaster Macdonald, of the family of Colonsay—a branch of that numerous and powerful sept, and he had received from the Marquis, as representing the sovereign, the honour of knighthood. Although brave and well qualified to lead irregular troops like the Highlanders, Sir Allaster allowed his desire of revenging the wrongs of his family upon the Campbells to divert him from the proper objects of the war. Unfortunately, he was thus a principal cause of the disaster which immediately after the battle of Kilsyth attended the royal arms at Philiphaugh, having previously withdrawn many of the Highlanders from Montrose's camp to assist him in his private feuds in Argyleshire, in which service the Western clans were at all times very willing to engage. "It is a fact," observes a recent writer on the Highlands and Isles of Scotland, "which may appear

startling to many, but it is not the less evident on that account, that the first traces of that overflowing loyalty to the House of Stuart for which the Highlanders have been so highly lauded, are to be found in that generation of their chiefs whose education was conducted on the high church and state principles of the British Solomon. There is no room to doubt that the chiefs who followed Montrose in the great Civil War were actuated by a very different spirit from their fathers. And it is well worthy of notice, that this difference was produced in the course of a single generation, by the operation of measures which first began to take effect after the year 1609."

The late lamented General Stewart of Garth, in his admirable work on the Character and Manners of the Highlanders, assigns another and a very powerful motive which influenced that singular people. "The last great cause," says the gallant writer, "which I shall mention of the attachment of the Highlanders to the House of Stuart, was the difference of religious feelings and prejudices that distinguished them from their brethren of the South. This difference became striking at the Reformation, and continued during the whole of the subsequent century. While many Lowlanders were engaged in angry theological controversies, or adopted a more sour and forbidding demeanour, the Highlanders retained much of their ancient superstitions, and from their cheerful and poetical spirit were averse to long faces and wordy disputes. They were, therefore, more inclined to join the Cavaliers than the Roundheads, and were on one occasion employed by the ministry of Charles II. to keep down the republican spirit in the west of Scotland. The same cause, among others, had previously induced them to join the standard of Montrose."

But be all this as it may, on the present occasion Sir Allaster Macdonald brought such an accession of force as

amply compensated him for all the time and trouble the raising of it had cost him, in the persons of no fewer than seven hundred *Macleans* from Argyleshire and the Western Isles—men who made up for their inexperience in military operations by the ferocious hatred they bore to the Campbells, who were strong supporters of the Covenanting interest, and this bitter hatred of the Campbells was as usual kindly extended to all those clans and parties with whom they were in political alliance. Sir Allaster also again mustered the whole of Clanranald, to the number of five hundred men, under the command of a renowned warrior, named John Muidartach, who is still remembered in the Highlands. The Athole Highlanders came in strong force under Colonel Graham of Inchbrakie, the cousin of Montrose, as also the Macnabs, Macgregors, the Stewarts of Appin, the Farquharsons of Braemar, and others, who on their arrival at the camp were heartily welcomed by the Marquis, who disposed each clan by itself.

Montrose's army was now between five and six thousand strong, but he was greatly deficient in cavalry to protect his infantry when they marched into the plain country. Leaving Lord Aboyne in Aberdeenshire, and Lord Airlie in Forfarshire, to negotiate with the loyal gentlemen of these districts for a supply of horses, he marched from Fordoun through Blairgowrie to the ancient episcopal city of Dunkeld, where he crossed the Tay and encamped at Amulree. He at first intended to march direct upon Perth, and either disperse the army of the Covenanters before it was fully collected, or surround and cut off the members of the insurgent government while sitting in deliberation, but the want of cavalry compelled him to abandon this bold project, which otherwise might have succeeded, and he found the Covenanting army assembled in considerable force on the south side of the Earn, while four hundred horse lay close to the town of Perth. The Marquis adopted various schemes to try their

spirit and make observations on their numbers, often exposing himself to great hazard of being taken prisoner. One day he advanced from Amulree to the Wood of Methven, where he was within six miles of Perth, and the Covenanters becoming alarmed that he intended to attack the city, drew their army more closely around them. On the following day he appeared almost at the gates with his slender force of cavalry, which consisted of only about a hundred Cavalier gentlemen, all the others being merely mounted domestics, but the Covenanters offered no molestation. He even crossed the Earn at Dupplin, and took a leisure survey of their foot, yet they sent no party against him, though, if they had been aware of his real situation, they could have easily cut off his retreat to his camp.

The denizens of Perth, especially the fair maids, would have gladly seen the long-visaged and solemn-looking Covenanters superseded by Montrose and his Cavaliers. They were kept in sore restraint by a phalanx of ministers who held forth several times every day on the subject of the Covenant, the alleged tyranny of the King, the malignancy of Montrose, as they termed his loyalty, and other favourite topics of vituperation. The citizens thought that this was really too much of any thing, whether good or bad, to be continually dozed with it in this manner, and many of them heartily wished General Baillie, Argyle, the Covenant, and all the other concomitants, on the top of Schihallion, if the feelings of some of them were even so charitable. People soon get as tired of one particular subject as they do of one particular dish, when it is constantly set before them. The fact is, that the Covenanters, by continually dwelling on certain theological subjects, and mixing them up with politics, did themselves and their cause very considerable injury, and not a little contributed to the successes of Montrose, although the great Marquis was not the man by whose genius and valour the royal cause was to triumph,

The zealots among them did not view it in this light, but the reflecting portion of the community took the liberty to be of a different opinion, although many of them from prudential considerations chose to be cautious in expressing themselves, for the tender mercies of those enthusiastic personages were by no means desirable to be experienced. They *did* as well as *said* many things on their own responsibility, or on an authority to which it was as absurd as it was questionable and daring to refer, and as they happened to be lords paramount of the country at the time, it was thought advisable by not a few to keep, as the saying is, a *calm sough*.

While Montrose was waiting for the cavalry he had empowered Lords Aboyne and Airlie to raise, the Covenanters also considered it prudent to delay till the arrival of certain regiments they were expecting from the southern and western counties. Being reinforced by three regiments from Fife, they now thought themselves strong enough to offer the Marquis battle, especially when they had ascertained that he was not so strong in cavalry as they at first supposed. For this purpose they left Perth, to the great joy of the citizens, who now *got out their horns* a little, when they found themselves relieved from the sombre gloom and sourness with which they had been visited some weeks. But the Marquis withdrew into the mountainous country behind him, where he could easily set them at defiance. They attempted a fruitless pursuit, during which there was some skirmishing between the rear and the advance of both armies, and the Covenanters at length took possession of the camp which Montrose had vacated at Methven, where they are accused of revenging their fatigue and disappointment by putting to the sword a few women and children whom the Irish royalists in the Cavalier army had left behind them.

The Covenanters were now in a deplorable condition.

Their commander, General Baillie, was disgusted by their mean suspicions, and prevented by their conflicting advices, and the ridiculous interference of the ministers, from taking any decisive military step. He was so enraged that it was with the utmost difficulty he was induced to retain his office, while not a few of the reinforcements, and especially those recently from Fife, being very reluctantly embarked in the service, took the opportunity to decamp from Methven and return home. The terror of Montrose and of his *Highland Host*, whom the rustic peasantry of the Lowlands believed were in reality cannibals, and would literally *eat them*, completely enervated their valorous and zealous aspirations, and nothing could have kept this most extraordinary medley of an army together but the indefatigable exertions of the ministers, who unceasingly plied them with advices, promises, and threatenings not to desert the cause.

Montrose had retired to Little Dunkeld, and here he was joined by Lords Aboyne and Airlie, who brought with them what cavalry they could muster. The Marquis was somewhat disappointed at their numbers, Aboyne bringing only two hundred regular cavalry, with sixty footmen mounted on carriage horses, while Airlie was attended by no more than eighty followers. But though this reinforcement was deficient in numbers, the persons composing it were of the most trust-worthy description. Those brought by Aboyne were Montrose's former campaigners at Auldearn and Alford, and the horsemen headed by Airlie were all Cavalier gentlemen of his own name and family, some of them of considerable experience, and all of them well known for their ardent attachment to the royal cause.

When Montrose was joined by this body of cavalry, he resolved to march into the Lowlands and give battle to the Covenanters, trusting much to the disaffection which existed among them, as he understood their men were daily deserting. After various movements and marches,





CASTLE CAMPBELL.

in which he saw that the enemy were not disposed to fight, he proceeded southward to Kinross. General Baillie was authorized to follow him, and the three Fife regiments again joined the Covenanting army. Montrose marched from Kinross to Stirling Bridge, in order to cross the Forth, and enter the southern counties. As he proceeded through the vale of the Devon, the MacLeans burnt Castle Campbell, then a seat of the Argyle family, and all the houses and mansions of whatever description in the parishes of Dollar and Muckhart, which were the property or residence of the vassals of Argyle. This was to revenge similar outrages which Argyle and his chieftains had recently perpetrated in the country of the MacLeans, who had always been a hostile clan of the Campbells, and whose territorial district lies adjacent. There were, however, two exceptions to this conflagration. The MacLeans, with all their violence, had a strong veneration for the Church, and a house in the village of Dollar was spared because they took it into their heads that it belonged to the Abbey of Dunfermline; and another in the extremity of the parish of Muckhart escaped, from a supposition that it stood in the adjacent parish of Fossaway. On the evening of Montrose's march from Kinross he quartered his men in the wood of Tullibody, in the neighbourhood of Alloa, a town which his Irish auxiliaries are accused of *barbarously plundering*. This violence, however, did not prevent the Earl of Mar and his son Lord Erskine from sumptuously entertaining at dinner the Marquis and his chief officers, and doubtless the Earl was as much disposed by fear as by loyalty.

As a set-off to this procedure, the Marquis of Argyle, who was with the Covenanting army a day's march behind that of Montrose, took upon him to burn Menstrie House, the seat of the Earl of Stirling, secretary to Charles I., and a mansion belonging to Graham of Braco, the uncle of

Montrose. He also sent an intimation to the Earl of Mar announcing that Alloa House would share the same fate when the army returned from encountering Montrose, which would teach his Lordship what kind of dinner parties he should in future entertain—a very idle threat on the part of Argyle, as the issue proved.

It was resolved by the Highlanders to make a regular foray of Stirling, which had shown itself a zealous Covenanting town, but they were kept out of it by a much more powerful enemy than the inhabitants, Baillie's army, and all the Covenanters to boot, although every one of them had been as powerful as Hercules and as invulnerable as Achilles, namely, the pestilence, which continued to rage among the people, and which had followed in the traces of the Covenanters from Edinburgh. The hazard of death by disease had a more powerful effect on the Highlanders than the chance of death on the field of battle. Afraid, therefore, to approach Stirling, Montrose did not cross the Forth by the Bridge, but made his transit over the river eight miles farther up by the Fords of Frew. He then moved as if he had some intention of falling down upon Glasgow, which was free from disease, and presenting peculiar attractions and temptations, but whatever were his purposes he was overtaken by General Baillie at Kilsyth, and compelled to come to an engagement.

Shortly before the Covenanters had advanced to Stirling Bridge, by which nothing daunted on account of the pestilence they crossed the Forth, they were reinforced by twelve hundred of the Marquis of Argyle's retainers. But, notwithstanding this important acquisition, they were threatened with a serious defection, which is well described by a recent writer. "The three Fife regiments, which had already once deserted, and which had only been brought back by a fear that Montrose was about to descend upon their own district, now seeing him clear over the Forth,



ABERFOYLE. (SCENE ON THE FORTH.)

and far away from their property, stopped short at the bridge, and could on no account be prevailed upon by their officers to proceed farther. These men, according to Bishop Wishart, were well enough inclined to the cause, there being perhaps no district in Scotland which had acted with such uniform zeal for the Covenant as Fife; but they were men of peaceful habits—generally shop-keepers, or artizans, and many of them fishermen and sailors who had scarcely ever done duty or business of any kind on shore. They had also an ominous recollection of the slaughter which Montrose had less than a twelvemonth before committed at Tippermuir upon their friends and countrymen. Every thing considered, it is scarcely to be wondered at that three thousand men, who had been called to form the third of an army for the defence of all Scotland, though only themselves having a minute fractional interest in it, should pause before venturing themselves upon an expedition at once so pregnant with danger, and in the object of which they had so little concern. But whatever might be the prudential sentiments of these poor men, they were not destined to stand proof against a sentiment of a different nature, which was now put in operation. The leaders of the three regiments, the Lairds of Cambo, Fernie, and Fordell, perceiving that, in the extremity to which things had arrived, nothing could prevail with them but the fervour of religion, thought proper to command the ministers who had accompanied them from their respective parishes to go through their ranks, and by preaching, praying, and the use of their great personal influence, oblige them *to go out to the help of the Lord against the mighty*. It might truly be said in the present case that *arma cesserunt togæ*, for what the military word of command had altogether failed to do, was effectually performed by these persons. Fairly overcome by the *jolly tales*, as Guthry calls them, of their clergy, and assured, moreover,

that they would be discharged in a day or two, on the westland army coming up under the Earl of Lanark and his coadjutors, the unhappy Fifemen went devotedly on to the fatal field from which so few of them were to return."

There is the most undoubted proof, for it is recorded by himself, that General Baillie, the commander of the Covenanting army, was inclined to desert the cause. He tells us that he halted a little above the King's Park at Stirling, when informed that the *rebels*, as he designates Montrose's soldiers, had marched to Kilsyth, until the unfortunate Fife regiments were induced to continue in the army. The Marquis of Argyle, the Earl of Crawford, and several noblemen and gentlemen in the Covenanting interest, came up with the army, and the General was asked by Argyle what was to be done. Baillie answered that his Lordship and the committee ought to give him instructions. Argyle asked the reason for that statement. "I answered," says the General, "that I found myself so slighted in every thing belonging to a commander-in-chief, that for the short time I was to remain with them, I would absolutely submit to their direction, and follow it." It ought to be stated, that General Baillie had become so disgusted with his party on account of their foolish suspicions and aspersions, that he had on a particular day sent his resignation to the Scottish Parliament, and that it was with the utmost difficulty he had been induced to continue a fortnight longer, the last day of which was now arrived—"having been deprived of the most common privileges of a commander, by the impertinent superiors with whom he was saddled, and his honourable soldierly mind shocked by the private revenge which one of those personages (Argyle) conceived himself at liberty to wreak out by the assistance of the army upon his own account." The Marquis desired him to explain what he meant by stating, that, during the short time he was to be with them, he would do nothing on

his own responsibility, but act solely under the directions of what was called the *Field Committee*. He assigned three reasons to his Lordship, in the presence of the other noblemen and gentlemen, the last of which, it will be perceived, is a bitter invective against his Lordship's own personal act of burning the mansions of the Earl of Stirling and of Montrose's uncle. He says—“ I told his Lordship, 1. Prisoners of all sorts were exchanged without my knowledge; the traffickers therein received passes from others, and sometimes passing within two miles of me, did neither acquaint me with their business, nor at their return where or in what position they had left the enemy. 2. While I was present, others did sometimes undertake the command of the army. 3. Without either my order or knowledge, *fire was raised*, and *that* destroyed which might have been a recompence to some good deserver, for which I would not be answerable to the public.” He concluded by stating that he was in consequence resolved to follow the judgment of the Committee—“ and the rather,” he adds, “ because that was the last day of my undertaking.”

This singular collision with the General, by men who were totally incapable of planning a single military movement, was not to be endured by any soldier, and Baillie seems to have endured it solely because his engagement was soon to cease, and then he would leave them in disgust to their own meditations. The Marquis of Argyle had gratified his private revenge by burning the mansions of a nobleman and a gentleman—the one because he was faithful to the cause of his unfortunate sovereign, and the other because he was the uncle of Montrose, and simply because the MacLeans, the ancient enemies of the Argyle family, had thought proper to burn Castle Campbell, but beyond mean acts of this description he was incapable of being of any service in a military campaign, and his personal courage

was justly doubted after his conduct both at Inverlochy and Kilsyth. The presence of the Covenanting ministers, too, was a constant source of annoyance, as they were always proffering their opinions, however inexperienced and absurd, and insisting that their opinions should be adopted. There were, in short, too many masters in this unlucky army, every one of whom was self-confident, dogmatic, and wise in his own conceit.

The *Field Committee* at the King's Park of Stirling resolved to march against Montrose, and General Baillie led the army on the 14th of August to the village of Denny, near which they crossed the Carron, and pushed forward to a place called Hollanbush, about four miles east of Kilsyth, where they encamped for the night. On the following morning Argyle, who had remained during the night at Stirling, crossed the Carron at a ford near Buckieburn, still called *Argyle's Ford*, and arriving at the camp, he immediately proceeded to the General's tent. His first inquiry was—"What of the rebels?" General Baillie informed him that they were lying at Kilsyth. "May we not," asked his Lordship, "advance nearer them?" The General said that in his opinion the army was near enough to them if it was not intended to fight them, and stated the difficulties connected with the ground and other matters. Argyle nevertheless determined, against the will of the General, to come to an engagement, and had sufficient influence to carry his resolution in the Field Committee, being cordially supported by the ministers, who were certainly as a body the evil genius of the army. An order was issued to march directly to battle, and the army was accordingly dragged through the corn-fields and over the heights to Kilsyth, on the braes or hills above which Montrose was supposed to have encamped.

A reluctant army led by an equally reluctant commander, who was in reality only nominally so, over bogs, braes, and

fields, would march with no very pleasurable feelings, and after a wearisome and most disorderly route the Covenanting force arrived near Auchincleugh, about two miles east from Kilsyth. It seemed impossible to proceed any farther on account of the morasses, and General Baillie formed his men in order of battle, with the intention of waiting for Montrose. While engaged in this duty he was interrupted by the Field Committee, who came up and pointing to a hill on the right, very near that on which Montrose was encamped, they asked if that would not be a more advantageous position. To this the General replied, that he not only considered the ground very objectionable, but that the enemy could easily anticipate them in the possession. Some persons were sent to view and report, and on their statement it was resolved, in opposition to the remonstrances of General Baillie and Lord Balcarras, to take possession of the hill.

The orders of the Field Committee were obeyed by the General, and the Covenanters received no opposition from Montrose, who beheld their movements with the most enthusiastic joy, and prepared his men for the encounter by encouraging speeches, and suitable refreshments. But when the Covenanters reached the hill, they were in a state of great confusion, some regiments occupying positions at the command of Argyle unknown to the General, and bodies of soldiers moving through the field at their own pleasure in defiance of positive orders. Never was there such a motley group marching onwards to certain destruction at a time when every thing depended on regularity—such a *hodge-podge* of peasant soldiers, country clodpoles, and obstinate madmen.

Montrose had taken possession of a cluster of cottages and gardens in front of his position, in which he stationed a chosen body of his musqueteers, but, on the whole, the field of battle was very disadvantageous to him, and a sur-

vey of the ground will at once convince the spectator that, were it not proved by history and tradition, it could hardly be believed that it had ever been the scene of military operations. The fact, however, is too well established, and the bodies of both men and horses have been repeatedly dug up in the large morass called Dullater Bog, through the midst of which the Frith and Clyde Canal stretches. While the Covenanters were taking up their position, Montrose sent a trumpeter to inform that he was ready to give them battle, and this messenger was answered by a yell of defiance. Both armies now prepared for the mortal contest, animated by the fiercest hatred to each other, but when Montrose's cavalry perceived that they were to charge the Covenanting cuirassiers, who were clad in armour, while they were divested of such defences, they expressed their reluctance to fight men encased in iron, on whom swords would have little effect. The Marquis, when informed of this objection, addressed them in his characteristic manner:—"Gentlemen," he exclaimed to his cavalry, "do you see these cowardly rascals, whom you beat at Tippermuir, Auldearn, and Alford? I declare that their officers have at last found it impossible to bring them again before you without first securing them against your blows with coats of mail. To show our contempt of them, we will fight them, if you please, *in our shirts!*" Suiting the action to the word, the brave and illustrious nobleman divested his uncommonly handsome person of his coat and waistcoat, deliberately buckled up his shirt-sleeves, and drawing his sword, stood in this romantic position before his army. The cavalry could not resist this example, and the enthusiasm soon spread to the Highlanders and the Irish auxiliaries. The horsemen merely took off their coats and upper garments, and buckled up their shirt-sleeves, which, in addition to the example of their chivalrous leader, they were now the

more disposed to do on account of the heat of the day ; but the foot-soldiers literally stripped themselves, taking off every article of dress, retaining only their shirts, the skirts of which they contrived to tie between their legs, while they bared their arms to the shoulder. It is said that the inhabitants of the district of Kilsyth long retained a terrible remembrance of Montrose's *naked soldiers*, who fought, they said, more like butchers than like ordinary troops.

The battle commenced by a charge of the Covenanting cavalry on the cottages and gardens in which Montrose had stationed his select musqueteers, and here another egregious blunder was committed by this unfortunate attack. These cavalry regiments in their zeal charged before the foot regiments in their rear had come up to their assigned places, and positively without any order from General Baillie, who expressly states that he did not yet think it the proper time to give the word or sign of battle. Argyle must have been at the bottom of this, and really his conduct throughout the whole march makes one boil with indignation against him, at the needless loss of life which his obstinacy and incapacity occasioned. He was perpetually interfering with General Baillie, issuing orders unknown to that gallant gentleman, and often directly contrary to his arrangements ; and it is also melancholy to find that he was aided in his foolish and fatal instructions, which he had no right or title to give, by the phalanx of ministers who perpetually obtruded their advice, and bolstered him in all his schemes. It appears that this charge was occasioned by an absurd notion that Montrose's men were retiring along a concealed valley which lies to the west of the point of attack, but to their cost they soon discovered their mistake. A tremendous and well directed fire was opened upon the Covenanting cavalry by the musqueteers within the cottages and behind the walls of the gardens, which compelled

them almost instantly to turn in great disorder, and completely discomfited.

While this was going on, the Highlanders who stood nearest to the musqueteers stationed in the cottages impetuously rushed up the hill with the intention of assisting an advanced party, when they saw the Covenanting cavalry discomfited; and by this movement they made a mistake similar to that of their enemies, which would have been as disastrous if it had not been retrieved by their gallant conduct. They were charged by three troops of horsemen and by about two thousand infantry, said to be the very flower of Baillie's army, who boldly leaped over a wall which intervened between them and the Highlanders. The latter, though taken somewhat by surprise, and aware of their rashness, were by no means discouraged. They rushed forward against the Covenanting troops in a cowering posture, to avoid the fire of the enemy, and met them sword in hand, appearing as if they were determined to take the whole duty of fighting the enemy, and to make Montrose and their companions mere spectators of the battle. The principal or foremost of this band was Donald, son of the renowned John Muidartach, captain of Clanranald, who, though stationed with his clan behind the Macleans, broke through their ranks with his men, leaped a deep ditch, and boldly encountered the Covenanting phalanx. He was followed by the chief of the Macgregors, known by the soubriquet of *Caock*, on account of his daring valour, and whose clan on that day formed a regiment united with the Clanranalds. The Macleans next rushed to the assistance of their companions in the unequal and apparently hopeless conflict, followed by a party under Sir Allaster MacCol, who rushed forward to their assistance when he saw the Clanranalds and Macgregors likely to be overpowered by numbers. Nevertheless they would all have been cut to pieces by the Covenanters if Montrose

had not taken measures to support and relieve them. Riding up to his friend the veteran Lord Airlie, who was quietly seated on horseback at the head of his own family troop, the Marquis exclaimed—"You see, my Lord, into what hose net these poor fellows have got themselves by their ill-advised daring. They must certainly be utterly trod down by the enemy's horse, if they are not speedily relieved. I venture to apply to your Lordship for this purpose, because the eyes of all the officers are fixed upon you as alone worthy of the honour of such precedency, and because it is proper that an error committed by rashness of youth should be corrected by the veteran discretion and considerate valour of such a warrior as your Lordship. Forward, then, in the name of God, and show these mad lads, clever as they think themselves, that they must be indebted occasionally to older men than themselves." Lord Airlie instantly galloped off with his squadron, and he charged the Covenanters with such vigour that he completely relieved the overmatched Highlanders, and compelled the enemy to retire.

General Baillie, when he saw the fortune of the day inclining to Montrose, rode to his rear where the three Fife and other regiments were placed as a reserve, and intended to bring into action, but to his astonishment those soldiers, perceiving their cavalry discomfited, immediately fled. At this very moment the main body of Montrose's army, encouraged by the success of Lord Airlie and the Highlanders, raised an insulting shout, and furiously charged the remaining troops of the Covenanters. The latter, panic-struck and terrified at the savage-like appearance of these almost naked assailants, fled in all directions, followed by the Highlanders in full chase. As they were more active, and more accustomed to pedestrian exercise than their Lowland opponents, and also in fresher condition, they easily overtook them, and cut them down in great

numbers. Few comparatively fell in the battle on either side, but the loss of the Covenanters in the flight was dreadful, almost the whole six thousand falling under the claymore. Their cavalry alone escaped in any considerable numbers, and all their nobility and officers saved themselves, with the exception of Sir William Murray of Blebo, a gentleman named Arnot, and Colonels Dyce and Wallace, all of whom received quarter, and were hospitably entertained by Montrose. We are told that the Marquis of Argyle, who behaved cowardly in the extreme on the occasion, did not stop till he reached South Queensferry, nearly twenty miles from the scene of action, where he got on board a vessel lying in the Frith of Forth, and immediately stood out to sea. It is carefully recorded by the royalist writers that this was the third time he had been indebted to a boat for protection from Montrose.

Bishops Wishart and Guthrie, who were both contemporaries, make the number of the slain amount to seven thousand, and they are probably correct. It is said that the Highlanders had the *killing* of the defeated Covenanters for fourteen Scotch miles, equal to twenty-five English. The Fife regiments, though placed in the rear, and the first to retreat, suffered most on this fatal day. Very few of them returned to their own county alive, and their fate completely cured the Fifans of any military propensities for many a day. Montrose is very questionably accused of exclaiming—"They had no need of prisoners," and consequently of sparing none. There is a tradition that during the battle a Covenanter rushed towards Lord Airlie, and earnestly implored mercy. The veteran nobleman readily acceded to his request, and told him for his own security to attach himself to his stirrup, and pass for his servant; but one of his Lordship's troops, who immediately came up, detected the quality of the pretended servant, and merely remarking that it was too soon to take prisoners,

cut him down with one blow of his sword. It is certain that the Highlanders long remembered with delight the victory of Kilsyth, the most decisive as it was the last of Montrose's triumphs. Seventy years afterwards, a certain aged Highlander, who had been present as a mere youth, whenever the battle was mentioned, would exclaim, "It was a braw day, Kilsyth. At every stroke I gave with my broad-sword that day, I cut an ell o' breeks." The *breeks* alluded to the breeches or dress of the Covenanting Lowlanders, and especially the unfortunate Fifans, who paid dear for their support of the Covenant.

The writer of the Statistical Account of the parish of Kilsyth, published in Sir John Sinclair's well known work in 1796, states a variety of interesting particulars connected with the battle and the localities. "Every hill and valley," he says, "bears the name or records the deeds of that day, so that the situation of each army can be distinctly traced, such as the *Bullet* and *Baggage-Knoll*, the *Drum Burn*, the *Slaughter-How*, *Kill-the-Many Butts*, &c. In the *Bullet-Knoll* and neighbourhood, bullets are found every year, and in some places so thick that three or four of them may be picked up without moving a step. In the *Slaughter-How* or hollow, and other places, bones and skeletons may be dug up every where, and in every little bog or marsh for three miles, especially in the *Dullater Bog*, these have been discovered in every ditch. The places where the bodies lie in any number may be easily known, as the grass is always of more luxuriant growth in summer, and of a yellowish tinge in spring and harvest. The little hill where the gallant Graham (Montrose) encamped the night before the engagement is somewhat remarkable. The tents have been raised with sod, and it is easy at this day (1796) to distinguish the places where they stood, and the form and size of each. The carnage must have been dreadful, and the consequences were fatal, and

'ong felt by the defenceless inhabitants. Like every other civil war, it was carried on with the keenest contention and the most unrelenting cruelty. Many of the peasantry were butchered, and many were plundered. To this day numerous scenes of blood and cruelty are recorded. One in particular is mentioned. A poor countryman having fled with his four sons, was overtaken by a retreating party. Being suspected by them, they instantly fell upon the old man, though feeble and unarmed. The generous youths clung around their aged sire, either to plead for or defend him. In this posture, it is said, they were all cut to pieces, and now lie in one grave."

The victory of Kilsyth gave Montrose possession for the time of the whole of Scotland. He remained two days after the battle at Kilsyth, and on the third he marched to Glasgow, where he was presented with 10,000 merks, and treated with the most respectful politeness. He sent Sir Allaster MacCol into Ayrshire with a strong party, to disperse the levies raised against him by the Earls of Cassillis and Glencairn, which Sir Allaster effectually did, and those two noblemen betook themselves to Ireland. The Highland soldier was everywhere received with congratulations, and especially by the Countess of Loudoun at Loudoun Castle, whose husband, the Earl, was one of the most resolute Covenanters. It is said that this lady took Sir Allaster in her arms, embraced him, entertained him sumptuously, and sent a servant with his party to pay her respects to Montrose. The county of Ayr even agreed to raise four thousand men for his service, and the shires of Lanark, Linlithgow, and Renfrew, were zealous in their demonstrations and professions of loyalty. But the sun of the great Marquis set at Kilsyth, and the Covenanters were destined to triumph for a season, till they were frustrated by another extraordinary military genius of a different description and of very opposite principles—OLIVER CROMWELL.

STEWART OF GARTH AND THE CLAN MAC-
IVOR—MACINTOSH AND LOCHEIL—MAC-
DONALDS AND CAMPBELLS—SERGEANT
MOR.*

A VOLUME might be written about the feuds of the Highland clans in former times, nor would the task be difficult, as all which is chiefly to be done is to collect the materials from various sources, and from family traditions. General Stewart of Garth relates a few such feuds, especially one which took place between an ancestor of his own and a clan named MacIvor, who then possessed the greater part of Glenlyon. The feud occurred in the fifteenth century, and it is here presented to the reader in the gallant writer's own language.

“ The Laird of Garth had been nursed by a woman of the clan Macdiarmid, which was then and still is pretty numerous in Glenlyon and Breadalbane. This woman had two sons, one of whom, foster-brother to the Laird, having been much injured by MacIvor in a dispute, threatened to apply for redress to his foster-brother. Accordingly the two brothers immediately set out for that purpose to the Castle of Garth, twelve or fourteen miles distant. In those days a foster-brother was regarded as one of the family, and MacIvor, well aware that the quarrel of the Macdiarmids would be espoused by his neighbour, ordered a pursuit. The young men, being hard pressed, threw themselves into a deep pool of the river Lyon, where they hoped their pursuers would not venture to follow them. The foster-brother was, however, desperately wounded

* Sketches of the Character, Manners, and Present State of the Highlanders of Scotland, by Major-General David Stewart; Scots Magazine for 1753.

with an arrow, and drowned in the pool, which still retains the name of *Linne Donnel*, or *Donald's Pool*. The other succeeded in reaching Garth. Resolved to avenge his friend's death, the Laird collected his followers and marched to Glenlyon. MacIvor mustered his men, and met the invaders about the middle of the glen. The chieftain stepped forward between the two bands in the hope of settling the affair amicably. Garth wore a plaid, the one side of which was red, and the other dark coloured tartan, and on proceeding to the conference, he told his men that if the result was amicable, the darker side of the plaid should remain outward as it was; if otherwise, he would give the signal of attack by turning out the red side. They were still engaged in the conference, when MacIvor whistled loud, and a number of armed men started up from the adjoining rocks and bushes where they had been concealed, while the main body were drawn up in front. 'Who are these?' exclaimed Stewart; 'and for what purpose are they here?' 'They are only a herd of my roes that are frisking about the rocks,' replied MacIvor. 'In that case,' said the other, 'it is time for me to call my hounds.' Then turning his plaid, he rejoined his men, who were watching his motions, and instantly advanced. Both parties rushed forward to the combat; the MacIvors gave way, and were pursued eight miles farther up the glen. Here they turned to make a last effort, but were again driven back with great loss. The survivors fled across the mountains to another part of the country, and were for some time not permitted to return. MacIvor's land was, in the meantime, seized by the victors, and law confirmed what the sword had won.

"The names of the river and glen still continue memorials of this sanguinary fray. Dhui and Glen Dhui were their former names. When the Stewarts were returning from the last pursuit, they washed their swords in the river,

which was discoloured a considerable way down with blood. ‘This stream,’ exclaimed the chieftain, ‘shall no longer be called Dhui, but Leiven, (*leiven* is to *wipe* or *lave*,) and the glen shall be called Glenleiven.’ Before the combat commenced, Stewart’s men pulled off a kind of sandals bound round the ankles with thongs, and called in Gaelic *cuaran*. These they laid aside, close to a small rock, which to this day is called *Leck-na-cuaran*, or the *stone or slab of the sandals*. The spot where they drew their swords is called *Ruskich*, to *uncover* or *unsheath*; the field where the encounter commenced *Laggan-na-cath*, the *field of battle*; and the spot where the last stand was made *Camus-na-carn*, from the *cairns* or *mounds* of stones which cover the graves, and which from the quantity show the considerable number slain, which tradition says amounted to one hundred and forty on the part of the MacIvors.”

In treating of the *arms* of the Highland clans, General Stewart observes, that the bow and arrow seem to have been but rarely used. “This,” says the gallant writer, “is the more remarkable, as these weapons are peculiarly adapted to that species of hunting which was their favourite amusement—I allude to the hunting of deer, or what is commonly called *deer-stalking*, where the great art consists in approaching the animal unobserved, and in wounding him without disturbing the herd.” General Stewart, however, produces two instances which occurred in the reign of Charles II., to show that bowmen were not unknown in the Highlands, although he thinks that these were among the last instances of such persons being employed; as it is clear from the *Disarming Act*, after the suppression of the enterprise of 1745, that no notice is taken of the bow and arrow as military weapons. “After a long and protracted feud between the Lairds of Macintosh and Lochel, commencing in a claim of the former to lands held by the latter, Macintosh, to enforce his claim,

raised his clan, and, assisted by the Macphersons, marched to Lochaber with fifteen hundred men. He was met by Locheil with twelve hundred men, of whom three hundred were Macgregors. About three hundred were armed with bows. When preparing to engage, the Earl of Breadalbane, who was nearly related to both chiefs, came in sight with five hundred men, and sent them notice that if either of them refused to agree to the terms which he had to propose, he would throw his interest into the opposite scale. This was a strong argument, and not easily refuted. After some hesitation his offer of mediation was accepted, and the feud amicably and finally settled.

“ The other instance happened about the same time, in a contest between the Macdonalds of Glencoe and the Breadalbane men. The former, being on their return from a foray in the low country, attempted to pass through Breadalbane without giving due notice or paying the accustomed compliment to the Earl, who a short time previous had been raised to that rank. A number of his Lordship's followers, and a great many others, who were assembled at the Castle of Finlarig to celebrate the marriage of a daughter of the family, enraged at this insult, instantly rushed to arms, and following the Macdonalds with more ardour than prudence, attacked them on the top of a hill, north of the village of Killin, where they had taken post to defend their cattle. The assailants were driven back with great loss, principally caused by the arrows of the Lochaber men. It is said that nineteen young gentlemen of the name of Campbell, immediate descendants of the family, fell on that day. Colonel Menzies of Culdares, who had been an active partizan under the Marquis of Argyle and the Covenanters in the Civil Wars, and whose prudent advice of attacking in flank the hot-headed youth despised, had nine arrow wounds in his legs and thighs. These wounds he received in retreating across

the River Lochy, and when ascending the hill on the opposite side of the valley. Though the arrows were well aimed, much of the force was lost by the distance, and consequently the wound was slight."

The Earl of Breadalbane here mentioned was Sir John Campbell of Glenorchy, first created Earl of Caithness in 1677, but which he was obliged to relinquish in favour of George Sinclair of Keiss, and in 1681 he was created Earl of Breadalbane. The daughter whose marriage was celebrating at the time of the above feud must have been his Lordship's only female child, Lady Mary Campbell, who was married to Cockburn of Langton—an estate in Berwickshire, which is now in possession of the Marquis of Breadalbane, in right of his mother, a daughter of David Gavin, Esq. of Langton. This Earl of Breadalbane was the nobleman deeply implicated in the massacre of Glencoe, and as some assert the cause of that horrible butchery, for which a process of high treason was instituted against him, and he was committed a prisoner to the Castle of Edinburgh, where he remained some time, but was at last discharged without trial. He received L.12,000 to keep the Highlands quiet after the Revolution, most of the chiefs being notoriously attached to King James, and it is alleged that he appropriated the greater part of that sum to his own use. When the Earl of Nottingham wrote to his Lordship, requesting him to account for the L.12,000 given to him to be divided among the Highland chiefs, his answer, as transmitted to that minister, was very characteristic. "My Lord, the Highlands are quiet, the money is spent, and this is the best way of accounting among friends."

Every one has heard of the famous Rob Roy Macgregor, and his name is immortalized by the Author of Waverley in the admirable story which bears his soubriquet. Many years after Rob had been gathered to his fathers there

flourished a noted personage called John Dhu Cameron, but who was better known by the appellation of *Sergeant Mor*—the epithet *Mor*, though meaning *great*, being also bestowed on men of large bodily appearance, of whom the Sergeant was a remarkable specimen. He had held the rank of sergeant in the French service, which occasioned his title, and came to Scotland in 1745, when he became an active partizan in the ever-memorable enterprise of Prince Charles. “Having no settled abode,” says General Stewart, “and dreading the consequence of having served in the army of France, and of being afterwards engaged in the Rebellion, he formed a party of outlaws, and took up his residence among the mountains between the counties of Perth, Inverness, and Argyle. While he plundered the cattle of those whom he called his enemies, he protected the property of his friends, and frequently made people on the borders of the Lowlands purchase his forbearance by the payment of *black-mail*. Many stories are told of this man. On one occasion he met with an officer of the garrison of Fort-William on the mountains of Lochaber. The officer told him that he suspected he had lost his way, and having a large sum of money for the garrison, was afraid of meeting with *Sergeant Mor*; he therefore requested that the stranger would accompany him on the road. The other agreed; and while they walked on they talked much of the Sergeant and his feats, the officer using much freedom with his name, calling him *robber*, *murderer*. ‘Stop there,’ interrupted his companion: ‘he (the Sergeant) does indeed take the cattle of the Whigs and Sassenachs, [the supporters of the Hanoverian Family and the Lowland Presbyterians,] but neither he nor his *kearnachs* ever shed innocent blood, except once,’ he added, ‘that I was unfortunately at Braemar, when a man was killed, but I immediately ordered the *creach* (spoil) to be abandoned,

and left to the owners, retreating as fast as we could after such a misfortune.' 'You?' said the officer; 'what had you to do with the affair?' 'I am John Dhu Cameron,' was the reply. 'I am the Sergeant Mor; there is the road to Inverlochy (Fort-William); you cannot now mistake it. You and your money are safe. Tell your governor to send in future a more wary messenger for his gold. Tell him also, that although an outlaw, and forced to live on the public, I am a soldier as well as himself, and would despise taking his gold from a defenceless man who confided in me.' The officer lost no time in reaching the garrison, and never forgot the adventure, which he frequently related.

"Some time after this the Sergeant Mor was betrayed by a treacherous friend, and taken by a party under the command of Lieutenant (afterwards Sir Hector) Munro. This happened at the farm of Dunan in Rannoch, where he was in the habit of sleeping in safety, till that night, when it is said that his landlord sent notice to Lieutenant Munro, who was stationed two miles distant. Cameron slept in a barn, his arms having, as was supposed, been secretly removed by his false friend. He was found asleep, and the soldiers rushed in and seized him; but being a powerful man, he shook them all off, and made his way to the door, where he was overpowered by those on the outside. He threw off one of the soldiers with such force against the wall of the barn that the man was long disabled by the bruises. Cameron was carried to Perth, and tried before the Court of Justiciary for the murder in Braemar, and various acts of theft and cattle stealing. One of these acts was stealing from the Duke of Athole's park at Blair two wedders, which the party killed for food on their retreat from Braemar. Cameron was executed at Perth on the 23d of November 1753, and hung in chains.

The unfortunate Sergeant Mor, or the Big Sergeant, who was a contemporary of the unfortunate sons of Rob Roy, is thus noticed in the *Scots Magazine* for 1753:—“ At Perth, John Dow Cameron, *alias* Macmartine, *alias* Bottie, commonly called Sergeant More, was tried on two indictments, one accusing him of the murder of John Bruce in Inneredrie, for sundry acts of theft, and as habit and repute a common and notorious thief; and the other accusing him and Angus Dow Cameron of stealing two wedders belonging to the Duke of Athole. Each of the libels was found relevant to infer the pains of law. Both were remitted to one jury, who ‘found the pannel (Sergeant Mor) guilty, art and part, of the murder libelled—of stealing three horses and a filly belonging to John Blair in Ballachraggan—and of being habit and repute a common thief in the country.’ He is sentenced to lie in Perth prison till the 23d of November, fed on bread and water, in terms of the act 25 George II., that day to be hanged at the common place of execution near to that borough, and then his body to be hung in chains. He would not suffer the *dempster* to come near, but struck at him. The diet was deserted as to Angus Dow Cameron, and he was recommitted, on notice of his accession to some acts of theft.”

The Sergeant’s conduct in the Justiciary Court, in reference to the *dempster*, or hangman, is thus noticed by General Stewart:—“ It was then the practice in the Court of Justiciary to call the doomster (an officer so called) into the Court, after sentence of death was passed, to place his hand on the head of the criminal, as a token that he was in future to be under his care. A friend of mine, who was present at this trial, informed me that when the doomster approached the Sergeant Mor, he exclaimed—‘ Keep the caitiff off—let him not touch me;’ and stretching his arms, as if to strike, the doomster was so terrified by his

look, action, and voice, that he shrunk back, and retired from the Court, without going through the usual ceremony.'

Sergeant Mor was of course a person who could expect no favour or mercy, and the sentence was inflicted, there being then too many persons of his description, or rather of his vocation, in the Highlands, though few were so notorious, if we except the sons of Rob Roy Macgregor. Whatever may have been the nature of the crimes of which the Big Sergeant was found guilty, it must be evident that he was rather an idle outlaw than a depraved and hardened criminal. As such he was at least viewed by the Highlanders, and among those of them with whom he was acquainted he seems to have been popular. "It was generally believed," says their gallant historian in another part of his work, while dwelling on the incorruptible fidelity of the Highlanders, "that this man (the Sergeant) was betrayed by a false friend, to whose house he had resorted for shelter in severe weather. The truth of this allegation, however, was never fully established; but the supposed treacherous friend was heartily despised, and having lost all his property by various misfortunes, he left the country in extreme poverty, although he rented from Government a farm upon advantageous terms on the forfeited estate of Strowan. The favour shown him by Government gave a degree of confirmation to the suspicions raised against him, and the firm belief of the people to this day is, that his misfortunes were a just judgment upon him for his breach of trust towards a person who had without suspicion reposed confidence in him."

SIEGE OF DUNOTTAR CASTLE.*

A. D. 1651-2.

ABOUT a mile and a half from the county town of Kincardineshire, called Stonehaven, or, as the people of the district persist in calling it, *Stanehive*, stand the ruins of Dunottar Castle, the ancient seat of the Noble Family of Keith, Earls Marischal of Scotland, the last of whom, George tenth Earl Marischal, was attainted for his concern in the enterprise of his cousin the Earl of Mar in 1715. It was then, or soon afterwards, dismantled, but the buildings are still pretty entire, there being in general little wanting except the roof and the floors. The castle, which has been the scene of remarkable transactions in Scottish history, attracts the attention of the stranger on account of its peculiar situation. It is built on a stupendous insulated rock, somewhat resembling an inverted tub, half in and half out of the sea, and although its superficies are only half the space of that of Edinburgh Castle, being little more than three acres, its collection of stately towers make it have more the appearance of a deserted city than of a dismantled fortress. It is approached by a steep path winding round the magnificent rock, which is almost separated from the land by a very deep chasm, which makes it appear one of the most majestic ruins in Scotland. Before the invention of artillery it must have been altogether impregnable, and the only chance of capturing it was by starving the garrison; but by the present tactics of war it could be approached and commanded on every side. The examination of this extraordinary fortress is as interesting as is its external

* Playfair's British Family Antiquity; Baronetage of Scotland; Douglas' Peerage; Statistical Account of Scotland.

appearance. "The battlements," says an accurate describer, "with their narrow embrasures, strong towers, and airy turrets, full of loop-holes for the archer and musqueteer, the hall for the banquet, and the cell for the captive, are all alike entire and distinct. Even the iron rings and bolts that held the culprits for security or for torture still remain, to attest the state of things which once prevailed in this country. Many a sigh has been sent from the profound bosom of this vast rock; many a despairing glance has wandered hence over the boundless wave; and many a weary heart has there sunk rejoicing into eternal sleep." Here in particular is shown the *Whigs' Vault*, in which, if we are to credit Wodrow, no fewer than one hundred and sixty-seven male and female Covenanters were confined in 1685, during the warmest season of the year, as is also stated on a gravestone in the parish churchyard of Dunottar, placed over those of them who died while in this dungeon. Around, and especially between Stonehaven and Aberdeen, is the bleak region, presenting only barren eminences, and destitute even of heath and cold swampy moorlands, celebrated by the Author of *Waverley* in the *Legend of Montrose* as *Drumthackwit*, the patrimonial property of the renowned Sir Dugald Dalgetty. On one of the seaward peaks, overlooking the far-extending ocean which washes the shore of this melancholy waste, there is a lonely cairn well known to the home-bound mariner.

In the stirring and exciting times of the great Civil War the castle of Dunottar once more became a place of note, and its then proprietor, William seventh Earl Marischal, became either a great Covenanter, or was in some way or other involved in the affairs of that semi-political and semi-religious party. His Lordship's conduct in this matter could hardly have resulted from principle, as the opinions of the Marischal Family, both on religion and politics, were the very opposite of those entertained by the Covenanters,

being ultra-loyal and cavalier; and we find him not only raising a troop of horse for the service of the association in favour of Charles I. in 1648, but accompanying the Duke of Hamilton to England to attempt the King's rescue, escaping from the rout of Preston, entertaining Charles II. in his castle of Dunottar in 1650, nominated one of the Committee for forwarding the levies of the King's army, and taken prisoner at Alyth in 1651 by a detachment of Monk's cavalry from Dundee, whence he was sent prisoner to the Tower of London, in which he continued till the Restoration, and he was excepted from Cromwell's act of grace and pardon in 1654. What could possibly have induced his Lordship, holding those principles which he must have entertained, to immure himself in his own fortress of Dunottar with a number of Covenanters, of whom sixteen were preachers, and one of them the celebrated Andrew Cant, it is difficult to conjecture, but such is the fact that he did so in 1645, his guests having fled thither for shelter from the great Marquis of Montrose. The Cavalier commander summoned his Lordship to surrender, or to remain where he was "upon his peril." The Earl had been a companion in arms of Montrose, and knew him intimately. He was greatly inclined to come to terms with the royalist leader, and intimated to his Covenanting guests that all his predilections and feelings were in favour of the King, when the sixteen preachers simultaneously declared against his intentions, and succeeded in persuading him to hold out in favour of what they called the *good cause*. Montrose knew very well that he could not take the castle, and as he had no time to attempt the starvation principle by investing it, he sent his men to plunder and ravage the estate of Dunottar. This was done with all the customary promptitude and rigour of the Highlanders, who, besides burning and destroying all the farm-houses, cottages of the vassals and tenantry of the Earl Marischal,

and making a blaze of the stack-yards, and of the adjoining woods of Fetteresso, set fire to the town of Stonehaven and the village of Cowie. The manse of the minister of Dunottar was also burnt, for Montrose showed little respect to the habitations of the Presbyterian preachers, whom he considered as in some measure the authors of the war. An extensive deer-park on the estate of Fetteresso was also destroyed by fire, and the animals, although they fled at sight of the flames, were unsparingly seized and slain. All the fishing-boats of Stonehaven were consigned to the destructive element. When the Earl Marischal witnessed from the battlements of Dunottar Castle the smoke ascending on all sides, occasioned by the ravaging of his property, he bitterly regretted the rejection of Montrose's terms; but the famous Andrew Cant informed him that the *reek* would be "a sweet-smelling incense in the nostrils of the Lord."

In January 1651, Charles II. was crowned at Scone, after Cromwell had gained the battle of Dunbar, and conquered a considerable part of the kingdom. After the coronation, the last ceremony of the kind witnessed in Scotland, the regalia of Scotland, consisting of the crown, sceptre, and sword of state, were conveyed from Scone to Dunottar Castle, as a place in which, from its great strength, those venerable and precious insignia of royalty would be secure, and prevented from falling into the hands of the English. The Covenanters had by this time become modified royalists, and bitterly hated Cromwell and his sectarian army. The Earl Marischal had given up all his Covenanting principles, and was zealously engaged in the Cavalier cause. The circumstance of the regalia being deposited in his castle procured a garrison supported by the public, with suitable ammunition and provisions.

The Earl Marischal happened to be absent in the cause of the King in England, but he had appointed George

Ogilvy of Barras, a neighbouring proprietor, to be lieutenant-governor of the castle and commander of the garrison—a trust which he discharged with great resolution. The English knew well where the regalia were deposited, and after reducing all the other castles, forts, and places of strength in Scotland, a chosen body of their troops under General Lambert marched against and invested Dunottar. The garrison received a summons to surrender in November 1651, and repeatedly during the ensuing winter, to which an answer of defiance was returned, and in the beginning of May 1652 the siege was converted into a blockade.

It appears from the commission granted by the Earl Marischal to Governor Ogilvy, and subscribed at Stirling on the 8th of July 1651, that the garrison consisted of only a lieutenant, two sergeants, and forty men, exclusive of the governor, and of the domestics of the Earl, who constantly resided in the Castle. The correspondence which passed between Ogilvy and the besiegers is not a little curious. The English were at first under the command of Lambert, but on the 8th of November 1651, the governor and garrison received the following letter, signed R. OVERTON, addressed—"To the Honourable Governor of Dunottar Castle, and the rest of the gentlemen there," dated from Stonehaven:—"Gentlemen, I have power to demolish your own and the remainder of my Lord Marischal's houses in these parts, except you timeously prevent the same, by giving up the Castle of Dunottar to the use of the State of England upon such terms as other gentlemen of honour have heretofore, when the forces of this nation were more significant, accepted. You may observe this season, which the most significant persons of your nation close with, by putting their persons and estates under our protection. You may likewise consider how imprudent, at least improvident, a part it may be reputed in a truce of pacification for your

arms to be the only antagonists to an army whose arms God Almighty hath hitherto made successful against your most considerable citadel"—probably meaning Edinburgh Castle. On the 11th of November 1651, Governor Ogilvy received the following letter, addressed "To the Commander-in-chief of Dunottar Castle," and dated from Stonehaven :—"Honoured Sir—Whereas you keep Dunottar Castle for the use of your King, which castle doth belong to my Lord Marischal, now a prisoner to our Parliament of England, these are to advise and require you in their names to surrender the said castle to me for their use, and I do assure you, by the word of a gentleman, that you shall have very honourable and soldier-like treatment. If you refuse this offer, then, if any thing shall happen to you contrary to your expectations, by the violence of our soldiers, blame yourself and not me; for I may tell you, that the Lord hath been pleased to deliver unto us many stronger places than that is, and I doubt not but the same God will stand by us in our attempts in this. I desire your speedy answer, and shall rest, Sir, your very humble servant, THO. DUTTON."

The Earl Marischal was then a prisoner in the Tower of London, and though his Lordship sent orders to Governor Ogilvy to deliver up the castle, his fidelity and loyalty were as impregnable as the fortress which he commanded, and he treated with disdain and contempt not only the threats of the besiegers, but also their fair promises, and resolved to keep possession of the castle as long as it was in his power. In his first answer of refusal, he denied that he held his commission from the Earl Marischal, probably for the safety of that nobleman's person and the preservation of the place, and maintained that he held his commission from the King himself, but in this, as appears from subsequent letters, he meant no more than to say that although he had his commission first from the Earl,

who was then a prisoner, he then held it from the King. On the 22d of November he wrote to Mr Dutton, in reply to his and Overton's summons of surrender—"Honoured Sir—Whereas you write that I keep the Castle of Dunottar for the use of the King's Majesty, which house, as you say, doth belong to the Earl Marischal, you shall know that I have my commission absolutely from his Majesty, and none else, neither will I acknowledge any man's interest here, and intend, by the assistance of God, to maintain the same for his Majesty's service upon all hazards whatsoever. I hope you have that gallantry in you as not to wrong my Lord Marischal's lands, seeing he is a prisoner himself for the present. Whereas you have had success in former times, I attribute it to the wrath of God against us for our sins, and to the unfaithfulness of those men who did maintain the same, none whereof you shall find here by the Lord's grace, to whom I commit myself; and I am, Sir, your very humble servant, GEORGE OGILVY."

The governor received a peremptory order to deliver up the castle from General Lambert, dated Dundee, Jan. 3, 1652, to which he paid no attention, and on the 26th of March a letter was addressed to him from Paris by the King, approving of his conduct, and ordering him to observe such directions as he would receive from Lieutenant-General Middleton, promising at the same time some relief. The garrison were now reduced to great straits for want of provisions and ammunition, and showed an inclination to mutiny, yet he still held out with the most undaunted courage. Meanwhile he received a letter from the Earl of Balcarras to the following effect:—"You are now, I believe, hardly in expectation of relief, and ye know how much it concerns not only the kingdom, but yourself in particular, that the *honours* [meaning the regalia] be secured. I shall there again desire you, by virtue of the first

warrant which you saw, and of this likewise which I have lately received, and now send you inclosed, that you deliver them immediately to the bearer, Sir Arthur Forbes, whose receipt of them, under his hand, I do hereby declare shall be as valid for your acquittal and liberation, as if you had it under the hand of your affectionate friend to serve you." His Lordship adds in a postscript—"I shall not now repeat the arguments I sent to you at Dunottar. If they were strong then, I am sure they are much more now, for the condition of business is much altered since. I say no more, but remember what I then spoke to you as your friend." This Sir Arthur Forbes mentioned by his Lordship was ancestor of the Earl of Granard in Ireland, and was the first Earl of that branch of the ancient Family of Forbes.

The letter of Lord Balcarras probably refers to a letter which Governor Ogilvy received from the Earl of Loudon, Lord Chancellor, dated November 13, 1651, referring to the defence of the fortress, in which his Lordship says—"If you want provisions, soldiers, and ammunition, and cannot hold out all the assaults of the enemy, which is feared and thought you cannot do, if you be hardly pursued, I know no better expedient than that the honours of the Crown be speedily and safely transported to some remote and strong castle in the Highlands and I wish you had delivered them to the Lord Balcarras, as was desired by the Committee of Estates, nor do I know of any better way for preservation of these things, and your exoneration. It will be an irreparable loss and shame if these things shall be taken by the enemy, and very dishonourable for yourself. I have herewith returned your letter to the Lord Balcarras, hearing he is still in the North. So having given you the best advice I can at present, I trust you will, with care and faithfulness, be answerable according to the trust committed to you."

The governor continued to hold out the fortress, and assisted by his lady, a daughter of Douglas of Barras, fourth son of the tenth Earl of Angus, preserved the regalia with extraordinary care. But seeing a powerful army investing the castle, and having little or no hope of relief, notwithstanding that the King had written a letter with his own hand under Lieutenant-General Middleton's cover, delivered to the governor by Sir John Strachan; and it being evident that his Majesty, who knew the circumstances of the garrison, could send them no assistance, it was necessary to adopt some plan to preserve the regalia, in the event of the castle being taken by storm, or obliged to surrender. The governor was afraid that the regalia, even were he to adopt the plan proposed by the Earls of Loudon and Balcarras to carry them off, might by some means or other fall into the hands of the enemy. It happened that the Honourable John Keith, a younger brother of the Earl Marischal, and afterwards Earl of Kintore, was then abroad, and the governor and his lady contrived to concoct a letter as if from that gentleman to the former, purporting that he had safely arrived at Rotterdam, with the crown and sceptre of Scotland, to be delivered to King Charles II. This letter, if the castle was either taken or surrendered, was to be dropped purposely, that it might fall into the hands of the enemy. It was also agreed by the governor and his lady that the regalia should be conveyed out of the castle to some private and obscure place unknown to the former, lest, if he fell into the hands of the besiegers, he might be put to the torture, and be obliged to divulge the place of concealment.

The ingenuity of the governor's lady was now exercised to carry this plan into execution. Mrs Christian Fletcher, wife of Mr James Grainger, minister of the adjoining parish of Kinneff, was admitted into the project, as was also a female domestic in the service of Mr Grainger. Attended

by this servant, Mrs Grainger had been at Stonehaven to purchase flax, and was returning to the manse of Kinneff with it, the maid-servant carrying it on her back. On passing through the enemy's camp, Mrs Grainger inquired for the English general, and being admitted she told him that she wished to go into the castle to speak to the governor's lady, and requested a safe-conduct, which was granted without suspicion, still carrying with her the flax and other goods she had purchased at Stonehaven. She rode on horseback as she had come from that town, and the animal was left at the castle gate while she and her servant were in the fortress. Unknown to the governor, or at least taking advantage of his absence from the apartment, his lady packed up the sword and sceptre in the bag of flax, while Mrs Grainger brought the crown royal in her lap. Coming out of the castle, she was politely helped on horseback by the English general himself, who little suspected the precious treasure she had in her possession. Another tradition is, that the crown was included in the sack of flax with the sceptre and sword of state, but the previous statement is the one generally received. It is farther added, still more completely to deceive the besiegers, that Mrs Grainger counterfeited to be *enceinte*, which enabled her the more effectually to escape detection.

It ought to be observed that Governor Ogilvy's paternal estate and mansion were and still are partly in the parishes of Kinneff and Dunottar, which accounts for the intimacy between his lady and Mrs Grainger, and the extraordinary confidence reposed in her on this important occasion. Mrs Grainger and her maid-servant were enjoined to secrete the regalia under the floor of the parish church of Kinneff, carefully wrapped up in clean linen, which was to be frequently renewed. Of course the minister was a party to these transactions. With his own hands, assisted by his wife, and during midnight, he dug a

hole under the pulpit of Kinneff church, and deposited the royal crown, sceptre, and sword of state of Scotland therein, and in this singular manner these invaluable and most interesting insignia of royalty were concealed till 1660, only at times being removed, to prevent injury from dampness, to a *double-bedded room in the manse*.

Governor Ogilvy was not made acquainted with the adventures of the regalia, and his lady refused for the present to give him any farther information than that the diadem of Scotland was safe from the enemy, and deposited in a place where no one would ever think it at all likely to be. The siege being now converted into a blockade, and the garrison reduced to the greatest straits for want of provisions and ammunition, which rendered them very mutinous, the governor at last capitulated upon honourable terms with the English commander, Colonel Thomas Morgan, who had lain with a considerable force at the Black Hill of Dunottar, cannonading and bombarding the castle by order of General Richard Dear. Besides the regalia, there were several valuable documents in Dunottar, which the governor succeeded in carefully securing. Among these were several important papers belonging to Charles II., which were all packed up and sewed in a girdle of linen by the governor's lady, and safely conveyed out of the castle by a young lady, her relation, named Miss Anne Lindsay, who was afterwards the wife of Mr Robert Willox, minister of Kenmay in Aberdeenshire during the Episcopal Establishment of Scotland. For the safe preservation and recovery of these papers a receipt was granted by the Earl Marischal to the following effect:—"We, William Earl Marischal, grant us to have received from George Ogilvy, sometime governor of Dunottar, some papers belonging to the King's Majesty, which were in the Castle of Dunottar the time of his being governor there, in two little coffers; which papers, consisting to the number of eight score six-

teen several pieces, whereof there are four packets sealed, and one broke open ; of which papers I grant the receipt, and oblige me to warrant the said George at his Majesty's hands, and all others whatsoever, by this my warrant signed, sealed, and subscribed at London, the 1st day of December 1655.—MARISCHAL." There were other important documents belonging to the Duke of Hamilton, the University of St Andrews, and others, all of which were returned to their respective owners.

The besiegers, who looked upon the possession of the regalia to be of more importance than the capture of the castle, were greatly irritated when after a diligent search the prize could no where be found. The pretended letter from the Hon. John Keith fell into their hands, but its statements by no means satisfied them. They insisted with the governor, upon his word of honour, and in terms of the capitulation, either to deliver up the regalia, or to give a good account of the same. To this he replied, that he did not know whether or not the regalia were carried abroad to the King, and that at all events he was ignorant where they were deposited. The besiegers gave little credit to this declaration, and threatened him and his lady at one time with the torture, and at another promising them liberal rewards if they would discover the place of concealment. The governor and his lady were detained prisoners in the castle, confined to a single room, and were not allowed even a domestic during a whole year, also experiencing the grossest treatment, which eventually caused this noble-minded and loyal lady's death. The governor's estate was also sequestered, but none of these severities could shake their resolution, while the regalia all the time were lying under the pulpit of Kinneff church, within a short distance of Dunottar. On the 10th of January 1653, Sir Robert Graham of Morphie, the lady's grandfather, offered to become security to the extent of L.2000

sterling to present Captain George Ogilvy and his lady, when called for, "true prisoners to the then governor of Dunottar," pledging himself that they would not go above three miles from their own home ; and this bond was eventually accepted, in conjunction with one of L.500 sterling more from James Anderson of Uras, which procured their release, and they were allowed six weeks to go about their lawful business. It does not appear that they were afterwards harassed by Cromwell's authorities, and probably the death of Mrs Ogilvy, occasioned by their ill treatment, induced them to take no farther steps in the matter.

Governor Ogilvy, after being informed by his lady where the regalia were deposited, wrote to Mr Grainger and took home the sceptre, but gave a receipt for it, and took the minister's bond to deliver the crown and the sword of state whenever demanded. The following is Mr Grainger's letter, which is still preserved, dated July 21, 1660, and addressed to his "Honoured and loving friend, the Laird of Barras." "Sir—I have received yours, and before it came to my hand I had secured the things you know of upon the night, and am persuaded, though any army should come, they could not be the better ; so that there needs be no fear. As for myself, my neck shall break, and my life go for it, before I fail to you : yet some little difficulty makes me loath they should be transported as yet, whilk shall be fully made known to you at meeting, whilk I desire shall be on Monday, once a day ; and if you be loath to come here, send me word, and I shall come to you. But for the business itself, fear no more nor if they were in your house presently ; for I trust that He who hath preserved them in my custody till this day, will preserve them in safety till they go as ye yourself desires ; so, till meeting, I continue your real and true friend and servant, J. GRAINGER." The reader will perceive, from the date of this letter, that it was written after the Restora-

tion, when probably Captain Ogilvy and Mr Grainger were consulting about the proper mode of returning the regalia to the Government, and at a time when, it is worthy of notice, *only those two individuals and Mrs Grainger in all Scotland knew where the regalia were concealed.* The worthy minister's bond or obligation to deliver the crown and sword of state when demanded is thus expressed:—"Whereas I have received a discharge from George Ogilvy of Barras, of the honours of this kingdom, and he hath got no more than the sceptre, therefore I oblige myself that the rest, namely, the crown and sword, shall be forthcoming at demand, by this my ticket, written and subscribed this same day. I received the discharge the 28th of September 1660. J. GRAINGER."

Governor Ogilvy sent his only son William to London to get the King's directions as to the regalia, and presented a petition to the King, in which he stated—"That whereas your petitioner is sent up here by his father to give your Majesty notice, that his said father hath had, and still preserves, the crown, sword, and sceptre of Scotland in his custody, long before the English possessed the castle of Dunottar, with great hazard of his life, and long and strait imprisonment, which occasioned the death of his wife; and in respect of your petitioner's father, his great interest with these honours, he could not desert that great charge to come here and attend your Majesty"—he had sent his son the petitioner. It thus appears that the governor had kept a constant eye on the valuable treasures he possessed. On the 28th of September 1660, the petitioner was enjoined, in an order signed by the Earl of Lauderdale, to deliver the regalia to the Earl Marischal, and to get his discharge, which was done on the 8th of October that year, the discharge being dated at Dunottar, the Earl having obtained possession at the Restoration of all his property, and as Earl Marischal, having an official connection with the regalia.

From Dunottar those interesting memorials of Scottish royalty were transported to Edinburgh Castle, where they have ever since remained, and are now exhibited to the public on certain conditions.

As a reward for the public services of Governor Ogilvy, and his remarkable fidelity in preserving the regalia, he was created a baronet by patent on the 5th of March 1661, and King Charles II. by charter, dated 3d March 1662, “granted by him in favour of the said Sir George Ogilvy upon the lands of Barras, changed the holding of the said lands from *ward* to *blench*, by charter ratified in Parliament the 11th of August 1679, in which patent, charter, and ratification, Sir George’s services above mentioned are specified as the reasons of his Majesty’s favour.” This was all the reward which Governor Ogilvy received for his imprisonment, the death of his lady, and much loss of property, no other mark of royal favour being vouchsafed to him, except a new coat of arms expressive of the services he had rendered, and permission to adopt as his family motto—**PRÆCLARUM REGI ET REGNO SERVITIUM.** Other persons of greater interest at Court claimed merit on the same ground, and received ample honours and emoluments. Among those the Hon. John Keith was created Earl of Kintore, and that branch of the Noble Family of Keith have their arms quartered with the crown-royal and the sceptre and sword of state of Scotland, with the motto—**QUÆ AMISSA SALVA**, meaning that he had saved what was amissing. The following is the account of his Lordship’s connection with the preservation of the regalia in the Douglas’ Peerage, edited by John Philip Wood, Esq., than which nothing can be more apocryphal, or destitute of foundation in various important particulars, as all the original papers and letters in the possession of Ogilvy of Barras, the present baronet, and the descendant of Sir George Ogilvy, the governor of Dunottar Castle, amply

prove, and of which copious extracts are given in the present narrative. In reality it appears that the first Earl of Kintore, whatever he may have *pretended*, had nothing whatever to do in the matter, and the whole affair was concocted by the governor's lady and Mr and Mrs Grainger. Yet we are gravely treated in such a work as Douglas' Peerage to a story which is altogether a tissue of misrepresentation, to describe it by no harsher term. "The Hon. Sir John Keith," says the writer, "third son of William sixth Earl Marischal, had the *principal share* in preserving the regalia of Scotland from falling into the hands of Cromwell, during whose usurpation they had been carried to Dunottar Castle, both as the Earl Marischal, in virtue of his office, had a right to keep them, and it was thought a place of safety. Dunottar being besieged, Sir John Keith got the regalia safely conveyed away, and deposited under ground in the church of Kinneff. Sir John then sailed for France, whither he pretended to have carried these valuable articles. On his return home he was apprehended and examined, and declaring that he had conveyed them to France, all further search for the regalia was dropped." Now, the fact is, that Sir John Keith was neither in the Castle of Dunottar at the time, nor was he in the country, it being well known that he was on the Continent, and the reason why he would be *apprehended and examined* by Cromwell's government when he returned, was the letter concocted by Governor Ogilvy and his lady, pretending that it was written by him in Rotterdam, while in reality it was counterfeited by the Governor in Dunottar Castle, and purposely dropped in the way of the besiegers to put them on a false scent. This letter, we know, fell into their hands, and they would undoubtedly preserve it, and make as much use of it as they were able. Sir John Keith, therefore, got his earldom of Kintore for declaring that he did what he never had

done, and could not possibly do, and the circumstance of his being a brother of the Earl Marischal was a mighty argument in his favour ; but he had as much connection with the depositing and preservation of the regalia of Scotland in the parish church of Kinneff as he had with the restoration of Charles II., and his personal services must on that occasion have been trivial indeed, otherwise history is very ungrateful to his memory.

It is to be regretted that Mr Grainger, the worthy minister of Kinneff, and his wife, were altogether overlooked, and received neither honour nor reward. Their services do not appear to have been made known to the Court, and they were certainly, if known, unacknowledged. Such is the fate which too often real merit, accompanied by integrity and sterling honesty, experiences, while those who have the least to do in any important matter, as my Lord Kintore, carry off the honours and emoluments.

Such, then, was the siege of Dunottar, only remarkable for the circumstance of the fortress containing at the time the Scottish regalia, preserved in a very extraordinary and romantic manner from falling into the hands of Cromwell's Republican soldiers. Those valuable and venerable memorials of royalty are now in the Castle of Edinburgh, where they are secure from farther jeopardy, and the account of their discovery in the old oak chest, now in the apartment called the Crown Room, after having lain in darkness from the period of the Union to considerably upwards of a century afterwards, is well known to every reader. While gazing on the regalia in the Crown Room of Edinburgh Castle, and beholding the crown royal, the sceptre, and the sword of state of Scotland, lying enclosed within an iron cage in " dim religious light," and appearing as the precious memorials of former grandeur and centuries of independence, it is curious to reflect, that *that*

royal crown was concealed in the *lap* of the wife of a minister of the sequestered parish of Kinneff—that the sceptre and the sword were carried in a sack of flax on the back of an obscure servant girl—and that the whole lay for years in a hole under the pulpit of Kinneff parish church, the usurping Government all the time firmly believing that they had been secretly carried to the Continent, and deposited with their royal and exiled owner. In a work which recent changes and improvements in the Scottish metropolis have rendered in a great measure, in 1839, though published so recently as 1825, almost a mere outline of *things which were*, but which have now disappeared, entitled *Walks in Edinburgh*, by Mr Robert Chambers, there is the following passage referring to the regalia of Scotland:—“ Taking these articles of the crown, sceptre, and sword, in connection with the great historical events and personages that enter into the composition of their present value, it is impossible to look upon them without emotions of singular interest, while, at the same time, their apparent littleness excites wonder at the mighty circumstances and destinies which have been determined by the possession, or the want of possession, of what they represent. For *this diadem* did Bruce liberate his country; *with it*, his son nearly occasioned its ruin. It purchased for Scotland the benefit of the mature sagacity of Robert II.—did not save Robert III. from a death of grief—procured, perhaps, the assassination of James I., and instigated James IV. to successful rebellion against his father, whose violent death was expiated by his own. Its dignity was proudly increased by James V., who was yet more unfortunate, perhaps, in his end than a long list of unfortunate predecessors. It was worn by the devoted head of Mary, who found it the occasion of woes and calamities unnumbered and unexampled. It was placed upon the infant brows of her son, to the exclusion of herself from all its glories and advan-

tages, but not to the termination of the distresses in which it had involved her. Her unfortunate grandson for its sake visited Scotland, and had it placed on his head with magnificent ceremonies, but the nation, whose sovereignty it gave him, was the first to rebel against his authority, and work his destruction. The Presbyterian solemnity with which it was given to Charles II. was only a preface to the disasters of Worcester, and it was afterwards remembered by this monarch, little to the advantage of Scotland, that this diadem had been placed upon his head with conditions and restrictions which wounded at once his pride and his conscience. It was worn by no other monarch, and the period of its disuse seems to have been the epoch from which we may reckon the happiness of our monarchs, and the revival of our national prosperity."

SKIRMISH OF DRUMCLOG, AND BATTLE OF BOTHWELL BRIDGE.*

A.D. 1679.

ON the morning of Sunday, the 1st of June 1679, Colonel Graham of Claverhouse, afterwards the gallant Viscount of Dundee, beloved beyond measure by the Highlanders, and detested by the Lowland Covenanters as the *Bloody Claverse*, marched from Hamilton up the vale of the Avon in Lanarkshire, carrying with him two field-preachers, whom

* Wodrow's MSS. Advocates' Library, and Wodrow's History; Hume's History of England; Chambers' Picture of Scotland; Statistical Account of Scotland; Macpherson's History of Great Britain; Life of the Viscount of Dundee; Life of the Duke of Monmouth.

he had apprehended in the vicinity of the town of Hamilton. His troops were composed of part of a regiment of Life Guards, of which he was the commander. He had been informed that one of those religious meetings, commonly called Conventicles, and declared by the Government to be treasonable, was to be held that day on a knoll or eminence known by the name of the Hare Law, near Loudon Hill, and as he knew the language which would be uttered, and the furious denunciations which would be levelled against the King and the Government, he resolved to disperse the assembled fraternity.

It was the custom of many of the male Covenanters to come armed to their religious meetings, and from the localities which they selected for their devotions and preaching they were commonly denominated *Hill men*. To give timely notice of the approach of the military, and especially of Graham of Claverhouse, whose name inspired them with terror and trembling, it was customary to place sentinels on adjacent hills, and on this occasion a watch was posted on Loudon Hill, which commands a view of the country many miles. Colonel Graham halted at the village of Strathaven to breakfast after a ride of seven or eight miles, and at that time the only inn in the village was a house built of stone, and two stories in height, opposite the parish churchyard gate, popularly called the Tower, on account of its being the best house in the place. The house is still standing with a modern front, and in it the mortal enemy of the Covenanters partook of his *dejeuné* on the 1st of June 1679, and not in the castle of Tillietudlem, generally supposed to indicate Craignethan, as the Author of Waverley, for the purposes of his delightful story, introduces in OLD MORTALITY.

While Colonel Graham was halting at Strathaven, he was informed that the conventicle he intended to disperse was not to be held on that day, and relying on the accuracy of this intimation, he turned off from the village, and pro-

ceeded towards Glasgow. He had not, however, marched far with his cavalier Guards, when he discovered that the information he had received at Strathaven was erroneous, and that the conventicle had actually assembled. He immediately turned, and resuming his march towards the head of the vale of the Avon, he passed over several miles of muir and waste land, and about mid-day he came suddenly in sight of the *hill men*.

The scout on Loudon Hill gave due notice of the approach of the royal troops, whom he discovered shortly after they had passed Strathaven. The Covenanters were in number some hundreds of armed men, besides women, though, according to the Author of Waverley, "the total number of the insurgents might amount to about a thousand men, but of these there were scarce a hundred cavalry, nor were the one half of them even tolerably armed. The strength of their position, however, the sense of their having taken a desperate step, the superiority of their numbers, but, above all, the ardour of their enthusiasm, were the means on which their leaders reckoned for supplying the want of arms, equipage, and military discipline. On the side of the hill which rose above the array of battle which they had adopted, were seen the women and even the children, whom zeal had driven into the wilderness. They seemed stationed there to be spectators of the engagement, by which their own fate, as well as that of their parents, husbands, and sons, was to be decided. Like the females of the ancient German tribes, the shrill cries which they raised, when they beheld the glittering ranks of their enemy appear on the brow of the opposing eminence, acted as an incentive to their relatives to fight to the last in defence of that which was dearest to them. Such exhortations seemed to have their full and emphatic effect, for a wild halloo, which went from rank to rank, on the appearance of the soldiers, intimated the resolution of the insur-

gents to fight to the uttermost." Another statement is, that they amounted only to fifty armed horse and as many foot, with a hundred and fifty persons merely armed with pikes or rustic implements, but there can be little doubt that they greatly exceeded the royal troops in numbers. The author of the Statistical Account of the Parish of Avondale or Strathaven, in which lies the scene of action, asserts that they amounted to about three hundred armed men. They were under the leadership of the notorious John Balfour of Burleigh, David Hackston of Rathillet, John Nisbet of Hardhill, and one Cleland, who after the Revolution was killed at the head of the Cameronian regiment. The two first, and especially Balfour, were two of the murderers of Archbishop Sharp.

Colonel Graham's troopers were upwards of two hundred, but they arrived in a state of considerable fatigue, after a march of more than twelve miles on a sultry summer morning, and over bogs, morasses, and other inconveniences which lay in their way. The Covenanters stood, at the moment they saw the royal troops, upon a field gently declining from Stabbieside towards a narrow marsh, and recognised the dragoons passing the farm-house of High Drumclog, which is still inhabited by the descendants of the family who then possessed it, and who were zealous Covenanters. When the dragoons arrived at the ridge of a declivity corresponding to that in which the insurgents were posted, both parties stood still for a little and surveyed each other, only about half a mile distant.

It appeared that if both the Covenanters and the dragoons continued to advance, they must meet in the morass at the bottom of the declivities on which for the moment they severally stood. Colonel Graham arranged his cavalry, and moved down the hill deliberately to the attack, having previously stationed the two field-preachers, his prisoners, with their arms pinioned, under a small guard in

the farm-house of High or Upper Drumclog. One of these field-preachers figures in Old Mortality under the appropriate name of Gabriel Kettledrummy. The Covenanters in like manner moved down their hill, after bidding defiance to the summons to surrender, under the control of a gentleman named Hamilton, a brother of the Laird of Preston, and not a field-preacher, as some writers have erroneously stated, who acted as a kind of commanding officer, and drew up in order, singing psalms by the way. Both parties met upon the ground between the adjacent farm-houses of Stabbieside and Upper Drumclog, about a mile to the west of the high road from Strathaven to Kilmarnock, and two miles north-east of Loudon Hill. The circumstance of the ground being marshy, and all the valley swampy, was most unfortunate for Colonel Graham, and the horses were of the greatest incumbrance to the dragoons. Before he descended to the bottom of the declivity he ordered his troopers to fire a volley, which the Covenanters very adroitly avoided by falling on their faces. He then ordered them to charge, when they plunged into the bog, which they had not seen, and were speedily thrown into disorder.

The appearance of the Covenanters is described in a spirited manner in Old Mortality. "Their infantry was divided into three lines. The first, tolerably provided with fire-arms, were advanced almost close to the verge of the bog, so that their fire must necessarily annoy the royal cavalry as they descended the opposite hill, the whole front of which was exposed, and would probably be yet more fatal, if they attempted to cross the morass. Behind the first line was a body of pikemen, designed for their support in case the dragoons should force the passage of the marsh. In their rear was the third line, consisting of countrymen armed with scythes set straight on the poles, hay-forks, spits, clubs, goads, fish-spears, and such other

rustic implements as hasty resentment had converted into instruments of war. On each flank of the infantry, but a little backward from the bog, as if to allow themselves dry and sound ground whereon to act in case their enemies should force the pass, there was drawn up a small body of cavalry, who were in general but indifferently armed, and worse mounted, but full of zeal for the cause, being chiefly either landholders of small property or farmers of the better class, whose means enabled them to serve on horse-back."

When the Covenanters, after receiving the volley of the dragoons, which passed over their heads by the act of prostrating themselves on the ground, observed the soldiers plunging in disorder, one of their leaders exclaimed—"Over the bog, and at them, lads." A loud shout arose, mingled with enthusiastic quotations from Scripture, such as, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon," and others pouring forth a considerable portion of nasal psalmody. The whole of the tumultuous insurgents rushed upon the dragoons with irresistible violence, who, finding themselves so suddenly attacked, gave way, and attempted by reaching the dry ground to retreat backward up the hill. Some dreadful personal encounters took place, characterized by all the ferocious hatred which both parties entertained towards each other, and of which the combat between Balfour of Burleigh and Sergeant Bothwell is an excellent illustration. Colonel Graham did every thing which a commander could do by voice and example to rally his dragoons, but the pressure of the triumphant insurgents was overwhelming. His horse was killed under him, and he was often in the greatest personal danger. As the Covenanters entertained a fanatical and superstitious notion that he was impervious to lead, many an aim was deliberately taken at him with silver coins, and the narrow escapes he made were almost miraculous. Easily distinguished by his dress, he

was the foremost in all the charges he made at every favourable opportunity to arrest the pressure of the pursuers, and to cover the retreat of his dragoons. While thus employed he seemed to be invulnerable to the shot of the Covenanters, and as they viewed him "as a man gifted by the Evil Spirit with supernatural means of defence," they afterwards averred and thoroughly believed that "they saw the bullets recoil from his jack-boots and buff coat like hailstones from a rock of granite, as he galloped to and from amid the storm of the battle." But the bravery of the gallant Graham of Claverhouse was of no avail. It was in vain to contend with the enemy, more numerous and animated by an enthusiasm increased by the advantage they knew well they had gained, amid bogs and swamps; the horses were utterly useless, and became at every plunge more entangled in the morass. A hasty retreat was the only alternative, which was successfully done, leaving thirty-six of the dragoons dead upon the field, while the insurgents lost only six. To their disgrace, notwithstanding all their religious pretensions, they carried their madness so far as to employ themselves in mutilating and slashing the dead dragoons. They buried their own dead, one of whom, named Dingwall, had assisted in the murder of Archbishop Sharp of St Andrews, in Strathaven churchyard. There is still a monument to this man in that churchyard, on which there is an epitaph describing him as a *martyr to the faith of Christ*!

The guard over the two field-preachers also fled, leaving their prisoners pinioned in an out-house, the farm-stead of Upper Drumclog. When they found themselves at liberty, and overjoyed at the triumph of their party, they ran into the farmer's dwelling-house, and called for some one to cut the cords which bound them like a couple of condemned criminals. The farmer's wife, who was the only person in the house, bustled about, but could not find a knife, when one of the field-preachers recollected that he had one in

his own pocket, and told her to *ripe for't*. She soon found it in his capacious wallets, and set him and his companion at liberty. This knife was never reclaimed, and was kept for many years by the occupants of the farm as a valuable relic. It is stated that one of those field-preachers, named King, returned a jest which Colonel Graham uttered in the morning, by calling out to him, as he rode rapidly past, *to stay an' tak the afternoon's discourse along wi' him*.

The writer of the Statistical Account of the Parish of Strathaven gives it as his opinion, that if the insurgents had pursued the royal troops they might have cut every one of them off. This may be greatly doubted. It cannot be denied that it was not the superior bravery of the Covenanters, but the nature of the field of battle, which procured for them the victory, and if they had attempted a pursuit on firm ground, the dragoons would have inflicted on them a terrible vengeance. Of this, however, they seem to have been duly sensible, and they wisely abstained from running any such hazard. They contented themselves by singing psalms, and listening to long extemporaneous orations from the two liberated field-preachers.

Nevertheless, elated at their victory, they now resolved to take the field as aggressors, and in a district so deeply infected with enthusiasm as Lanarkshire was, it was an easy matter to collect adherents. Some thousands were brought together and organized before the 22d of June, the day on which the engagement at Bothwell Bridge took place. During the interval they made an attempt on Glasgow, towards which city Colonel Graham had retired with his discomfited band, but were repulsed with considerable loss. About the middle of the month they marched down Avondale to Hamilton, and in the neighbourhood of that town they resolved to hazard a battle with the royal forces now sent against them. They formed a kind of preaching camp at this place, and it has been truly

observed that the chief talent of their leaders consisted in extemporary praying and political expositions of the historical books of the Old Testament.

As soon as the Government in London was informed of the repulse sustained by Colonel Graham in his attack on the conventicle at Drumclog, and that the Covenanters were assembling in great numbers, Charles II. sent the celebrated and eventually unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, then commander-in-chief of all his forces, into Scotland, to put down the insurrection. The Duke left London on the 15th of June with a very few attendants; he arrived in the Scottish capital on the 19th, being only four days on the road—a remarkable instance of speed, when we consider what the mode of travelling between London and Edinburgh was in far more recent times; and on the 19th he marched westward at the head of a small body of English cavalry, the Scottish Guards, and some regiments of militia levied from the well-affected counties.

When the royal troops found the insurgents they were posted very securely on the Hamilton end of Bothwell Bridge, which was next to their stronghold district of Avondale. They were in number eight thousand, but none of the nobility and few gentlemen of note had joined them, the field-preachers being in reality the generals, though it is suspected that they were instigated to proceed to such extremities by some influential individuals in combination with the popular leaders in England. They showed great judgment in the choice of their position, but neither skill nor courage in any other part of their proceedings. The old and celebrated bridge over the Clyde at Bothwell, which has been long an object of intense interest, was then very different from what it at present appears. It was a long narrow bridge of four arches, about one hundred and twenty feet in length, and the breadth, exclusive of the parapets, was only twelve feet.

It was paved with round unhewn stones, resembling the ancient Roman roads in this country. In the centre it was fortified by a gateway, as was often the case in those times with bridges, and a man resided in a small house at one extremity to attend to the passage across. This gateway rose from the pier nearest the south-east bank, and the keeper's house stood at the other extremity—the house also serving as a kind of inn or *travellers' rest*, affording, as is often naively depicted on the sign-boards of country *publics* at the present time, *entertainment for men and horses*. Three-fourths of the bridge were left unprotected by the gateway upon that side from which any annoyance might proceed. Such was the far-famed Bothwell Bridge in 1679, and such it continued till 1826, although the gateway, gate, and the hostelry of the warden of the bridge, had been long removed, when, during the summer of the year now mentioned, twenty-two feet were added to the original breadth of twelve on the upper side, and thus, depriving it of nearly all its former features, it was converted into a broad and level structure corresponding to the excellent roads with which it is connected. The appearance of the country around is also completely changed. The great muir of Bothwell, through which the royal forces advanced to the bridge, is now a beautiful and fertile district; the summit of the knoll on which the Duke of Monmouth appeared on a white steed directing the fire of the artillery is now marked by a pretty little villa; and the then open space on the Hamilton end of the bridge, where the insurgents had posted themselves, is now turned into well enclosed fields and thriving plantations.

The Covenanters were commanded by the heroes of Drumclog, but Hamilton, who is designated by those who bitterly assail the Government as a “conscientious but weak-minded man,” and to “whose obstinacy the ruinous dissensions on the eve of the battle must chiefly be attributed,”

took no part in the engagement. Whether these charges be true or not it is unnecessary to inquire; but it is certain that discord, timidity, and confusion, prevailed among them. Some proposed to lay their grievances before Monmouth, a measure strongly opposed by Balfour of Burleigh and others, yet it prevailed, and messengers were sent to the Duke, who received them with great courtesy, but they were told that no negotiation would be entertained unless they made an unconditional surrender. They were informed that if they would trust to the royal mercy they would be favourably received. To this proposal they replied—"Yes, and hang next." They were allowed half an hour to consider the condition, which was scornfully rejected by these madmen, who were in no condition to resist, being without order, and having little ammunition.

The insurgents had taken the precaution to divest the bridge over which the royal troops were to advance of its parapets, as the Clyde was not fordable for a considerable way above it, and they had also barricaded the gateway. For the defence of the bridge they had posted at the hostelry of the warder three hundred of their best men, under the command, it is generally said, of Hackston of Rathillet, but one Ure of Shargarton claims this honour for himself, and Hamilton, who had hitherto acted as the nominal leader in their former exploits, ascribes it to one John Fowler, who was afterwards killed at Aird's Moss. The main body of the insurgents lay in dense masses within a quarter of a mile of the bridge.

On the morning of Sunday, the 22d of June, the half hour of grace having expired, a few shots were exchanged between a royal picquet and the party posted to defend the bridge. The Duke of Monmouth now advanced to disperse the tumultuary band, whose physical strength had been completely rendered unavailing by religious dissensions and prudential considerations. Instead of being

drawn up in line of battle, and prepared to take advantage of the strong and advantageous position they occupied, they were crowding together, as a well known author observes, in a confined mass that rolled and agitated itself like the waves of the sea, while thousands of tongues spoke or rather vociferated, and not a single ear to listen. To some parties the field-preachers were haranguing on their usual religious topics, blended with passages and illustrations from the Old Testament, bitter denunciations of the King, the royal forces, Graham of Claverhouse, Erastianism, Prelacy, Nullifidians, lukewarm Presbyterians, and Anti-Covenanters. At length some degree of order was obtained, and they suffered themselves to be formed into ranks with the docility of a flock of sheep, exhibiting at the same time no more courage or energy, but rather experiencing a sinking of the heart at their impending fate. Some of the field-preachers prevailed upon a number, after the manner of Drumclog, to strike up a psalm, but this attempt was observed by several of the superstitious among them as an ill omen, for it sank into "a quaver of consternation," and "resembled," says the Author of *Waverley*, "rather a penitentiary stave sung on the scaffold of a condemned criminal, than the bold strain which had resounded along the wild heath of Loudon Hill in anticipation of that day's victory. The melancholy melody soon received a rough accompaniment, for the cannon began to fire on one side, and the musquetry on both, and the bridge of Bothwell, with the banks adjacent, were involved in wreaths of smoke."

The Duke of Monmouth, mounted on a superb white charger, was conspicuous on the Bothwell side of the river, animating his troops and giving directions to his artillery, but the cannon of those times were wrought much more slowly than at the present day, and did not produce the effect to the extent anticipated. The two regiments of

Foot Guards, formed into close column, rushed forward to the Clyde, and deploying along the right bank, one corps commenced a galling fire on the defenders of the bridge, while another pressed on to occupy the important pass. The Covenanters sustained the attack with considerable courage, one party returning the fire across the river, and another discharging their musquets upon the further end of the bridge, and every avenue by which it could be approached by the soldiers. Those under Hackston of Rathillet, or whoever was the commander, who defended the bridge, made a gallant resistance till their ammunition was spent, when, afraid of being exposed to the fire of the artillery, now directed chiefly against the bridge, they retired towards the main body. This finished the encounter. The portal gate was broken open by the royal troops, the trunks of trees and other materials of the barricade were thrown into the river; and when a portion of the royal forces passed over, they found the insurgents in irrecoverable confusion. The noise of the artillery made the rude work-horses, on which some of them were mounted, completely unmanageable, and they galloped about treading down many of the foot. The Duke of Monmouth crossed the bridge with the Foot Guards, followed by General Dalzell at the head of a body of Lennox Highlanders, who raised their tremendous war-cry of *Loch-sloy*. Graham of Claverhouse now appeared, burning with revenge for his defeat at Drumclog; and at the head of his dragoons, who on the same account partook of their Colonel's exasperation, he fell on the distracted rustics with a fury irresistible, while the royal troops were peaceably forming on the other side of the river now gained by the passage of the bridge. A flight ensued, for few were anxious to encounter the wrath of Claverhouse and his dragoons. No fewer than seven hundred of the insurgents fell in the action, and especially in the pursuit, and twelve hundred surrendered and

were made prisoners. If Monmouth had not interfered, and ordered the fugitives to be spared, the slaughter would have been much greater. With his characteristic mildness and clemency he restrained the fury of the royal troops, and ordered them to spare all who submitted. The loss on the side of the victors was very little. There is a curious tradition that the piper of Graham of Claverhouse was mortally wounded while standing on a steep bank of the Clyde, and playing the air of the well-known Jacobite song, *Awa', Whigs, awa'*. The man rolled down the declivity still blowing his bagpipes, and setting forth a strain odious to the insurgents, until the river received him, and silenced him for ever.

Such of the prisoners as promised to live peaceably were dismissed; some hundreds, who were so obstinate as to refuse any conditions, were shipped at Leith for Barbadoes, but were wrecked, and all of them, except forty, drowned on the voyage—a violent tempest overtaking them in the Orkneys. Many of the fugitives found a refuge in the wooded domain of Hamilton Palace, where they were protected by the Duchess Anne, the eldest surviving daughter of James first Duke of Hamilton, who was beheaded for his loyal attachment to Charles I. in March 1649. Her Grace sent a message to the Duke of Monmouth, desiring him to prevent his soldiers *from trespassing upon her grounds*. Hamilton, the commander at the conflict of Drumclog, and some of the leaders, fled to Ayrshire, and were accommodated for a night in Loudon Castle, but the Earl would not see them in person. As a specimen of the insanity of the insurgents occasioned by their religious tenets, it may be mentioned, that when Hamilton became heir to his elder brother he refused to take possession of the estate, simply because, in the legal business which must have attended his infestment, he would have been obliged to acknowledge King William, who was not only an *uncove-*

nanted King, but obstinately refused to show any countenance to that extraordinary document.

Two of the field-preachers taken prisoners at Bothwell, named King and Kid, were carried prisoners to Edinburgh, and as it was resolved to make an example of them, they were indicted before the High Court of Justiciary for being with the rebels, and having incurred the penalties of high treason. They were executed on the 14th of August at the Cross of Edinburgh, and their heads were affixed on the Tolbooth. Their execution took place on the afternoon of that day on which the Magistrates of the city proclaimed the King's indemnity in their robes, amid the ringing of bells and the sounding of trumpets; but although this act of indemnity was granted, the subsequent proceedings of the Covenanters made it of little avail.

THE EXPLOITS OF FRANCIS STEWART, EARL OF BOTHWELL.*

REIGN OF JAMES VI.

THERE are two Earls of Bothwell who make a prominent figure in Scottish history—the notorious Earl who planned and achieved the murder of Lord Darnley, and who married Queen Mary, which was one of the causes of her ruin; and Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell, who was the plague of King James VI. This nobleman was the eldest son of John Stewart, Prior of Coldingham, an ille-

* *Historie of King James the Sext*; *Piteairn's Criminal Trials*; *Birrel's Diary*; *Douglas' Peerage*; *Sir James Balfour's Annals*; *Sir James Melville's Memoirs*; *Spottiswoode's History*.

gitimate son of James V. by a daughter of Sir John Carmichael of Crawford, afterwards married to Sir John Somerville of Cambusnethan. The Prior obtained what is called a charter of legitimation under the Great Seal of Scotland in February 1550-1, and he married in January 1561-2 Lady Jane Hepburn, only daughter of Patrick third Earl of Bothwell, and sister of the notorious Earl already mentioned. This marriage was celebrated at Seton House in East Lothian with great splendour, Queen Mary honouring the nuptials with her presence. Two sons were the offspring, of whom Francis was the elder, who was on account of his descent from the Hepburns created Earl of Bothwell, and appointed Lord High Admiral of Scotland, in July 1587. In the previous year he had been one of the commissioners for concluding a treaty with England.

The Earl of Bothwell returned to Scotland from France in 1582, and soon took part against James Stewart, Earl of Arran, the most unprincipled of all the favourites of James VI. In conjunction with Lord Home and the Laird of Cowdenknows he fortified Kelso, and bade defiance to Arran's power. But one of his first and most notorious exploits happened on the 30th of July 1588. He had a personal quarrel with Sir William Stewart some time before, and in the course of the altercation Sir William, in the presence of the King, bade the Earl kiss a certain part of the body not to be mentioned to ears polite. Bothwell was furious at this insulting taunt, and made a vow that he would do so to his no great pleasure. Accidentally meeting with Sir William in the Blackfriars Wynd of Edinburgh on the above-mentioned day, the Earl told him that he would now do what he had formerly requested him, and drawing his sword, put his antagonist on his defence, pushing him up against the wall of one of the houses. Bothwell made a thrust at Sir William, and ran him

through the body. He walked away with the utmost deliberation, leaving Sir William Stewart lying dead in the alley, and there is no evidence that he was ever seriously prosecuted for this murder.

This is the account of the affair given by the gossiping citizen of Auld Reekie named Birrel in his "Diary," and as he lived at the time he probably gives it as commonly reported in Edinburgh. But in the "Historie of King James the Sext" it is somewhat differently told. Sir William Stewart was a brother of James Stewart, commonly called Captain Stewart of Bothwellmuir, second son of Lord Ochiltree, by Lady Margaret Hamilton, only daughter of the first Earl of Arran by his wife Beatrix Drummond. The Captain, who was the chief accuser of the Earl of Morton as accessory to the murder of Lord Darnley, was created Earl of Arran in 1581. We are told that his brother Sir William was "in his qualities and behaviour nothing different from his brother the Earl of Arran," and if such was the case we may easily infer his character from that given of Arran himself by all historians, and as expressed by Principal Robertson:—"He was remarkable for all the vices which rendered a man formidable to his country and a pernicious counsellor to his prince, nor did he possess one virtue to counterbalance these vices, unless dexterity in conducting his own designs, and an enterprising courage, superior to the sense of danger, may pass by that name." The two brothers must have been two of the most profligate men of their time. As it respects the quarrel between Bothwell and Sir William, we are told that the latter uttered "*uncomely words* upon a day in the King's chamber against Francis Earl Bothwell. The said Bothwell, having regard to the place, said nothing at the time," but it "fortuned Bothwell and Sir William to encounter with their companies, when the former made the first onset for the former injurie, accompanied with a

brother of Patrick Master of Gray, and after a light combat Sir William was killed out of hand. Bothwell fled for certain days, uncalled, unpursued, and unpunished for this fact.—The wicked examples of unpunished slaughter engendered such insolence in the hearts of the people, that they found both the King and his officers so slothful and negligent in their offices, that cruelty and murder increased as a popular sickness through all the land.”

The deplorable state of Scotland at this time is fully proved by the fact that Bothwell still continued to enjoy the royal favour, and when James VI. went to Denmark on his marriage expedition in 1589, he and the Duke of Lennox were actually left to govern the kingdom during his Majesty's absence. It is recorded, however, to the credit of Bothwell and his colleague the Duke of Lennox, who was a most amiable and deserving nobleman, that “in very deed all this time greater peace, tranquillity, and justice, were not heard of long before.” But it seems that Bothwell, whose mad brain was in continual motion, intrigued with certain witches, whose place of meeting was at North Berwick kirk, “some,” we are quaintly told, “of the *masculine*, and others of the *feminine* kind,” one of the chief of whom was a celebrated hag called Agnes Sampson or Simpson, known by the soubriquet of the *wise wife of Keith*, and a man named Richard Graham, both of whom were afterwards burnt for their alleged practices in sorcery and witchcraft. The principal object of the assembling of those ignorant wretches was to raise a storm which would be the destruction of James VI. and Queen Anne during their voyage to Scotland in 1590, and she confessed that she had been consulted by the Earl of Bothwell, who had “divers times demanded of her concerning his own estate and worldly success; also one Richard Graham, sorcerer, confessed the like.” It thus appears, and indeed his whole conduct justifies the inference, that Bothwell was foolish

enough to entertain some ambitious views towards the crown, and heartily wished that the King would be drowned in his voyage homewards.

The usual rendezvous was at North Berwick kirk, and the account of the meeting of those *lieges of Satan* on this occasion, as they considered themselves, is a most extraordinary specimen of the deplorable ignorance which prevailed in Scotland. Sir James Melville, in his "Memoirs," tells it in the following manner, which is corroborated by the original records of the Court of Justiciary.—“ A renowned midwife, called Annie Sampson, affirmed that she, in company with nine other witches, being convened in the night beside Prestonpans, the devil their master standing in the midst of them, a body of wax, shapen and made by the said Anny Sampson, wrapt with a linen cloth, was first delivered to the devil, who, after he had pronounced his verdict, delivered the said wax picture to Anny Sampson, and she to her next marrow, and so to every one round about, saying, ‘ This is King James the Sixth, ordained to be consumed at the instance of a noble man, Francis Earl Bothwell.’ Afterwards, again at their meeting by night in the kirk of North Berwick, where the devil, clad in a black gown, with a black hat upon his head, preached unto a great number of them out of the pulpit, having like lighted candles round about him. The effect of his language was to know what *skaith* they had done, how many they had won to their opinion since their last meeting, what success the melting of the wax figure had, and such vain toys. And because an old silly poor ploughman, called *Grey Meill*, chanced to say that *nothing ailed the King yet, God be thanked*, the devil gave him a great blow. Then divers among them entered into a reasoning, marvelling that all their devilry could do no harm to the King, as it had done to others. The devil answered—‘ *Il est une homme de Dieu.*’ Now, after that the devil had

ended his delusions, he came down out of the pulpit. His body was hard like iron, as they thought that handled him, his face was terrible, his nose like the beak of an eagle, great burning *een* (eyes), his hands and legs were hairy, with claws upon his hands and feet like the griffin, and he spoke with a hollow voice."

All this miserable delusion, which was the common belief of the times, was duly communicated to the King after his return, and Bothwell was cited to appear before the Secret Council, which he obeyed, though, according to Sir James Melville, his Lordship when informed of the matter voluntarily surrendered himself a prisoner in the Castle of Edinburgh, very naturally insisting that "the devil, wha was a lyer from the beginning, nor yet his sworn witches, aucht not to be credited." But in the "Historie of King James the Sext" we are told that, after appearing before the Lords of the Secret Council, and most probably denying the whole matter, he was "immediately committed to prison within the Castle of Edinburgh till farther trial should be taken of him. For the King, at the persuasion of Chancellor Maitland, suspected the said Bothwell, that he meant and intended some evil against his person, and remained long constant in that opinion divers years after. The King wrote to all the nobility at diverse times to convene for his trial, but they all disobeyed, because they knew that the King had no just occasion of grief, nor crime to allege against him, but only at the instigation of Chancellor Maitland, whom they all hated to the death for his proud arrogance used in Denmark against the Earl Marischal." The *Chancellor Maitland* here mentioned was Sir John Maitland, a brother of the celebrated Maitland of Lethington, and he had some transactions with the Earl of Bothwell, as we find that he exchanged the Abbey of Kelso, which he held *in commendam*, for the Priory of Coldingham with that nobleman. He was literally Vice-Chan-

cellor only, a title which he received from King James VI. when in 1586 he was appointed Keeper of the Great Seal for life. The Earl Marischal was George fifth Earl, who founded the Marischal College in Aberdeen, and who was sent ambassador extraordinary to the court of Denmark to settle the marriage of the King with the Princess Anne of Denmark.

But we find that Bothwell was brought to trial on the 28th of May 1589, along with the Earls of Huntly and Crawford, on a charge of high treason and other alleged crimes, and especially as having formed a design to subvert the Protestant religion. It appears that among other projects of those restless noblemen, a design was formed to seize the King's person in Holyroodhouse, and a meeting was appointed to be held at the Quarry Holes, in the vicinity between Leith and Edinburgh, to concoct their measures. Notwithstanding their denial of all the charges brought against them they were found guilty of high treason, and the infliction of capital punishment would have followed, but the King would not consent to their execution, and the matter was allowed to remain in abeyance for upwards of two years, when the Earls of Huntly and Crawford received a full pardon, and declared to be "free, remitted, and discharged of all the crimes above written." This pardon was granted on the 16th of July 1591.

Bothwell remained a prisoner within the Castle of Edinburgh on the charge of "alleged witchcraft and consulting with witches to conspire the King's death," on his voyage from Denmark to Scotland; but he soon got tired of his restraint, and effected his escape by the agency of a gentleman named Lauder, who happened to be the captain of the watch, and who fled with him. This aggravation revived the prosecution against him, and on the 25th of June 1591, sentence of forfeiture was pronounced against him at the Cross of Edinburgh—one Ninian Chirnside his *servitor*

having been outlawed a month before for treasonably conspiring the death of the King "by witchcraft, sorceries, and utheres traitorous and diabolically means." He was declared a "rebel, traitour, and enemie to God, his Majestie, and this his native cuntrie," and it was pronounced high treason for any one to "reset, supply, show favour, intercommune, or have intelligence with him."

The Earl fled to Caithness, but he afterwards repaired to the Borders, the usual refuge of all of his rank under the ban of the law, and there endeavoured to raise a force to brave the King and the Government. This conduct greatly exasperated King James, who, on the 2d of August 1591, issued a proclamation for the pursuit of the Earl, and his Majesty resolved to march against him in person. The "earls, lords, barons, feuers, freeholders, landed gentlemen, and *substanceous yeomen*, together with the inhabitants of boroughs between sixty and sixteen years of age, dwelling within the bounds of the sheriffdoms of Edinburgh, and within the constabulary of Haddington, Berwick, and Roxburgh, as well regality as royalty," were commanded that "they and *ilk ane* of them, *weel bodin in feir of war*, repair to his Majesty at Edinburgh upon the sixth day of August instant." But on the 7th of that month the King abandoned his valorous intentions, for a proclamation was issued dispensing with the attendance of his subjects, as his Majesty had given up the project of proceeding to the Borders against Bothwell. It appears, however, that Bothwell was acquitted of the charge of witchcraft, although several wretched individuals were put to death for this alleged crime, some of whom accused the Earl of having consulted them to know when the death of the King would take place, and confessing that they had employed their *art* to raise storms to endanger the life of Queen Anne, which had detained James in Denmark, though it does not appear that he was ever in a haste to return.

Bothwell had sufficient influence while residing in exile on the Borders to collect together a number of retainers, and he maintained a correspondence with some of the nobility who were the personal enemies of Maitland. Under the pretence of driving that functionary from the royal councils he came to Edinburgh on the 27th of December 1591, and being favoured by some of the King's attendants, he was admitted late in the evening into the palace-yard of Holyroodhouse, in which the King was then residing. As soon as his adherents gained admission into the courtyard of the palace, which they achieved about supper time, they raised a shout—"Justice! justice! A Bothwell! a Bothwell!" He advanced directly to the royal apartments, but before he made any progress the alarm was taken, and the doors of the rooms and galleries were carefully secured. He attempted to force open some of the doors with hammers and other weapons, and called for fire to burn those which were made too secure to be broken except by the utmost violence, but the alarm was soon communicated to the city, and the inhabitants ran to arms. An attack was also made on the Queen's apartments, on the supposition that the King would be there, but the door of the gallery was ably defended by Henry Lindsay, the master of her Majesty's household, and the King was conveyed to a turret above the apartments. His Majesty gained this singular place of refuge in the *nick of time*, for the doors were broken in various parts by the sledge hammers of the assailants, who were vociferating for fire to consume what remained. During the assault a gentleman named Scot, brother of Scot of Balwearie in Fife, was shot in the thigh while acting against Bothwell. This audacious and violent invasion of the Palace of Holyrood is thus recorded by Birrel, but it is erroneously stated to have occurred on the 27th of *September*, instead of *December*, which is probably a typographical blunder.—"The Earl Bothwell made a

steer in the Abbey of Holyroodhouse, who came in over the house on the south side of the palace, and the said Earl, taking too great presumption, he with his complices strake with ane hammer at his Majesty's chamber door, and in the meantime all the noblemen and gentlemen of his Majesty's house rose, who thought to have taken the said Earl and his complices. The said Earl fled, yet he returned at the south side of the abbey, where the said Earl and his complices slew his Majesty's master stabler, named William Shaw, and one with him named Mr Peter Shaw. But the King's folks took eight men of Bothwell's faction, and on the morrow hanged them all without an assize (trial) betwixt the Girth Cross and the Abbey gate. The 28th of December the King's Majesty came to St Giles' kirk, and there made an oration anent the fray made by Bothwell, and William Shaw's slaughter, his master stabler."

It was Bothwell's intention to seize Maitland as well as to obtain possession of the royal person. In the "Historie of King James the Sext" we are informed—"It was supposed that Chancellor Maitland was foreseen of this matter by advertisement of James not an half hour before, whereby his life was safe from that apparent invasion; for immediately before supper he (the King) entered the Chancellor's hall, spoke with him, drank at the cupboard, and then went his way; so that when they were frustrated of entry at the King and Queen's chamber door, they went last of all to the Chancellor's house, where they were repulsed, both by force of the doors and shot of musquets, that hurt sundry of them. At last the courtiers assembled another way, and with staves and other offensive weapons repulsed Bothwell, and took *nine* of his men, who were all hanged on the following morning on a new gallows that was erected forenent the palace gate for that purpose; and this was done upon the 28th day of December 1591." Maitland

was greatly alarmed at this daring riot, and “mistrusting certain courtiers of this enterprise, not without great occasion, thought necessary to fortify himself with the assistance of friends ; and for the *mair safetie* of his person he thought expedient to dwell in Edinburgh guarded by soldiers during the night, and honest friendly gentlemen on the day in great number.”

Sir James Melville gives us his account of the matter, which is a curious illustration of the internal state of the palace of Holyroodhouse at the time.—“At their first entry within the palace,” he says, “I was sitting at supper with my Lord Duke of Lennox, who incontinently took his sword and pressed forth ; but he had no company, and the place was already full of enemies. We were compelled to fortify the doors and stairs with tables, forms, and stools, and be spectators of that strange hurly-burly for the space of an hour, beholding with torchlight forth of the Duke’s gallery their reeling, their rumbling with halberts, the clacking of their culverins and pistols, the dunting of mells and hammers, and their crying for justice. There was a passage betwixt the Chancellor’s (Maitland) chamber and my Lord Duke’s by a stair, and during the fray the Chancellor came up the said stair, and desired entry into my Lord Duke’s chamber. My Lord Duke by my advice desired him to cause his men to hold out at the nether door as long as they might, and offered to receive himself within the chamber, which the Chancellor took in evil part, and suspected my Lord Duke, and so returned to his chamber, and defended himself the best way he could. As soon as my Lord Duke saw a company of friends within the close, he went forth to pursue the Earl of Bothwell and his company. but the night was dark, and they took themselves speedily to their horses and escaped. They being retired, we got entry to her Majesty’s chamber, whither the King

was for the time come down, where his Majesty discoursed with me a good space concerning this terrible attempt, and of his many hard misfortunes."

It is stated by Sir James that he and his brother Sir Robert Melville had obtained private information of this outrage two days before it took place, and the King had received timely warning, which he had thought proper to disregard. His Majesty "was the next day," says Sir James, "going out to hunt, which coming to my brother's ears, he rose out of his bed in his shirt, only in his night gown, and came forth to the outer close of the Abbey and took his Majesty by the bridle, for he was already upon horseback, using many persuasions to have stayed him, though all in vain; for we were in doubt whether the enterprise would be executed in the fields or in the palace. After this attempt his Majesty went up to the town of Edinburgh for his greater security, where there were divers new enterprises made."

This extraordinary outrage in such a place as Holyroodhouse revived the prosecutions of Bothwell and his accomplices, among whom we find his Countess, who was Lady Margaret Douglas, daughter of the seventh Earl of Angus and widow of Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch, James Douglas of Spot, Archibald Wauchope, younger of Niddry, and other country gentlemen. On the 5th of June 1592, the forfeiture and attainder of Bothwell and his associates, for "invading his Majesty's maist noble person by fyre and sword, breaking up his chamber-doors with fore-hammers, and cruelly slaying his Highness' servants," was ratified by Parliament.

Lord Spynie, who was so intimate with the King as sometimes to be his bed-fellow, was accused by the Master of Glamis, with whom he was at feud, of having been "a dealer with the Earl of Bothwell, and upon that was for a time decourted. Young Logie was also thought to have

had much dealing with the said Earl, and was accused, taken, and warded for the same; but he escaped out of a window in Dalkeith, by the help of a Danish gentlewoman whom he afterwards married." This happened during a short residence of the King and the court at Dalkeith. *Young Logie*, as Sir James Melville observes, was a gentleman named Wemyss, who, when "dilated as a trafficker with Francis Earl Bothwell" before the King and Council, confessed "his accusation to be of veritie." The lady was one of the Danish attendants of Queen Anne, and the escape of *Young Logie* is thus quaintly narrated in the "Historie of King James the Sext," as "proceeding from honest chaste love and charitie, whilk sould on na wise be obscured from the posteritie for the gude example."—"Queen Anne, our noble princess, was served with divers gentlewomen of her awin cuntrie, and namely with ane called Mistress Margaret Twynstoun, to whom this gentleman, Wemyss of Logie, bore great affection, tending to the godlie band of mariage, the whilk was honestly requitit by the said gentlewoman, yea even in his greatest *mister* (necessity); for howsone she understood the said gentleman to be in distress, and apparently by his confession to be punished to the death, and she having privilege to lie in the Queen's chalmer that same verie night of his accusation, whare the King was also reposing that same night, she came furth of the door privelie, baith the princes being then at quiet rest, and passed to the chalmer whare the said gentleman was put in custodie, to certaine of the guard, and commanded them that immediately he should be brought to the King and Queen, whereunto they giving sure credence obeyed it. But howsone she was come back to the chalmer door, she desired the watches to stay till he should come forth again; and so she closed the door, and conveyed the gentleman to a window, whare she ministrated a lang corde unto him to convey himself down

upon, and sae by her gude charitable help he happily escaped by the subtiltie of love."

But Bothwell either cared little for these serious proceedings against him, or he was rendered desperate by the position in which he was placed as outlawed, forfeited, and attainted. He now conducted himself in the most reckless and imprudent manner, presuming doubtless on the attachment of the King, which even his recent conduct had not altogether obliterated. Although he escaped from the outrage attempted at Holyroodhouse with great difficulty, yet, in defiance of the proceedings in Parliament against him, he was still determined to obtain possession of the King's person. A few days after Bothwell's attainder was ratified by Parliament, and sundry of his partisans had been denounced as rebels for *resetting* him and his accomplices, the King proceeded from Holyroodhouse to his favourite hunting palace of Falkland in Fife, where he generally spent the summer and autumn months. His Majesty was followed thither by Bothwell and his partisans, who on the 17th of July made another desperate attempt in Falkland Palace to seize the King's person, in which he was aided and abetted by several influential individuals connected with the court. The King was feebly defended by certain persons who ought to have evinced very different conduct, and Bothwell would probably have been successful, if he had not been foiled by the fidelity and vigilance of Sir Robert Melville, and also by the irresolution of his own followers. Sir James Melville thus narrates the enterprise:—"My brother that same night, by the way was advertised by one of the Earl of Bothwell's company that he was already in Fife, and would be in Falkland about supper time, upon which advertisement he sent *his gentleman*, called Robert Affleck, to acquaint his Majesty therewith, and request him to enter within the tower in due time. When the said Robert declared the matter to his Majesty they all laughed

him to scorn, calling him a fool. The said Robert returning in ill humour to be so mocked, met the Earl of Bothwell and his company on the heights of the Lomonds, when it was already dark night, and returned as if he had been one of their company. He used great diligence to be first at his Majesty. Entering within the palace he closed the gates himself, and cried continually to cause his Majesty enter within the tower, who at length believed him, and mocked him no more." The tower of Falkland here mentioned is that part of the palace in which the Duke of Rothsay, eldest son of Robert III., was inhumanly confined, and doomed to the cruel fate of dying by famine. In it also the first scene of the well-known Gowrie Conspiracy began, as appears from the account published by the royal authority.

Sir James Melville continues—"The Earl of Bothwell at his coming had potards to break up gates and doors. It was not without ground declared that some of those who shot out of the tower for his Majesty's defence *charged their culverins with paper*. But some of his Majesty's household officers shot out bullets, which gave the Earl and his company a great scare; as also his (the King) being in the tower before he was surprised. Supposing that the country would gather together, the said Earl and his company retired and fled, none pursuing them, whereas a few might easily have overtaken and overthrown them." But although Bothwell was foiled in this enterprise, he contrived to "spuilzie the King's stables, and reft many horses out of the town of Falkland, as also furth of the Park."

In Birrel's Diary this enterprise is duly recorded, and some curious particulars are noticed:—"Upon the 17th of July the Earl of Bothwell with his complices made a fray at Falkland, his Majesty being there, and thereafter his Majesty came over the water, and upon the 26th of this

same month his Majesty made an oration concerning the fray in the great kirk (St Giles') of Edinburgh. Immediately after the fray Bothwell and his men came over the water, and there were eighteen of them taken in Calder Muir and in other parts near Calder Muir, lying sleeping for want of rest and entertainment, and immediately after their taking they were all brought to Edinburgh and hanged. At the same time the Lairds of Niddrie and Samuelston [both of whom were devoted partisans of Bothwell, and were included in the sentence of forfeiture passed against him] were taken by John Lord Hamilton, and warded in the castle of Draphane, and came with them to Edinburgh, thinking to have gotten grace to them from his Majesty. He came to his Majesty's lodgings at the Netherbow; and going into Mr John Laing's house, where his Majesty lodged, the guard standing above the port (gate) with their hackbuts, guns, and other weapons, the foresaid guard seeing my Lord Hamilton, for the honour of his Lordship shot ane volley at my Lord. There was ane man, speaking to his Lordship, shot through the head, ane other near him shot through the leg, and ane bullet struck the lintel of the gate just above my Lord's head where he stood, yet no more harm done, so that by mere accident the said Lord Hamilton had most been slain, and not through any evil will. The Lord Hamilton seeing that he could get no grace to the said two gentlemen, sent word to his bastard son Sir John, who conveyed the said two gentlemen away, and went with them himself for their safety." It appears, however, that the Laird of Niddrie had sufficient influence to be restored to the King's favour, and the act of forfeiture was rescinded.

Bothwell fled to England, where he was taken under the protection of Queen Elizabeth. He left his Countess in Scotland, who was received into the royal favour on the 17th of November, but the proceedings of her restless hus-

band soon deprived her of this advantage, and on the 23d of November a proclamation was issued, ordering that no one “should *reset* her, give her entertainment, or have any commerce of society with her in any case.” Birrel naïvely observes—“Behold the changes of Courts.” This was followed up by another on the 8th of December, all resetters and assisters of Bothwell having been ordered in time coming to approach no nearer to the royal presence than *ten miles*; but many of them having disobeyed, warrant was issued to the Lord Provost and Magistrates of Edinburgh to apprehend “Dame Margaret Douglas, Countess of Bothwell, Archibald Wauchope, younger of Niddrie, who had again lost the royal favour, John Hamilton of Samuelston, Sir James Scott of Balwearie, Andrew Ker of Fernihirst, Walter Scott of Harden,” and several gentlemen, all avowed partisans of the Earl. Meanwhile the law was not allowed to be idle against Bothwell himself, as far as it respects proclamations. One was issued for his pursuit, another promised rewards to those who would give information of his *resetters* and accomplices, threatening them with “fire, sword, and all other kind of rigour,” if they wilfully concealed the same. A third set forth that “as divers of the thieves and traitors that lately assaulted his Majesty’s person within his *awin palice* of Falkland, after their great *spuilzie and heirschipps committed upon the horses and guidis of the faithful and gude subjects of this realm*, in their shameful flight and returning *hameward*, are taken in divers parts within the sherifffdoms and boroughs of Lanark and Peebles, whose *takers* will nawise present them to justice without they be compelled,”—all such persons were therefore to be held as traitors. On the 13th of July 1592, John Pennycook of that Ilk and Mark Aitchison of Aitchison’s Haven were denounced rebels for resetting Bothwell and his accomplices, but this was a few days before the attempt at Falkland; on the 20th of July Wal-

ter Scott of Harden is denounced rebel for not appearing to answer for his concern in the "late treasonable attempt committed against his Majesty's person at Falkland;" and on the 10th of August another gentleman named Philip Scott was similarly denounced. On the 29th of that month Alexander Lord Spynie was ordained to be put to the *knowledge of an assize* before the Justiciary Court in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, "the 12th day of September next to come, for the treasonable reset within his place of Aberdour of Francis sometime Earl of Bothwell, and for intelligence had with him, that matters were packed up betwixt them for the raid of Falkland." In short, the criminal records abound with similar intimations, which show that Bothwell must have given the Government an infinitude of trouble. His chief partisans appear to have been the Earls of Angus and Argyle, Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch, his step-son, Sir William Stewart of Houston, and the Laird of Johnstone. The two Earls and the Laird of Johnstone were apprehended and imprisoned in the Castle of Edinburgh, but they contrived to "break ward" and escape.

All Bothwell's reseters and accomplices were denounced in an act signed by the King and the Privy Council at Holyroodhouse on the 1st of May that year. On the 8th of that month the Commendator of St Colm was outlawed for not appearing personally, and for not presenting Thomas Inglis, one of his domestics, "to have answerit to sic thingis as sould have been inquirit of them touching their treasonable ressett, supplie, and intercommuning with Francis sometime Earl of Bothwell." But one of the most singular proceedings of the Government was the prosecution of the town of Kelso. On the 12th of May the inhabitants, with only one exception—a person named William Lauder—were for the same offence ordered to find security that they shall "satisfy his Majesty's will in silver, providing the same his will shall not exceed the sum of 2000

merks." On the 17th judgment was given against them, and they were ordered to pay a fine of 1700 merks, and to find "caution in the Buikis of Secret Counsell that they shall not resett, supplie, or intercommune with the said sometime Earl or his accomplices, furnish them meit, drink, house, nor harboring, under whatsomever collour or prentence, under the penalty of *two* thousand punds."

So numerous are the denouncings of Bothwell's partisans at this time, that one would almost think the Government did nothing else than level its anathemas against them. On the 1st of June 1593, the whole affair was brought before the Criminal Court, and the *sometime Earl*, with four gentlemen, were summoned "for certain crymes of treasoun and lesemajestie," at the instance of Mr David Macgill and Mr John Skene, "advocates to our sovereign lord." In the summons, which is a long document in Latin, the invading of the Palaces of Holyroodhouse and Falkland and other matters are all recapitulated; the previous "summons and executions" were produced, with "letters of relaxation," dated March 16, 1592-3, bearing that Bothwell had been "relaxit frae the process of horning led against him." On the 21st of July the Earl was *called of new*, as it is technically termed, at the window of the Tolbooth of Edinburgh—the well-known Heart of Mid-Lothian; and failing of course to appear, he was solemnly declared a traitor, his property was confiscated, and his armorial-bearings were torn by the heralds at the Cross in the presence of a great number of spectators.

Yet Bothwell had many powerful friends, especially the noblemen and gentlemen of his own name of Stewart, who appear to have viewed all these proceedings with great indifference. He attempted to form a party in his favour among the Presbyterian ministers, whose influence at that period was very great, and who were able whenever they pleased to annoy the King, and set the Government at de-

fiance. It is said that Queen Elizabeth interceded for his pardon, and he was invited back to Scotland by the Duke of Lennox, the Earl of Athole, and Lord Ochiltree, all noblemen of his own name, to whom he was related. We are told in the "Historie of King James the Sext," that before the acts of the Parliament of 1593, which ratified the forfeiture, "were perfectly penned and agreed upon in all points, the noblemen and gentlemen of the Stewarts thought themselves so far interested, that their blood was causeless shed without redress, and Bothwell long banished without a cause." In fact, the repeated proclamations against him, in which he and his *resetters* were denounced in the most unmeasured language, had excited a vast sympathy in his favour, and many, especially the enemies of the Court favourites, viewed him as a persecuted individual—the victim of private and family resentment. A number of his friends held a meeting at Edinburgh, and it was resolved to take advantage of the odium which Chancellor Maitland had recently incurred, to invite Bothwell to appear before the King, and to "offer himself to his clemency and mercy." The Duke of Lennox was afraid of Maitland's restoration to favour, and as he knew well that the King was apt to give way to private solicitations, and to vacillate in all matters of importance when his feelings were worked upon by intriguing courtiers, he "saw that it was mair neidful that Bothwell, as a freynd and kynsman, should be restored than the Chancellor."

The Earl soon made his appearance among his friends at Edinburgh, and it was arranged that he should present himself before the King on the 24th of July in Holyrood-house. It is stated that he seized the gates of the palace, and was introduced into the royal apartments with a number of armed followers. The King, deserted by his attendants, and incapable of resisting a band of armed men, called to Bothwell to consummate his treasons by piercing his sove-

reign to the heart; but the Earl fell on his knees, and implored pardon. James yielded from necessity to his entreaties, and a few days afterwards actually signed a capitulation with this rebellious and outlawed peer, to whom he was now in reality a prisoner, in which he pledged himself to grant him a remission of all past offences, to procure a ratification of it in Parliament, and to dismiss Chancellor Maitland and certain others from his councils and presence. Bothwell on his part promised to withdraw from the Court, and to live peaceably on his own estate.

The two contemporary chroniclers relate this second invasion of the Palace of Holyroodhouse in an amusing manner. "The 24th of July," says Birrel, "at eight hours in the morning, the Earl of Bothwell, the Laird of Spott, Mr William Leslie, and Mr James Colville, came into the King's chalmer well provided with pistols. This Earl and his complices came not this way provided with pistols and drawn swords to harm the King's Majesty any wise, but because he could not get presence of his Majesty, nor speech of him, for the Homes, who were courtiers with the King, and enemies of the said Earl of Bothwell; so they came into his Majesty's chalmer, resolving not to be held back till they had spoken with him. And after they came in, his Majesty was coming frae the back-stair, and *his breeks in his hand in ane feir*, howbeit he needed not. The foresaid Bothwell and his complices fell upon their knees, and begged mercy at his Majesty, and his Majesty being wise, merciful, a noble prince of great pity, not desirous of bluid," continues the Courtly diarist, "granted them mercy, and received them into his favour. At four hours afternoon he caused proclaim them his free lieges, and upon the 27th the same proclamation of the Earl of Bothwell's peace was renewed at the Cross with heralds and trumpets sounding for joy."

In the "Historie of King James the Sext" the enter-

prise is more particularly narrated. We are told that "Bothwell was lodged all night preceding in my Lady Gowrie's house, whilk is situated at the backside of the King's palace [probably in the neighbourhood of the lane leading from the King's Park to the Abbey Hill which is called *Croft-an-righ*], where there is a patent passage at all times; and when the noblemen (the Duke of Lennox and others) were potently entered the King's chalmers, and the rest of the gentlemen of Stewarts and their dependents become masters of the inner and outer courts, possessing all the keys of the entries by quiet subtle force, the word was immediately sent to my Lady Gowrie's lodging, the Countess of Athole being then within the palace, as it had been to take leave and *guidnicht* at the King; and she seeing all the matter prepared as she wald have wished, took occasion to pass to the lady (Gowrie) her mother by the back passage. When the port (passage) was made patent to her, behold there is Bothwell disguised, accompanied by Mr John Colville only, who immediately entered, and with all expedition passed to the King's chamber, accompanied with my Lady Athole's train; and the King being then at his secret place, Bothwell prepared himself on his knees, and laid his sword down before him drawn; and when the King came forth he cried with a loud voice pardon and mercy for Christ's sake of all his former offences committed against his Majesty. The King demanded by what credence he entered there. He said it was upon plain simplicity, *either to dee or leve*, as best should please his Majesty. The King, afraid, cried *Treason*. The Earl of Mar and Sir William Keith drew to their armour, but were soon pacified by the multitude of the contrary faction. The clamour of treason went from the Palace of Holyroodhouse to the town of Edinburgh. The inhabitants assembled themselves quickly in arms, and presented themselves before his Majesty in

battle array in the outer court, but by the fair speeches of those that compassed him within the chamber he was so pacified as appeared, that he commanded the people all to retire for that season, whilk was obeyed. Thereafter the King and he (Bothwell) entered into conversation, and by reason the original cause of his trouble was the suspicion of *witchcraft*, he offered himself to trial by whomsoever of his Majesty's subjects he should please to appoint upon the jury, and a short day was assigned to that effect. Then the King desired to know whether Bothwell came there in a matter of hostility, as he was wont to do, or not. He answered that it was only upon plain simplicity, in token whereof he was come there accompanied by Mr John Colville only and no other. And to eschew all suspicion that the King should have or conceive against him, he offered then presently to depart, and to remain where it would best please his Majesty, either in banishment as before, or in any part of the country, till such a day of the trial as his Majesty should appoint, and so simply departed." This account, it will be seen, differs materially in some respects from Birrel.

Bothwell was tried in the beginning of August 1593, and acquitted of consulting with witches against the King's life. Meanwhile to a certain extent he gained his point. His implacable enemies Lord Home, Chancellor Maitland, or properly Lord Thirlstane, the Master of Glammis, and Sir George Home, were "commanded in nae ways to repair to his Highness' presence and company and shall be resisted in case they wald presume to the contrare." On the 26th of July a proclamation was made in favour of the Earl of Bothwell, his Countess, James Douglas of Spott, and others, charging the lieges that "nane of them tak upon hand to slander, murmur, reproach, or backbite, the said Earl and his friends." Yet though Bothwell had been so far successful, his triumph was of short duration.

The second forcible entry into the royal presence rankled in the mind of James, and we are told that he "was in perpetual grief of mind, affirming that he was a captive by Bothwell," and yet it is amazing how his Majesty could adopt such a notion, for it does not appear that the Earl afterwards went near him, but it may refer to a system of espionage in the palace.

A convention of the nobility and others was held at Stirling on the 7th of September, which was called by the King, and at which he was present. It was attended by a very few, the chief persons, besides two or three commissioners for the boroughs, being the Duke of Lennox, the Earls of Glencairn, Mar, Morton, and Montrose, and Lords Hamilton, Lindsay, and Livingstone. The King thought it necessary to enter into a long detail about Bothwell and his proceedings, alleging that the Earl kept him in thralldom and captivity—that he had been compelled to grant him a remission of his offences against law and his own free will; and he desired that they should by their general votes acknowledge the same. But though there were several present who bore no good will to Bothwell, they were not inclined to go this length, as it would have compromised their own knowledge to the contrary. They unanimously told the King that "captive he could not be esteemed, seeing that since his last talking with Bothwell at Holyroodhouse he had been at Falkland, next at Edinburgh, and last of all at *extreme liberty and pastime* for the space of many days in the palace of Hamilton, unaccompanied by any suspected person on the part of Bothwell;" and they farther declared that they really "could not condescend to his Majesty on that point." All that the King could persuade them to sanction was a declaration, on the 13th of September, that "his Highness, as a free prince, may at his pleasure call sik of his nobilitie, counsall, officers, and others gude subjects as his Highness has, or best shall

like:" and Bothwell and certain individuals were ordered not to approach nearer the King than ten miles without the royal permission. A *memoriall* was also transmitted to the Earl signed by the King, intimating that if he would renounce the former conditions extorted by force in Holyroodhouse, and which were a breach of the royal prerogative, a remission would be granted for all *bygane* offences, which would be ratified by the Parliament to be held on the 20th of November—"the said Earl finding suretie to our contentment that within sik space as we please after the said Parliament he shall depart furth of our realm to the parts beyond seas, and shall remain furth of the same during our pleasure."

James knew well that it was by no means likely that Bothwell would comply with these conditions. He was at the time residing in Edinburgh, and the King wrote to him to proceed to the Prior of Blantyre and Sir Robert Melville, to confer with them on the subject, but his Lordship, fearing some plot was concocted, sent an excuse. On the 11th of October he was served with a summons to appear before the King and Council on the 25th, to answer sundry charges of high treason; and having failed to appear, he was denounced a rebel. On the 11th of December he was put to the horn, on which day Birrel mentions that he fought a duel with Ker of Cessford. Proclamations were repeatedly issued against him, and the King having quarrelled about this time with the Presbyterian ministers, who were as turbulent in their way as was the Earl, he was told by the celebrated Mr Robert Bruce, in a sermon preached in St Giles' church on Sunday, March 13, 1593-4, that "*God wad steir up mair Bothwells than ane, that wad be greater enemies to him than Bothwell, if he faught not God's battles on the Papists, before he faught or revenge his awin.*" Meanwhile the Earl had retired to the Borders, and succeeded in raising a force of five hundred moss-troopers,

without any ostensible or definite object in view. As it was rumoured that he intended to enter Kelso on the 2d of April, there “to remain to exercise the speed and running of horses,” Lord Home and Ker of Cessford proceeded to that town a few days before the end of March; but they left the place on the 1st of April, “whether it was to make room for Bothwell, or that they esteemed he would not come at all, or that they feared the multitude of his forces, is uncertain.” He, however, actually entered Kelso on the very evening of their departure, and on the following day he marched to Dalkeith. On the 3d of April he proceeded to Leith with between four and five hundred troopers, accompanied by Lord Ochiltree and several partisans of inferior rank.

It appears that at this period the King did not reside much at Holyroodhouse, on account of the facility with which the palace could be surprised, and, unlike the present time, there were no military guards or sentinels, even a standing regiment being utterly unknown. His Majesty was in the habit of taking lodgings in the houses of the citizens in the High Street of Edinburgh, where, being the principal street and densely populated, as also secured by gates, he was less likely to be surprised, and he could always calculate on the citizens turning out to his rescue. On this occasion, when he heard that Bothwell was at Leith, he proceeded to St Giles’ church to hear a sermon, which was preached as early as eight o’clock in the morning, and he addressed the people, and declared to them that if they would assist him to suppress his enemy Bothwell he would banish all the Papists. This intimation was heard with great pleasure, as there was at the time considerable excitement occasioned by some correspondence carried on between the Earls of Huntly, Erroll, and other Roman Catholic noblemen and gentlemen, with Spain, the chief object of which was believed to be the subversion of the

Protestant religion in Scotland, and the restoration of the prostrated Romish hierarchy. It is also to be noted, that as Bothwell did not belong to the Romanist party, he was very much encouraged by the Presbyterian ministers, especially those of Edinburgh; and while at Dalkeith, before marching to Leith, he issued a long proclamation, in which he made the correspondence with Spain a prominent topic of grievance, giving the whole of his proceedings a religious aspect. He also addressed letters to the English ambassadors on the subject, and one to his "right reverend and loving brethren," as he calls them, "the synodal assemblie of ministers then convenit at Dunbar." A large body of the citizens mustered on the forenoon of the 3d of April, after the King left the church, and headed by James in person, they all proceeded by the old road to Leith. Bothwell drew up his men in battle array on the south-west side of Leith, but when he perceived an armed mob at the heels of the King hastening from Edinburgh, he retreated to Hawkhill near Restalrig castle, which overlooks Lochend, and then at an easy pace he passed through the village of Restalrig, proceeding to the mill at Wester Duddingstone, about a mile and a half distant. Thence he continued his march with the utmost leisure to the little village of Niddry Marischal, on the property of Wauchope of Niddry, in the neighbourhood, whose eldest son was one of his great supporters, and had been often prosecuted on his account. Ascending an eminence called the *Wowmat*, he dismissed his troopers, reserving a few to "espy north-wast."

The King and the armed mob of citizens from Edinburgh appear to have stood in silence viewing the retreat and disappearance of Bothwell, not having courage to attack him, but when they began to think that he had fled, they all of a sudden became wonderfully valorous, especially after he had been "long out of sight." Lord Home, the Master of Glamis, and others, were commanded by the King to

follow the Earl with a horse and foot party, and passing over the same ground as he did, they came to Niddry Green, where they recognised Bothwell's watches at a place called the *Wowmat*. Standing in uncertainty how to act, they sent three gentlemen well mounted to view the ground before they ventured farther, but as soon as they reached the place the Earl's watches fell upon them with great fury, and compelled them to return with full speed. Bothwell and his little party followed, and charging Home and Glammis with clamour and impetuosity, compelled all their followers to flee in every direction. The Earl wanted, says Birrel, to have a *hit* at Home. He pursued them till within half a mile of the spot where the King stood. The foot fled for fear to the neighbouring castle of Craigmillar. Bothwell sounded a retreat upon the field in front of that castle, in sight of the King and his supporters, and marched back unmolested to the *Wowmat*, whence he proceeded to Dalkeith, where he remained during the night, and betook himself to the south on the following day. A few were killed in this *raid*, and a number wounded. Several were made prisoners, all of whom Bothwell released, as having no use for such acquisitions. On the 5th of April the King made a pretence to pursue Bothwell, but his Lordship was *non inventus*, as may be very easily anticipated.

It appears from Birrel's Diary and the records of the Justiciary Court, that several persons were executed in 1594 for *entertaining* and *resetting* Bothwell, among whom was the governor of Blackness Castle, who was accused of agreeing with the Earl to receive the King as a prisoner in that fortress. On the 16th of September a proclamation was issued, declaring it treasonable to have any intercourse with his Lordship, and on the 30th of that month, another appeared against himself rehearsing all his treasons, and asserting that his "dissembled hypocrisy thir three years

past had procured to him the favour of ower mony of people, by the quhilk he was enabled to work all thir insolencies against his Highness."

The support which Bothwell received from the Presbyterian ministers is clearly proved by several contemporary writers, and by their own sayings and doings. We are told that, as it respects the King, "some of them, yea, even his awin ordinar preachours and those of Edinburgh tauld him in his face, *before the people in the kirk*, that God had stirred up Bothwell, as a dunghill, to his Majestie's shame and reproach, to perform that thing whilk he of dutie and honour was bound and obliged to accomplish." But the most remarkable instance on record is a sermon preached by one Mr John Ross, which abounded with seditious and treasonable statements. Not only did Mr John insult the memory of Queen Mary, by calling her an "open persecutor of the *sancts* of God," which is a notorious falsehood, but he took the liberty to state that James was a "reprobat King," and that "of all men in this nation the King himself is the *maist finest* and *maist dissembling hypocrite*." For this language Mr John was called before the King and Secret Council, and he defended himself with boldness. A great deal was introduced about Bothwell, and the recent murder of the Earl of Moray by the Earl of Huntly. The whole matter was referred to certain ministers, who gave a decision which all but justified Mr John. "The King," says the contemporary writer, "finding this sentence of theirs to be something ambiguous, and not corresponding to his appetite, that he could not be revenged on him (Mr John) by any ecclesiastical law of his, or municipal law of his ain, he, with the advyce of his Counsell, to the effect that other slanderous speakers sould tak example by him, decerned him to be banished the realm, and to lose the benefit of a common subject of Scotland in all time heirefter."

Bothwell fled to England, but Elizabeth complied with the earnest remonstrances of James, and obliged him to leave her kingdom. Meanwhile the King contrived to adjust his quarrel with the preachers, and had sufficient influence to induce them to excommunicate the fugitive. He was obliged to retire for safety to France, and afterwards to Spain and Italy, where he renounced the Protestant faith, and lived several years in obscurity and indigence, plunging into the lowest and most infamous debauchery. In this condition he died, as James would never listen to any intercession on his behalf, or be softened by any offers of submission. Before engaging in his treasonable attempts, Bothwell made over his large estates to his step-son, Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch, in whose family the property continued long after the Earl's attainder, as Francis, second Earl of Buccleuch, was, on the 27th of February 1634, served heir to the extensive estates of his father Walter first Earl, and the barony of Hailes, with other property of the Bothwell family, is specially mentioned.

Bothwell had three sons and three daughters. Francis, the eldest, was summoned to the English court in 1616, to be restored to his father's rents, but not to his titles. He is said to have recovered from the Earl of Buccleuch the paternal estates, which he sold to the Winton family, having married the only daughter of the first Earl of Winton. John Stewart, the Earl's second son, got the lands and baronies which belonged to the Priory of Coldingham united into a barony in 1638. In the Memoirs of Captain Creighton, it is stated that Francis Stewart, grandson of the Earl of Bothwell, was a private gentleman in the Horse Guards in the reign of Charles II., by whom he was made captain of dragoons, and he commanded the cavalry on the left in the action against the Covenanters at Bothwell Bridge in 1679. The reader will readily remember the

Sergeant Bothwell of OLD MORTALITY. Henry, the Earl of Bothwell's third son, had also a charter of the lordship of Coldingham in 1621. His three daughters were Ladies Elizabeth, Margaret, and Helen. The first married James, second son of William first Lord Cranstoun, and was mother of William third Lord. Lady Margaret married Allan fifth Lord Cathcart, and she died without issue. Lady Helen married Macfarlane of Macfarlane, by whom she had several children.

Charles, the only or at least eldest son of Francis Stewart, the eldest son of the Earl, by Lady Isabel Seton, was served heir to his father in 1647. His name, and that of his sister Margaret, are entered in the parish register of Tranent, from which it appears that he was born in April 1618. He is said to have been a trooper in the Civil Wars, but this assertion rests merely on the authority of Scot of Scotstarvet's "Staggering State of Scots Statesmen." There is nothing farther known of the family or descendants of the turbulent Earl of Bothwell, whose fate was as miserable as that of his uncle the notorious Earl.

BATTLE OF KILLIECRANKIE.*

A.D. 1689.

THE Revolution of 1688, one of the most remarkable events in British history, which placed William Prince of Orange

* Macpherson's Collection of Original State Papers; Memoirs of the Lord Viscount Dundee, by an Officer in the Army, printed in *Miscellanea Scotica*; Chambers' History of the Rebellions, in *Constable's Miscellany*; Mackay's History of the Clan Mackay; Mackay of Rockfield's Life of Lieutenant-General Mackay; General Mackay's Memoirs, written by Himself; General Stewart's History of the Highlanders; Balcarras' Memoirs.



PASS OF KILLIECRANKIE.

on the throne, was opposed in Scotland by a great and powerful party, and especially by the great majority of the Highland chiefs and their clans. It once more summoned them to attempt the restoration of that illustrious Family in behalf of whom they had on former occasions distinguished themselves, and they took arms under a commander as able to guide their energies and to lead them to victory as the great Marquis of Montrose. This leader was not a Highlander, yet, like the Marquis, he won the confidence of the clans, and as he bore the same name, and was a cadet of the same family, they beheld in him a character as enterprising as his illustrious predecessor. Graham of Claverhouse, who in 1686 had the rank of a brigadier-general, and two years afterwards that of major-general, was the individual who became the idol of the Highlanders, and for whom they would have literally gone through *fire and water*. When with King James II. at London, he was created a peer by the title of Viscount of Dundee, and by this title we are now to speak of Graham of Claverhouse, the *Bloody Clavers* of the southern and western counties, on account of his zeal in putting down or dispersing conventicles and seditious meetings. But the Highlanders knew him not by this soubriquet, one which he well knew was bestowed upon him; to them he was always kind and condescending, and they regarded him with the most devoted admiration.

It would be out of place in this narrative to follow the Viscount of Dundee through all the incidents of the Revolution previous to the battle of Killiecrankie, or Renrorie, as it is called by the Highlanders. In January 1689 his Lordship was in Edinburgh, when the Convention of the Estates was sitting to ratify the new Government, and as it was currently reported that there was a design to assassinate him, which was very probable, he required as a means of personal security the removal of all strangers from

the city. This demand was refused, and Dundee retired from the Convention, leaving Edinburgh at the head of about thirty troopers, after an interview with the Duke of Gordon, then governor of Edinburgh Castle in the interest of King James, at the postern gate of that fortress. But the reader must not suppose that it was the mere refusal of the Convention to clear the city of strangers which influenced Dundee in his subsequent movements. He was a Cavalier and an adherent of King James from principle, and as such he would have given to the Revolution settlement, as it is called, his strenuous opposition.

The departure of Lord Dundee from Edinburgh on his chivalrous, and, as he considered, loyal expedition to raise the Highland clans for King James, is the theme of an admirable ballad by Sir Walter Scott, which appeared in one of those elegant publications called *Annals*, namely, the "Friendship's Offering" for 1828. It utters the very sentiments of the Cavaliers of the Revolution period, and the feelings of the illustrious hero of Killiecrankie in particular. No apology is necessary for introducing this fine ballad in the present narrative.

To the Lords of Convention, 'twas Clavers who spoke,
 Ere the King's crown go down, there are crowns to be broke;
 So each cavalier, who loves honour and me,
 Let him follow the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.
 Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
 Come saddle my horses, and call up my men;
 Come open the West Port, and let me gae free,
 And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.

Dundee he is mounted—he rides up the street,
 The bells are rung backwards, the drums they are beat;
 But the Provost, douce man, said, "Just e'en let him be,
 The town is weel quit of that de'il of Dundee."

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,
 Each carüine was flyting and shaking her pow;
 But some young plants of grace, they looked couthie and slee,
 Thinking—Luck to thy bonnet, thou bonnie Dundee.

With sour-featured saints the Grassmarket was pang'd,
As if half of the West had set tryst to be hang'd :
There was spite in each face, there was fear in each e'e,
As they watch'd for the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
And lang hafted gullies to kill cavaliers ;
But they shrunk to close heads, and the causeway left free,
At a toss of the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

He spurr'd to the foot of the high Castle rock,
And to the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke—
“ Let Mons Meg and her marrows three vollies let flee,
For love of the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.”

The Gordon has ask'd of him whither he goes—
“ Wheresoever shall guide me the spirit of Montrose ;
Your Grace in short space shall have tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

“ There are hills beyond Pentland, and streams beyond Forth,
If there are lords in the Southland, there are chiefs in the North ;
There are wild dunnie-wassels, three thousand times free,
Will cry *Hoigh!* for the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

“ Away to the hills, to the woods, to the rocks,
Ere I own a usurper I'll couch with the fox ;
And tremble, false Whigs, though triumphant ye be,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me.”

He wav'd his proud arm and the trumpets were blown,
The kettle-drums clash'd, and the horsemen rode on ;
Till on Ravelston crags and on Clermiston lee
Died away the wild war-note of bonnie Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle my horses, and call up my men ;
Fling all your gates open, and let me gae free,
For 'tis up with the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.

As soon as it was ascertained that Dundee and his thirty troopers had departed peaceably from Edinburgh, the Duke of Hamilton, as President of the Convention, sent a party of eighty horsemen, under the command of Major Bunting, to insist upon the Viscount's immediate return, or to compel him if he refused. Major Bunting

overtook Dundee and his troopers riding leisurely near Linlithgow on the Stirling road. The Viscount ordered his men to continue their march, and falling back he entered into conversation with the Major, who delivered to his Lordship the message of the Convention, and intimated the other disagreeable alternative if he was not obeyed. Dundee advised him to return to his masters by the way he came, and to offer no molestation, otherwise he would send him back to them in a pair of blankets. Bunting prudently took the hint, and left the Viscount to his own meditations. On the 30th of March, twelve days after his departure from Edinburgh, and after some other attempts had been made to induce him to return, he was declared a traitor by the Convention, and proclaimed such at the Cross of Edinburgh—a procedure which gave Dundee not the slightest uneasiness.

But the friends and supporters of King James did not exhibit that zeal in his cause which animated Dundee, and which he was induced to expect. Some went over to the Revolution party, others retired to their country seats, and very few resolved to join the Viscount, whose intentions were well known, and who in the meantime proceeded to his own residence near the town of Dundee, where he lived in apparent idleness, though he was secretly in active correspondence with the Highland chiefs for the purpose of a *rising* in favour of the exiled monarch. In this manner he was spending the spring of 1689, when the Convention thought proper to send a body of troops from Edinburgh, under Sir Thomas Livingstone, to apprehend him at his mansion, and the Earl of Balcarres at his residence in Fife. The Earl was seized, brought to Edinburgh, and committed a prisoner to the Castle, where he was treated with such rigour that no one was permitted to converse with him except through the keyhole; but Dundee procured intelligence of the intended visit to him, and had

time to make a safe retreat to the Highlands before the soldiers crossed the Tay at the modern village called Newport, opposite the town of Dundee.

The Viscount was thus compelled to commence hostilities some time before he actually intended to appear in arms, and the Convention despatched against him Lieutenant-General Hugh Mackay of Scoury, a gallant officer who had some considerable experience in the Continental wars of the Prince of Orange, now William III. of Great Britain. Of this gentleman's early history little is known. He was born about 1640 at Scoury, a romantic and beautiful residence in the parish of Eddrachillis, on the west coast of Sutherland, which was the property of his paternal ancestors, a branch of the numerous and powerful clan Mackay. He seems to have imbibed a love of military life from hearing such of his relations as lived to return delighting to recount their exploits under the *Lion of the North*, as the great Gustavus of Sweden was commonly designated, and at the Restoration he procured a commission as ensign in Douglas' or Dumbarton's Regiment, at one period so called from Lord George Douglas, fourth son of the Marquis of Douglas, who was created Earl of Dumbarton in 1675, but who having followed King James to France was removed from the colonelcy in 1690. This regiment, perhaps the oldest and the most celebrated regiment in Europe, is now the gallant Royal Scots, or First Foot of the British Line, originally formed out of the Scots Guards, employed more than three centuries in the service of France. In 1672, Mackay was a captain in the Royal Regiment, which had been lent by Charles II. to the French King soon after the Restoration in virtue of a treaty, and it was still in the service of France; but he was speedily induced by a love affair to transfer himself from the Royals with his rank of captain to the Scottish Brigade in the service of the States General, and he was received with the utmost dis-

tinction by the Prince of Orange. The first battle in which he was engaged under his new master the Stadtholder was that of Seneff, and the siege of Grave, where the Prince of Orange was opposed by those celebrated commanders the Duke of Luxemburg and the Prince of Condé, under both of whom Mackay had formerly served. It is worthy of notice that Lord Dundee, then Graham of Claverhouse, was also an officer in the Scottish Brigade in the service of Holland, and in the battle of Seneff he had the good fortune to save the life of the Prince of Orange, by rescuing and bringing him off on his own horse. Shortly after this a lieutenant-colonelcy of one of the regiments of the Scottish Brigade became vacant, and two candidates started for it—Graham and Mackay. The latter was preferred. Claverhouse instantly quitted the Dutch service, and returning home he entered into the service of Charles II., in which, previous to the battle of Killiecrankie, he was chiefly engaged in Scotland against the Covenanters.

Without following Mackay throughout his eventful career, it may be stated that in the spring of 1689 the Prince of Orange sent that General to Scotland with detachments from three regiments of the Scottish Brigade, amounting to 1100 men, and 200 dragoons. Mackay also brought with him a commission to act as commander-in-chief, but he prudently refrained from exercising it till the Prince had been proclaimed King, as he had been in England, and he contented himself with acting under the authority of the Convention, which had commenced its sittings a few days before he arrived at Edinburgh. There was at this time a very inconsiderable military force in Scotland, the Royal Scots and the Royal Dragoons, the two most efficient regiments, not having returned since they were ordered to England by King James in the preceding year. By authority of the Convention, General Mackay issued letters of service to the Earls of Leven and

Annandale, Viscount Kenmure, and Lord Belhaven, all staunch supporters of the Revolution. Leven in 1689 was appointed governor of Edinburgh Castle, when the Duke of Gordon resigned that fortress into the hands of King William's Government, and fought with his regiment at the battle of Killiecrankie, where he greatly distinguished himself. The Earl of Annandale was one of the first in Scotland to join the Revolution, and raised a troop of horse for its service, though he, notwithstanding, in 1689 was induced by his brother-in-law Sir James Montgomery to join in the association for the restoration of King James, but he repented, confessed the whole matter to King William, and was restored to favour. Viscount Kenmure must have been drawn into the Revolution party by private considerations, for his family were noted for their attachment to King James, and his son, the sixth Viscount, was beheaded on Tower Hill for engaging in the enterprise of 1715. Lord Belhaven was the same nobleman who was afterwards celebrated for his speeches in the Scottish Parliament against the Union. He raised a troop of horse, which he commanded at Killiecrankie. It is remarkable that though Belhaven's principles must have been well known, yet in 1708, when there was a threatened invasion by the exiled monarch, he was suspected of favouring the project, and was arrested and carried prisoner to London—an indignity which speedily caused his death. The Earls of Leven and Annandale were empowered to raise each a battalion of foot, and Kenmure and Belhaven each an independent troop of horse. General Mackay also empowered the three skeleton Dutch regiments to complete their numbers to 1200 men each—a measure, however, which he was never able fully to accomplish, on account of the preference given by Scotsmen to regiments in the service of their own country. With these levies, and some expected reinforcements from England, General

Mackay proposed to lay siege to Edinburgh Castle, and compel the Duke of Gordon to surrender.

But the proceedings of Dundee compelled the General to alter his plans, while the surrender of Edinburgh Castle concluded the siege or blockade of that fortress. The Viscount was now openly engaged in rousing the northern counties, and particularly the Highland chiefs, to declare for King James. It would be tedious to enter into all the details, the marches and counter-marches, pursuits, crossings, and other manœuvres, previous to the meeting of Mackay and Dundee at Killiecrankie. On the 26th of July the General commenced his march from Perth into the Highlands at the head of about 4500 men, a considerable portion of whom were cavalry, and he expected six other troops of dragoons to join him very soon. Dundee, who had been duly apprized of the General's motions, descended from the higher district of Badenoch into Athole with a force of about 2500 men, one-fifth of whom were Irish, who had recently landed at Inverlochy under Brigadier Cannan; the rest were Highlanders. Some of the clans had not yet joined, as some time was to elapse before the day appointed for the rendezvous: but Dundee considered it of the utmost importance to prevent Mackay establishing himself in Athole, and he resolved, in his usual chivalrous manner, to meet him with his inferior force, little more than half of Mackay's army in point of number, on the 27th of July.

There is a variety of interesting anecdotes still preserved, illustrative of the feeling which pervaded and animated both parties. General Stewart mentions a singular instance of the desertion of a Highland chief by his people—a chief “powerful in influence and in property, yet neither the one nor the other was able to act on his followers in opposition to what they considered their loyalty and duty to an unfortunate monarch. Lord Tullibardine

eldest son of the Marquis of Athole, collected a numerous body of Athole Highlanders, together with three hundred Frasers, under the command of Hugh Lord Lovat, who had married a daughter of the Marquis. These men believed that they were destined to support the abdicated King, but were in reality assembled to serve the government of William. When in front of Blair Castle, their real destination was disclosed to them by Lord Tullibardine. Instantly they rushed from their ranks, ran to the adjoining stream of Banovy, and filling their bonnets with water, drank to the health of King James, and then, with colours flying, and pipes playing, fifteen hundred of the men of Athole, as reputable for arms as any in the kingdom, put themselves under the command of the Laird (Stewart) of Ballechin, and marched off to join Lord Dundee, whose chivalrous bravery, and heroic and daring exploits, had excited their admiration more than those of any other warrior since the days of Montrose."

The Viscount of Dundee arrived in his march at the Castle of Blair, where he was informed that General Mackay had reached the celebrated Pass of Killiecrankie, which at that time and long after it, as it still does, though made more accessible by a proper road, exhibited one of the wildest and most stupendous displays of mountain scenery to be found in Scotland. A council of war was held in the Castle, Lord Tullibardine having been compelled to break up the partial blockade which he had hitherto been able to keep up against his father's castellated mansion, by the defection of his Highlanders and the near approach of Dundee, and the Viscount was strongly advised by the majority of his officers to dispute the passage of the Scottish Thermopylæ, as the Pass has been appropriately termed. They urged that it was hazardous, considering the immense superiority of the enemy, to allow the General to enter Blair Athole before the arrival of the

reinforcements, which might be expected in a very few days. But the romantic gallantry, as well as the military skill of Dundee, induced him to oppose this advice. He appealed to their feelings as Highlanders, reminding them that their ancestors—and he at the same time declared that he meant no reflection on them—always disdained to attack an enemy who could not defend himself upon equal terms. But besides that national maxim which had ever honourably distinguished them, the Viscount contended that one principal reason for allowing the General to march through the Pass unmolested, was the great advantage they would gain by engaging him on the open ground before he was joined by the English dragoons, who were at all times formidable to the Highlanders, and who, if allowed to come up, would more than compensate for any accession of force which Dundee might receive. The Viscount assigned another reason, namely, that in the event of Mackay sustaining a defeat, his army would in all probability be ruined, as it was almost impossible to retreat through the Pass without the hazard of evident destruction, whereas if the Highlanders were defeated they could easily retire to the mountains, and bid defiance to the enemy. Dundee added, that in anticipation of victory he had already issued orders to certain friends in the neighbourhood to cut off the stragglers in their attempt to escape. These reasons were satisfactory to the chieftains.

It ought to be mentioned that there were secret friends of Dundee in Mackay's army, and in all probability there would have been a battle while both parties were in pursuit of each other in Aberdeenshire, if Lieutenant-Colonel Livingstone and sundry other officers had not stationed two dragoons near the mansion-house of Edinglassie to give Dundee warning. The dragoons were found concealed in the woods, and their information led to discoveries which completely implicated Livingstone and the others.

General Mackay arrested them, and sent them to Edinburgh, to be dealt with according to the pleasure of the Government. They confessed their guilt, but it is not ascertained in what manner they were ultimately disposed of. The Viscount had contrived to capture two gentlemen who were keen supporters of the Revolution—William Blair of Blair and Sir John Maxwell of Pollock. The former had raised at his own expense and commanded a troop of horse, and Sir John Maxwell was his lieutenant. They were taken prisoners at Perth, with two infantry officers, when Dundee, through the good offices of his friend Stewart of Ballechin, made a rapid march through Athole to Perth, surprised that city early one morning, and seized as a lawful prize all the public money he found. He carried Blair and Pollock about with him under a severe restraint during his marches for about six weeks, and then sent them to the Island of Mull, where the Laird of Blair died, in consequence, it is said, of the fatigue he had encountered. When it was reported to the Viscount that some of the officers whom General Mackay had sent prisoners to Edinburgh were to be executed, he is alleged to have written to the Privy Council, intimating that if a hair of their heads was touched he would cut the Lairds of Blair and Pollock joint by joint, and send their limbs in hampers to the Council. Lieutenant Colt, one of the infantry officers taken prisoner at Perth, and who was afterwards a Government witness against a number of Dundee's adherents, deponed that when he was taken prisoner he heard the Viscount say—"You take prisoners for the Prince of Orange, and we take prisoners for King James, and there's an end of it."

It is already noticed that the number of Mackay's forces is generally stated at 4500 men, but he tells us himself in his "Memoirs" that he had with him only "six battalions of foot, making at the most 3000 men, with four troops of

horse and as many dragoons." He afterwards specifies them, namely, his own, Balfour's, and Ramsay's Dutch infantry, Hastings', now the 13th, or First Somerset Light Infantry, and Leven's Foot, now the 25th, or the King's Borderers, and Kenmure's, both newly raised and incomplete. The troops of horse were those commanded by the Earl of Annandale and Lord Belhaven; other two, with four troops of dragoons ordered to follow from Stirling, did not overtake the General. It is appropriately observed in the "Life of Lieutenant-General Hugh Mackay," that "the two Scottish regiments of foot, as well as the horse, were not only new levies, but were also commanded by noblemen and gentlemen wholly destitute of military experience, and selected for their respective commands solely on account of their power of raising men: little more, therefore, than one-half of the whole number could be said to be disciplined." General Stewart mentions other two regiments as composing Mackay's army—Sir James Leslie's Foot, now the 15th, or York East Riding Regiment of Infantry, and the 21st, now the Royal North British Fusileers; but these regiments, it is satisfactorily ascertained, were not present, though they were in Scotland, and under General Mackay's command. The General expressly states that on the battle-field he stationed 200 Fusileers, picked men, from the Dutch Brigade, on a rising ground under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Lauder, and these must be the corp mistaken by General Stewart for the Scotch Fusileer Regiment, which is never mentioned by General Mackay at all, and therefore could not have been in the action. Sir James Leslie's Foot (the 15th) was left with Sir Thomas Livingstone at Inverness, as were also 300 of Leven's (the 25th) and of Hastings' (the 13th). The two regiments of horse mentioned by General Stewart were in all probability the two troops commanded by Annandale and Belhaven, which were mere *troops*, and not regiments.

General Mackay passed the night previous to the battle amid the magnificent scenery of Dunkeld, and here at midnight he received a letter from Lord Tullibardine, or Lord Murray, as he is oftener called, informing him that he had been unable to expel the garrison of King James' friends in Blair Castle. Sundry hints are thrown out about his Lordship's fidelity, and it appears that the General, depending on him, had no opinion that Dundee would offer him battle. Speaking of his Lordship's retreat from Blair Castle, "which till then," says the General, "he had made the fashion to keep blocked, and his passing a strait and difficult pass two miles below the said house, leaving it betwixt him and the enemy; the farther side thereof he affirmed to have left guarded for our free passage to Blair, where he supposed Dundee to be already, although Lieutenant-Colonel Lauder, whom the General ordered, presently upon Murray's advertisement, for the better securing of the Pass, denied to have met with any of his men there." Lord Tullibardine was son-in-law of the Duke of Hamilton, and is generally understood to have been a great supporter of the Revolution, being also nearly related to King William, and there is little foundation for the charge of treachery. We are told that "hitherto the General harboured no suspicion of Murray's fidelity, whose lady and her mother were *zealous Presbyterians*, 'though he began already,' he says, 'to have ill thoughts of the expedition in gross.'" But it is more candidly stated by Mr Mackay of Rockfield—"At midnight he (the General) received an express from Lord Murray, communicating intelligence of the arrival of part of Dundee's force at Blair that morning, and of his having himself in consequence been obliged to raise the blockade of the Castle and retreat towards the Pass of Killiecrankie, at the upper end of which he left some of his adherents to guard the Pass, and keep it clear. The General, though much pleased with

this proof of Murray's zeal and attention to the service, had no confidence in his guards, and therefore immediately detached Lieutenant-Colonel Lauder with 200 Fusiliers, picked men from the Dutch regiments, to strengthen or replace them according to circumstances. At break of day, Saturday 27th July, he resumed his ill-fated march towards the Pass, and a little below it met with Murray, who accounted for the small retinue with which he was attended, by stating that his few adherents followed the rest of the country people to the hills with their cattle, according to the custom of the country on the approach of hostile armies. With this explanation the General was satisfied, having never expected more from Murray than that he would prevent his people from openly joining the standard of Dundee. Some of the most zealous friends of Government about Edinburgh doubted the fidelity of this young Lord, suspecting him to be in league with his father; but the General, though at first he lent an ear to these suspicions, was now convinced of their being groundless, and lost no opportunity of doing justice to Murray's good faith." There can be little doubt that Lord Tullibardine's father, who was the second Earl and first Marquis of Athole, deserted the Revolution party, when he was disappointed of being elected President of the Convention of Estates, which the Duke of Hamilton, by the influence of the Presbyterians, carried by a majority of fifteen.

When Lieutenant-Colonel Lauder arrived at the other end of the Pass, he found that the guard Murray left had disappeared, which they had probably done willingly, on account of their predilections in favour of the exiled sovereign. Here, however, he descried some forces, who appear to have been a body of four hundred of Dundee's men under the command of Sir John Maclean, whom Dundee, on learning that the advanced guard of Mackay's army, after traversing the Pass, and taking up a position

near the northern extremity, had despatched from Blair Castle to keep them in check. At ten o'clock in the morning the General reached the lower end of the Pass, where he halted, and sent the lieutenant-colonel of the Earl of Leven's regiment with an additional force of two hundred men to reinforce Colonel Lauder, and transmit intelligence of the movements of Dundee. After allowing his men two hours for refreshments, and receiving a report from Lauder that the Pass was clear, he recommenced his march, and entered the Pass at twelve o'clock. Balfour's, Ramsay's, and Kenmure's battalions marched first; then Lord Belhaven's troop of horse, followed by the Earl of Leven's regiment, and the General's own battalion commanded by his brother, Lieutenant-Colonel James Mackay; next came the baggage horses, about 1200 in number; then the Earl of Annandale's troop of horse; and Hastings' foot regiment, left for the protection of the baggage, brought up the rear.

In this manner the General led his army into the stupendous Pass of Killiecrankie, the road through which was at that time of the most wretched description, along the east banks of the Garry, confined on the one hand between a wild range of craggy precipices, and on the other by the mountain stream tumbling and dashing from rock to rock in a channel considerably lower than the road. A handful of men, provided with no other ammunition than stones, and stationed at intervals on the summit of the precipices, could easily impede the progress of any troops in that irregularly wild and even terrific locality. Language can hardly describe this remarkable Pass. If even at the present time, with the advantages of the present excellent road, formed nearly sixty years afterwards, it still astonishes the traveller, it must have been much more so in General Mackay's time, when it was in a state of the wildest and most savage desolation. It is appropriately said by a competent authority—"Scarcely any scene could be more im-

pressive than the march of this little army through the deep and long withdrawing vale which they were now entering. Let the reader suppose himself standing on the boundary betwixt a level and a mountainous country—a den-like recess falling back into the boundless waste of hills before him, and an army winding its slow and devious way, as if they were mass by mass and man by man precipitating themselves into a labyrinthine cave. Let him conceive them soon after got clear of the close embracing indentations of the Pass, and entered into a vale of considerable space, through the centre of which runs a majestic mountain stream, while hills rise on both sides to an immense height.—It is a peculiarity of the long vale by which Mackay was entering the Highlands that at Dunkeld, and also at Killiecrankie, fifteen miles farther up, it becomes contracted to a very small space, through which the road and the river have scarcely room to pass. At Killiecrankie, which is about four miles on this side of Blair Castle, the bold dark hills, which range all along the vale on both sides, advance so near, and shoot up with such perpendicular majesty, that the eagles call to each other from their various tops, and the shadow of the left range lies in everlasting gloom upon the face of the right.—The scene is altogether one which might make the boldest soldier pause before entering it, supposing him to be in the least degree uncertain of the disposition of the country towards his party, or of the motions of the enemy. When the Pass of Killiecrankie is traversed, the country beyond is found to open suddenly up into a plain, which is expressively called the Blair or *field* of Athole. Immediately beyond the Pass this plain is not very spacious, but is confined to that description of territory which in Scotland is called a *haugh*, or a stripe of level alluvial soil by the brink of a river. The road debouches upon this narrow plain; the river runs along under the hills on the left; on the right rise other hills, but not

of so bold a character. Mackay no sooner arrived at a space sufficiently wide for drawing up his army than he halted, and began to intrench himself. He left his baggage at a blacksmith's house near the termination of the Pass, so as to have the protection of the army in front."

When the army was marching through the Pass, an ominous circumstance occurred. A Highlander, who rejoiced in the names of Ian Ban Beg MacRaa, deliberately fired across the water from the hills, and killed a horseman. The place where this bold deed was done is distinguished by a well, called in Gaelic the *Well of the Horseman*.

The information which Dundee received, that the General had entered the Pass with his whole force, induced him to march directly against his opponent. As an instance of his activity, it is said that on the night before the battle, knowing that the Highlanders had not been tried in the field since the time of Montrose, forty years previously, he put their courage to the proof by giving a false alarm, as if a sudden attack had been made on his camp. In a moment he found every man at his post, and by this stratagem he not only satisfied himself, but increased the confidence of his men. Instead of keeping the direct road from Blair Castle to the field of battle, he turned to the left at Glen Tilt, and made a detour round the hill behind the castellated mansion of Lude. Marching onward, he gradually ascended the rising grounds, till he gained an elevated position near Urrard House, from which he perceived General Mackay preparing for battle on the level ground below.

The order of the General's line is no where accurately stated, and the details are of little consequence. Some anecdotes are preserved, which are worthy of being here introduced. "Sir Ewan Cameron of Lochiel," says General Stewart, "had joined Lord Dundee in the service of the abdicated King, while his second son, a captain in the

Scotch Fusileers, was under General Mackay on the side of Government. As the General was reconnoitring the Highland army, drawn up on the face of a hill, a little above the House of Urrard, and to the westward of the great Pass he turned round to young Cameron, who stood next to him, and pointing to the Camerons—‘ There,’ said he, ‘ is your father with his wild savages. How would you like to be with him?’ ‘ It signifies little,’ replied the other, ‘ what I would like; but I recommend to you to be prepared, or perhaps my father and his wild savages may be nearer to you before night than you would like.’”

The Highland army was saluted by a loud shout of defiance by Mackay’s soldiers, who were drawn up in one line six men deep, leaving no reserve except the guard of the baggage. Dundee drew up his men also in one line, three deep, so as to extend the line to the same length as that of the General. On the Viscount’s right he placed Sir John Maclean with his regiment of two battalions, on the left Sir John Macdonald’s regiment, commanded by a son of that gentleman and by Sir George Berkeley. The main body consisted of four battalions—being the clans of Lochiel, Glengarry, and Clanronald, and the Irish regiment, with a troop of horse. The Viscount had also his own body of horse, which, although recruited on his irruption from Lochaber into the Low Country, must have been reduced by hard service and want of supplies. He had also a number of Highland gentlemen, and some persons of distinction, among whom was the Earl of Dunfermline, well mounted, and acquainted with cavalry duty, who all served as volunteers. General Mackay was aware of those dangerous antagonists, and he assigns as his reason for placing his cavalry on his rear till the fire should be exhausted on both sides, that he did so from a dread of the Viscount’s horse, who, he says, were all gentlemen, officers,

or such as had deserted from Dundee's regiment when in England, and with whom it was not to be expected that his own newly raised levies could cope.

General Mackay was recognised by the Highlanders briskly riding along his line from one battalion to another giving orders, and they often attempted to bring him down, but he escaped unhurt, though some of his soldiers were wounded. After the line was formed, Mackay rode along the front, from the left wing, which he had committed to the charge of Brigadier Balfour, to the right, and finding every thing in readiness to receive the Highlanders, he addressed his battalions in an appropriate speech, earnestly beseeching them to stand firm in their ranks, assuring them that if they did so they would soon see the Highlanders turn their backs; but if, on the contrary, they suffered the line to be broken, they would be undone. As the General was a very pious man, he concluded with some observations of a religious tendency. While he was thus engaged the Viscount of Dundee was equally busy ranging his men in order of battle, and his Lordship was particularly distinguished among his officers by a favourite dun-coloured horse which he rode, and by his armour, glittering in the sunbeams. Mackay, expecting that Dundee would begin the attack, was ready to receive him, but the latter showed no disposition to move, and the two armies lay some hours of a long summer afternoon in July looking at each other, with the exception of some slight skirmishing here and there caused by disputed points of ground. The apparent irresolution of the Highlanders to begin the action was considered intentional by the General, and he conjectured that their chief design was to wait till nightfall, when, by a sudden and tumultuous descent from their elevated position, and setting up their customary loud shouts, they would attempt to frighten his men, and throw them into disorder. While indulging in their popping shot at the

General, a party of Highlanders, to obtain a more certain aim, took possession of some houses on the brow of the hill in front of their left wing, which induced him to order his brother Colonel Mackay to detach a captain with some firelocks to dislodge them. The officer selected for this purpose was the General's nephew, the Hon. Robert Mackay, who performed the duty with great gallantry, killing and wounding some, and chasing the rest back to their main body. But the result of this exploit did not appear to influence the commencement of the action, and as General Mackay very naturally feared a night attack in such a wild country, and still more a night retreat—one third of his men being young soldiers who had never before been in the field, and even the disciplined portion of his troops unaccustomed to the Highland mode of fighting—he felt anxious to bring on the action with day-light, and he tried in vain several expedients to induce them to fight. The General could not, without the most certain danger, advance up the hill and commence the action, and as the hazard was equally great if he attempted to retreat and cross the stream, he resolved to remain in his position whatever were the consequences, although with impatience, as he says in his *Memoirs*, till Dundee should either attack him or retire, which he had a better opportunity of doing.

It was now nearly eight o'clock, and up to this time Dundee was not to be diverted from his purpose, which was evidently to spin out till near sunset. But the Viscount had revolved all his plans in his own mind. Some of his officers advised him to delay the battle till the ensuing day, both as the men were fatigued, and as they expected considerable accessions of force from Rannoch; but Dundee would listen to neither of these suggestions, alleging that his men could be no more fatigued than their antagonists must be; that if he expected reinforcements, so did Gene-

ral Mackay, and those reinforcements would consist of horse—a force which the Highlanders had particular occasion to dread. There was some fear also that if the battle were delayed, Mackay would be able to intrench himself in such a position that it would be impossible to dislodge him, or even to get at him, without a great and disastrous loss of men.

These considerations had their due effect, and the utmost enthusiasm prevailed throughout the Highland army. A little after eight o'clock, when the sun was throwing his parting beams down the slope of the hills on which the contending parties were stationed, the Viscount delivered a speech to his men, in which he told them that they were now to fight in behalf of the best of causes—that of their King, their religion, and their country—against the foulest usurpation and rebellion. He exhorted them to recollect that the fate of their country now depended on their exertions, to behave like true Scotsmen, and to redeem the credit of their nation, which had been laid low by the treachery and cowardice of some of their countrymen. He asked them to imitate his example on the present occasion, and reminded them that those who fell would have the honour of dying in the path of duty, as became true men of valour and conscience. He then prepared to lead them on to the attack, regardless of the entreaties of the chiefs and gentlemen, who earnestly implored him not to engage in person, reminding him that their mode of fighting was quite different from the practice of regular troops, and, above all, requesting him to consider that if he fell, the interest of King James would be annihilated in Scotland. No argument could dissuade him from engaging at the head of his troops. We are told by an eye-witness that “General Mackay’s army outwinged Dundee’s nearly a quarter of a mile, which obliged the clans to leave large intervals between each clan, and by declining towards the wings, they wanted troops

to charge the centre where a detachment of Leslie's and Hastings' regiments were."

It was with the most intense anxiety that General Mackay beheld the sun rapidly sinking towards the horizon, and when this feeling was excited to the highest pitch, he perceived an extraordinary motion among the Highlanders, and all at once they moved slowly down the hills barefooted, and stripped of their coats. They soon rushed forward with tremendous fury, uttering such a yell as the wild solitudes of Killiecrankie probably never before heard. They commenced the attack by a discharge of their fire-arms and pistols, which, on account of their being drawn up without regard to regularity, made little impression on Mackay's men, who were marshalled according to the strictest rules of discipline then followed, and who reserved their fire until within a few paces of the Highlanders, when they poured it into them. They discharged in platoons, they were enabled to take a steady aim, and their fire told with dreadful effect on the disorderly masses opposed to them.

But this was almost all they were allowed to do. At that time the present plan of fixing the bayonet was not known, and before the troops had time to screw their side-arms on their guns, and present a shining array of steel to their assailants, the Highlanders rushed in upon them sword-in-hand. It is said that General Mackay invented the present plan of firing with the bayonet screwed on from the complete defeat which he was now destined so briefly to experience, for the whole affair lasted only a few minutes, and may be described as a general discharge of fire-arms and then a carnage. The artillery, which was captured by the Earl of Dunfermline did no execution, not only from the suddenness of the defeat, but because it was clumsily wrought, and disadvantageously situated. Before the battle the brave Sir Ewan Cameron of Lochiel spoke to his clan individually, and took their solemn promise

that they would conquer or die on the field. Mackay's army met the yell of the Highlanders by a shout, when Lochiel exclaimed to his followers—"Gentlemen, the day is our own; I am the oldest commander in the army, and I have always observed something ominous or fatal on such a dull, heavy, feeble noise as the enemy made in their shout." These words quickly spread among the Highlanders, and greatly animated them. A Highland gentleman of Glen Urquhart was knocked down by a ball which came against his target, but he immediately rose, making the slight remark—"Och! sure the *boddachs* are in earnest!"—the word *boddach* being an epithet of contempt, and he advanced with the rest, regardless of the momentary interruption. At the outset the advantage was completely in favour of General Mackay, but the Highlanders soon turned the aspect of affairs, when, after discharging their pieces, they threw them awa according to custom, and drawing their broadswords, they rushed in upon the soldiers, who, according to their own General, "behaved like the vilest cowards in nature, with the exception of Hastings' and Leven's regiments." Those regiments maintained their ground till night, but a Jacobite eye-witness has been careful to record that "the first officer that left his post in Mackay's army was the Lord Leven; the glistening and clashing of the Highlandmen's swords and targets scared his horse so much that he ran six miles before he could draw bridle, which the brave Pittarthy can witness." He adds of this nobleman in a strain of bitter irony and sarcasm—"No doubt, if her Majesty had been rightly informed of his care of the Castle of Edinburgh, where there were not ten barrels of powder when the Pretender was on the coast of Scotland, and of his courteous behaviour to the ladies, particularly how he whipped the Lady Mortenhall, she would have made him General for life." But the gallantry of Hastings' and Leven's regiments availed them nothing, for as

they marched back through the Pass of Killiecrankie they were so furiously attacked by the Athole men in front and the Highlanders in the rear, that most of them fell, and a few were made prisoners. It is only justice, however, to the others to say, that if they had been as brave as they are said to have been pusillanimous, their courage would not have availed them, as their arms were insufficient to parry off the tremendous blows of the axes and the broad and double-edged swords of the Highlanders, who with a single stroke often felled the soldiers to the earth, and completely disabled them. The eye-witness already quoted says—"There were scarce ever such strokes given in Europe as were given that day by the Highlanders. Many of General Mackay's officers and soldiers were cut down from the skull and neck to the very breasts; others had skulls cut off above their ears like night-caps; some soldiers had both their bodies and cross-belts cut through at one blow; pikes and small swords were cut like willows; and whoever doubts of this may consult the witnesses of the tragedy."

While this carnage was carrying on the Viscount of Dundee at the head of his horse made a furious charge against Mackay's own battalion, and broke through it, on which the English cavalry stationed behind fled without firing a single shot. When the General perceived that the Viscount's chief point of attack was near the centre of his line, he resolved to charge the Highlanders in flank with two troops of horse which he had placed in his rear; and he ordered Lord Belhaven to proceed round the left wing with his own troop, and attack them on their right flank, ordering the other troop to proceed in the contrary direction, and assail their left. The General led Belhaven's troop in person, but scarcely had he got in front of the line when it was thrown into disorder, which was soon communicated to the right wing of Lord Kenmure's bat-

talion, which soon gave way. At this moment the General was surrounded by a crowd of Highlanders, and he called to his cavalry to follow him, that he might get them again formed, but only one person made the attempt—a servant, whose horse was shot under him. Putting spurs to his horse he galloped through the Highlanders, pressing against him to cut him down, and when he had got sufficiently out of immediate danger, he turned round to observe the appearance of the field. To his astonishment he saw none of his troops but the dead, the wounded, and the dying. The conduct of his men appeared to him like magic. “In the twinkling of an eye, in a manner,” he says, “our men were out of sight, being got pell-mell down to the river-side, where our baggage stood.” All were now engaged in a flying fight, or were hurrying downwards to the Pass below. The flight of his men must have been truly rapid, for although his left wing, which had never been attacked, had begun to flee before he rode off, his right wing and centre had still kept their ground. The General was now in one of the most extraordinary situations in which the commander of an army was ever placed. All his men had disappeared as if by some supernatural agency, and their commander, the only one who now made an attempt to fight, was standing a solitary individual on the mountain side, not knowing what to do, or whither to direct his course. But when he recovered from his surprise, and the smoke had cleared away, he discovered on the right a small number of his troops, and galloping up to them, found them to be a part of Leven’s regiment, with the Earl and his principal officers at their head, whom the General thanked for their conduct. Perceiving the men to be in confusion, chiefly caused by the mingling of stragglers from other regiments with them, he directed the Earl and his officers to put them in order to receive the Highlanders, whom he expected to make another attack. The General

then galloped farther to a portion of Hastings' regiment, and found their Colonel marching them to the ground they had originally occupied at the commencement of the action. This officer told him that "they had left it in pursuit of the enemy, who having thought proper to fall on their flank, he wheeled about with his pikes to the right upon them, whereby they left him and repaired to the rest of their forces, the plundering of which gave time to many of our runaways to get off." Having formed a junction of those men with Leven's, he sent his nephew, Captain Robert Mackay, who was still on horseback, though he had received eight broadsword wounds on his body, to order all officers he could meet with to collect as many of their men as they possibly could, and bring them back, assuring them at the same time of the General's favour. But as the united corps of Hastings' and Leven's regiments, whether from the trepidation of the officers or the alarm of the men, could not be brought into any kind of order, the General at one time thought, during the absence of his nephew, whose return he was resolved to wait, to intrench them within the walls of a garden behind his position, and there remain till the stragglers who might be found in the vale below made their way thither; but as there would have been great difficulty in effecting escape if he had shut himself up within the inclosures, and as he could not depend on succours, he resolved to remain where he was till his nephew returned. After nearly an hour's absence Captain Mackay made his appearance, and informed the General that he had met with several officers—that some of them whom he addressed took no notice of him—and that other survivors were far beyond his reach. At this moment General Mackay perceived by the twilight a large body of men forming along the edge of a wood, where Lieutenant-Colonel Lauder had been posted with his two hundred men. Ignorant of the fate of this corps, who were among the first who fled, and think-

ing that they might be another body of his men who had retired to the wood on the descent of the Highlanders, he ordered the officers to put their men in a condition to fire if attacked, and rode off to reconnoitre. He soon saw that this body in the wood were Dundee's men, and walked his horse slowly back, that he might not exhibit any signs of fear to the Highlanders. The General had now only four hundred of his men with him, and was in a very embarrassing situation, where he could not but expect that he might meet with parties of the Highlanders, who would fall upon the dispirited and fatigued wreck of his army, yet he extricated himself with considerable ingenuity. He exhorted his men that, as the only way to secure a safe retreat, and to make the enemy respect them, was to evince no signs of fear, they were to march slowly and keep firmly together, especially showing no inclination to run, as that would only induce the Highlanders to break in upon them, and take advantage of their terror. He observed that the darkness of the night was also in their favour, as the enemy would suppose their numbers to be greater than they really were. When marching down the hill he was joined by Lord Belhaven and two officers of Annandale's troop, with a few horsemen, the latter of which proved very useful as scouts. He then marched his men slowly down the hill, and retired across the Garry with no interruption except from one Highlander, a powerful fellow, who suddenly appeared armed with a Lochaber axe. He knew the General, and was standing in the river to cut him down. As the General was the last who passed the river, having halted on the other side to see whether he was pursued, he stood still, and ordered his servant, who was also a man of great bodily strength, to clear the ford. He immediately went up, and with one blow cut off the Highlander's head, exclaiming in Gaelic—"This is hard work, my father's brother!" The General, in opposition to the opinion of seve-

ral of his officers, who advised him to march through the Pass of Killiecrankie to Perth, proceeded several miles up Athole with the intention of crossing over the hills to Stirling. When about two miles beyond the river Garry he fell in with a party of about a hundred and fifty of his soldiers without arms, under the command of Colonel Ramsay, who was totally ignorant of the country, and of what direction he ought to take. Continuing his march along a rivulet which falls into the Garry, he came to a little village, where he procured from the inhabitants such information as enabled him with the assistance of his map to decide upon the route he intended to follow. He reached early in the morning Weem Castle, the seat of his friend the chief of the clan Menzies, whose son had been in the action at the head of a company of Highlanders, and here he obtained some sleep and refreshment after his fatigues and harassing march. On Sunday the 28th of July, the General continued his march with very little halting, and on Monday he arrived at Stirling with about four hundred men.

The Viscount of Dundee fell in the battle, and this melancholy event is subsequently noticed. His friend Halyburton of Pitcur, who, it is said, "like a moving castle in the shape of a man, threw fire and sword on all sides against his enemy," Colonel Gilbert Ramsay, Macdonald of Largo, his tutor, and all his sons, five cousins of Sir Donald Macdonald of the Isles, the brother and son of Alister Dhu, or *Black Alexander*, and several relatives, all fell in the battle on the side of Dundee. Glengarry's son, who was called Donald Gorm, or Donald the *Blue-eyed*, it is said killed eighteen of Mackay's soldiers with his own hand. The loss on the side of Dundee could never be accurately ascertained, nor was any estimate ever formed of it, but it is admitted by the Cavalier writers that it was considerable. General Mackay states that "the enemy lost on the field six for our one." The severity of his fire

fell upon the Macdonells of Glengarry, with whom the action commenced, and who were the principal sufferers. On the side of Mackay it is commonly asserted that no fewer than two thousand of his men fell, and five hundred were made prisoners. Among the persons of rank and distinction slain were his brother Colonel Mackay and Brigadier Balfour. A Highland tradition relates that the latter was killed by a Roman Catholic priest named Robert Stewart, nephew of Stewart of Ballechin. This clerical warrior is said to have been a powerful and muscular man, and he followed the fugitives in their flight down the river and towards the Pass wielding a huge broadsword, cutting down numbers of them. So fearfully did he exert himself, that at the conclusion of the carnage his hand was so swollen as to make it necessary to cut away the net work of the hilt of the sword before it could be extricated. He cut down Brigadier Balfour for contemptuously refusing to receive quarter from him. The Hon. Captain Mackay had been left for dead on the field of battle, and was found by Glengarry and his men, who, perceiving him still alive, carried him on a barn-door to the nearest hut, where he remained some days till he could be removed in safety to Dunkeld. This gentleman, who was then a captain in his uncle General Mackay's regiment, never completely recovered the effects of his wounds at Killiecrankie, and after serving and being repeatedly wounded in several of King William's battles in Flanders, he died at Tongue, the seat of his family, in December 1696, in the 30th year of his age. General Mackay says that "the most part of the slaughter and capture of the officers and soldiers was in the chase," and on the following morning the field of battle, the ground between it and the river Garry, as far as the Pass, and the Pass itself, presented an appalling spectacle of hundreds of dead bodies, mutilated in a most dreadful manner by the Highlanders, while interspersed were

broken pikes, swords, and muskets, which had been snapped asunder by blows of the Lochaber axe and the broadsword.

If it had not been for the plunder of the General's baggage, which was too irresistible a temptation to the Highlanders, whose destructive career it at once arrested, it is more than probable that almost every man of his army would have been cut off. An anecdote is related on this subject which is a very severe reflection on the Highlanders. "When General Wade was engaged, amongst other Government services in the Highlands, in superintending the erection of Tay bridge, happening to fall in with an old Highlander who had been at the battle of Killiecrankie, and in talking of that engagement the abilities of General Mackay were mentioned. 'I think,' said the Highlander, 'that General Mackay was a great fool.' 'How so?' asked Wade: 'he was considered the best man in the army in his time.' 'That may be,' answered the other, 'but he was a fool for all that. Did he not put his men before his baggage at the battle of Killiecrankie?' 'Certainly,' said Wade, 'and I would have done the same thing.' 'Then you would have been a fool also,' replied the old man: 'The baggage should have been put foremost; it would have fought the battle itself far better than the men. We ken weel that the Hielandmen will run through fire and water to get at the baggage. If the General had put it first, our men would have fallen upon it, and then he might have come wi' his men and cut us all down. Och! the baggage should have been put first; indeed it should.'"

General Mackay was not positively informed that the Viscount of Dundee had fallen till he reached Stirling, though he had heard some rumours of it on the day after the battle. We are informed by Sir John Dalrymple, on the authority of the General himself, that on ascending the

first eminence, and perceiving there was no pursuit, the General said to those around him that he was sure the Highlanders had lost their commander. But nothing of this is to be found in his Memoirs, and he expressly says that "he apprehended more the pursuit of Dundee (whom he knew not to be killed) with his horse, than of the Highlanders, whom he knew to be so greedy of plunder, that their General could not get them that night to pursue us." It appears that he fell at the very commencement of the action. After he had charged at the head of his horse, and driven the enemy from their cannon, he was about to proceed up the hill to bring down Sir Donald Macdonald's regiment, when he received a musket-shot in his right side below his armour. He attempted to ride a little, but he fell from his horse mortally wounded, and almost immediately expired. Such is one account, and it seems to be the most authentic, as it is corroborated by a letter from King James to Stewart of Ballechin, dated 30th November 1689, in which Dundee is stated to have fallen at the *entrance of the action*. Another account is, that the wound was not thought mortal, and it did not occasion much inconvenience to him. He continued some time after it to give directions, and to receive his officers, on a little knoll still indicated by a stone, and called *Tombh Clavers*, or the *Mound of Clavers*. A third account is, that when he fell mortally wounded from his horse, he was carried to a house in the neighbourhood, where, amid the noise and tumult of the victory, he was nevertheless able to write a short but dignified account of the battle to King James. He survived during the night, and in the morning, when a friend told him that the victory was complete, and that all would be well if he were well, he exclaimed, "Then I am well," and instantly expired. But there is much reason to doubt the authenticity of this letter, which is said to have been discovered among the Nairne Papers. There is every

evidence to induce us to believe that the gallant Viscount fell at the commencement of the action. Dundee and his friend Halyburton of Pitcur were interred in the parish church of Blair of Athole.

The death of the noble Viscount of Dundee was a fatal blow to the prospects of King James. Lieutenant-Colonel Cannan took the temporary command, but the campaign was soon at an end. The Viscount was the life of the cause, which expired with him. He was the idol of the Cavaliers, and was animated by all the enthusiasm of his great family chief Montrose. The elegant tribute to his memory by the celebrated Dr Archibald Pitcairn is well known, in which he is designated “*Ultrine Scotorum*,” the *Last of the Scots*. The translation of it by Dryden forms an appropriate conclusion to this narrative, making due allowance for the Cavalier principles of both Poets.

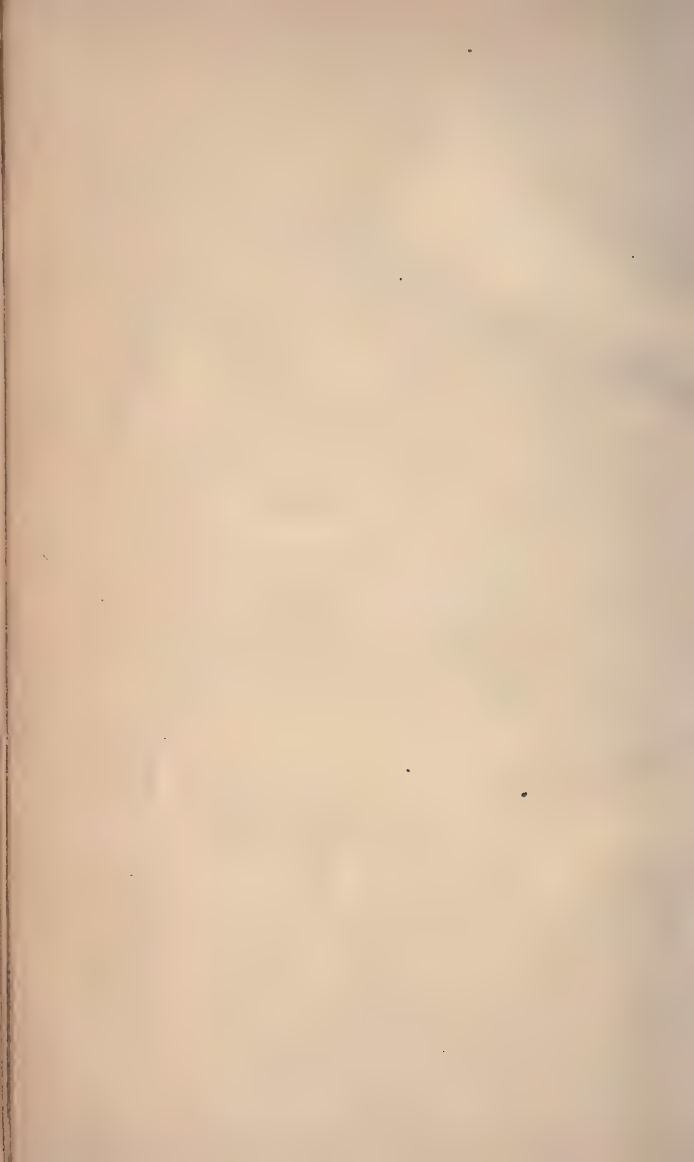
Oh, last and best of Scots ! who didst maintain
Thy country's freedom from a foreign reign ;
New people fill the land, now thou art gone,
New gods the temples, and new kings the throne.
Scotland and thou didst each in other live,
Nor wouldst thou her, nor couldst she thee survive.
Farewell, who dying didst support the state,
And couldst not fall but with thy country's fate.

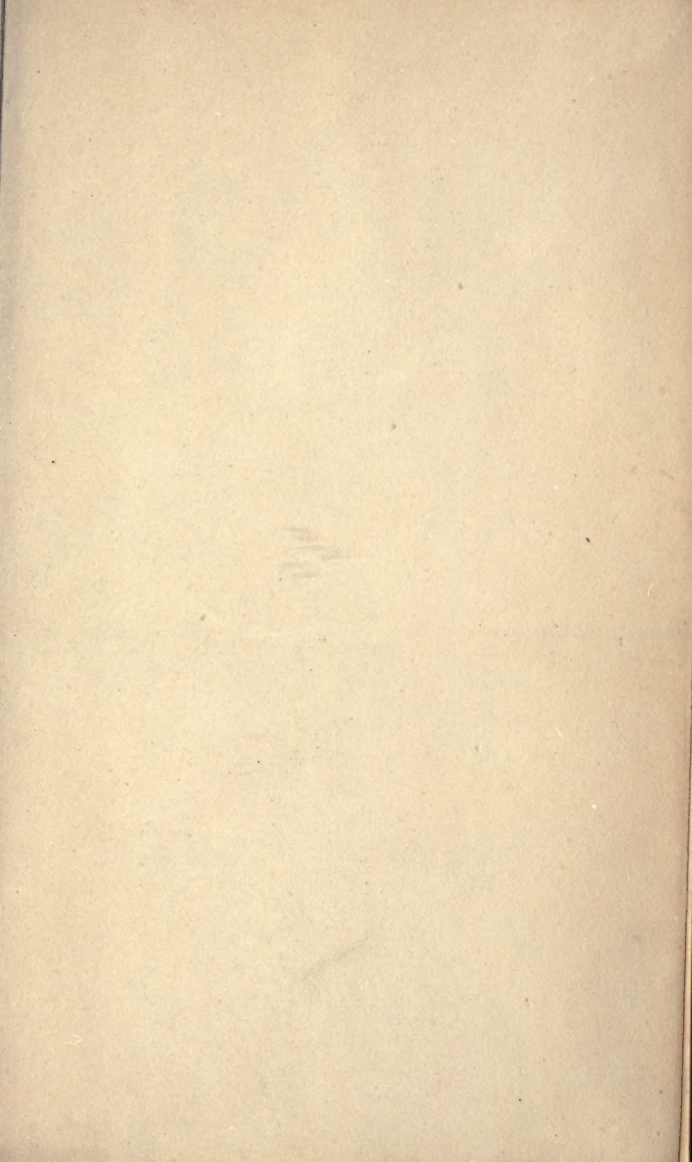
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